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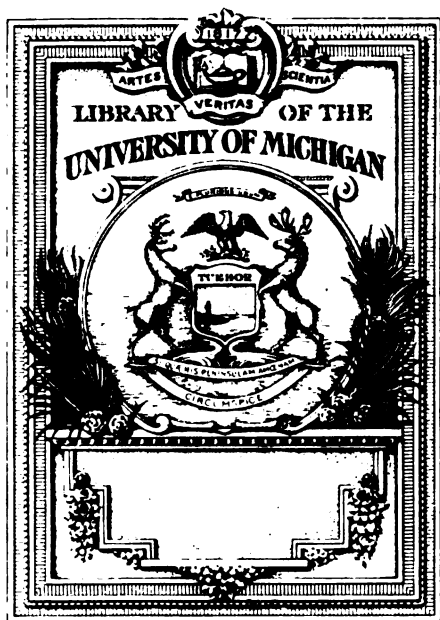
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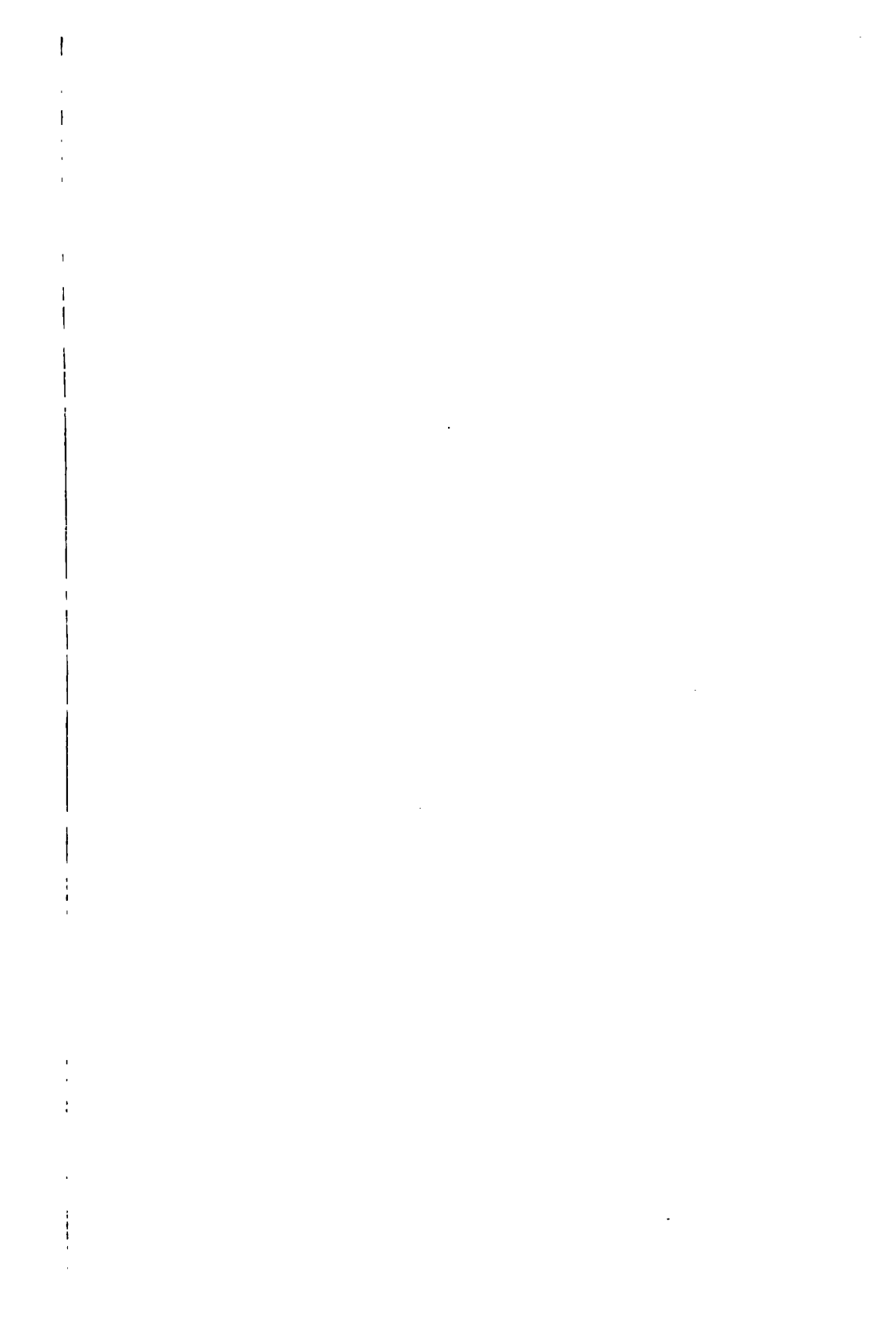
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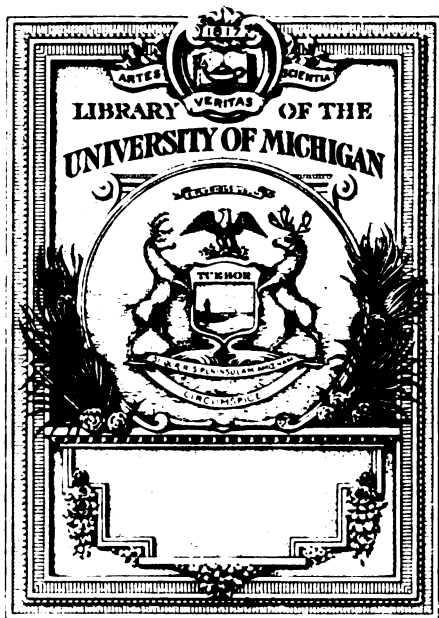
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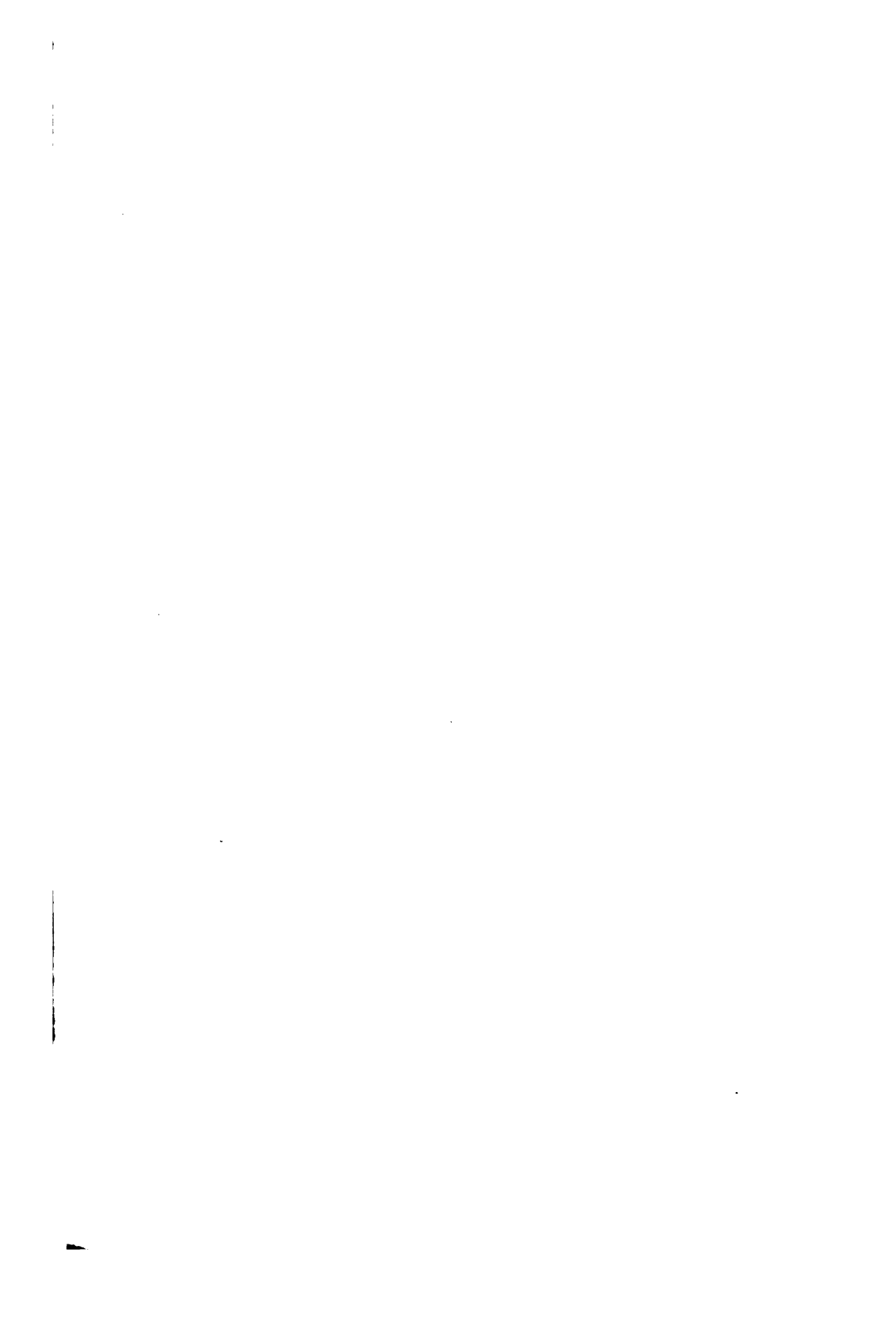


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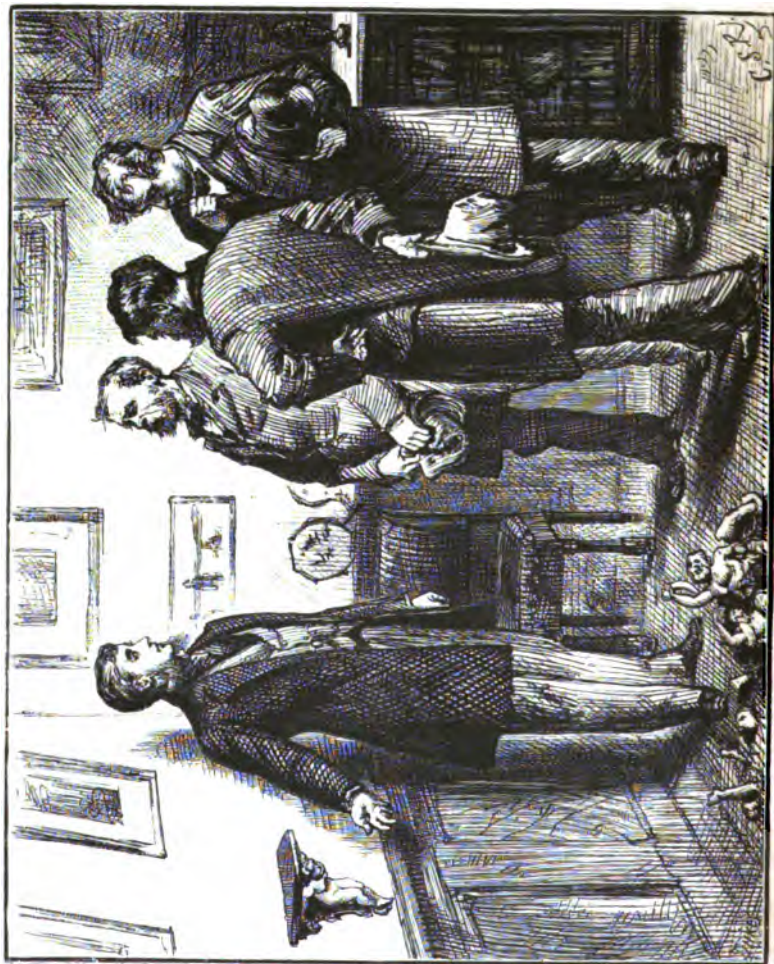
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NICHOLAS GIVES THE DEAD-BEATS A LESSON FROM THE LAOCOON.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Nicholas left "The Crown and Crust," on the evening of his encounter with the three rogues, he had only the shadow of an idea of what he was going to do with them, on the fulfilment of their promise to call upon him the following morning. Of one thing he was sure: he cherished no resentments against them; he desired to do them good. How to accomplish his purpose was the question which the reflections and inventions of the night were, in some imperfect or tentative way, to answer. He had the men at an advantage, which he did not intend, in any way, to relinquish. He saw that they were to be treated with a firm hand. He supposed that they would endeavour to overreach him, and he had never felt himself so stimulated and excited as during the night which preceded their appointed visit. Indeed, he slept but little; but before morning he had reasoned the matter out to his own satisfaction, and evolved a scheme, in the success of which he felt a measurable degree of confidence.

He informed Pont, at an early hour, of the visit he expected, and told him that he should be at home to no one until these men had come and gone.

At precisely ten o'clock, according to the agreement, the men presented themselves together. There was a guilty, sheepish look upon their faces, most unlike that which they wore upon the previous day. Then they were all in earnest, in their propagation of lies for the securing of a gift. This morning they had no story to tell, no part to play—at least none that had been determined upon and rehearsed. They

had been detected as rogues ; they were under the menace of prosecution as such ; and Nicholas had surprised them so much by his boldness and promptness in getting back his money that, to use his own familiar phrase, they "didn't know what he was going to do." As Nicholas heard them ascending the stairs to his room, he went to his door and opened it, before Pont had the opportunity to knock.

They entered in the same order as on the previous day. First, Mr. Jonas Cavendish received a cordial greeting, and then Mr. Yankton, and then Mr. Lansing Minturn. Pont was indulging in a broad grin, and evidently desired to make an excuse for lingering in the room. He advanced to the fire to give it a little attention, but a motion of his master sent him out, and Nicholas was left alone with his "raw material."

"Draw up to the fire, gentlemen, and make yourselves thoroughly comfortable," said Nicholas. "It is very kind of you all to be here so punctually."

"Oh ! don't mention it," responded Mr. Cavendish. "We are only too glad to be in such pleasant quarters."

"Shall I call you all by the names you gave me yesterday ?" inquired Nicholas.

"You may as well do so," replied Mr. Cavendish, who assumed the leadership, by virtue of his superior art and education.

"Very well, gentlemen ; are you interested in art ? I have some excellent engravings in this volume. Suppose you look it over between you."

Mr. Yankton sat in the middle, and took the volume in his lap.

It was a volume of engravings, representing the classical ruins and art-treasures of Rome. Nicholas sat near them, and for more than half an hour, as the leaves were slowly turned, explained the pictures to them as well as he could. Not unfrequently, Mr. Cavendish came his aid, or offered suggestions which betrayed his early culture, astonishing Nicholas, and his companions as well, and acquiring in the process a degree of self-respect, or personal pride, which wrought a curious transformation in him.

"I have some pictures on the walls," said Nicholas, "that you may be interested in ;" and he rose from his chair and led the way to a sunny landscape, where a number of children were playing under a tree. Beyond the tree a placid river threaded a broad meadow, and beyond the meadow rose green hills, and beyond the hills, defining the sky-line, a mountain swelled, wrapt in its morning atmosphere. The picture was full of the morning—the morning light, the morning of the year, the morning of life. The dew was on the grass, a wreath of mist shone white on the mountain-side, and freshness was everywhere, as if there had been a shower on the previous day, and nature and life were cele-

brating the event with new blood in their veins. The men looked at it a long time. What thoughts were in their hearts, Nicholas did not know. He only knew that the picture was its own interpreter, and that no weary man, in whom the slightest degree of sensibility remained, could look upon it without sympathetic or pathetic pleasure.

The men lingered as if spell-bound. Not a word was said. The beautiful room was so still that the little clock upon the mantel-tree could be heard telling the tale of the passing time.

Then they passed on, and the next object to which Nicholas called their attention was a small group of the Laocoon, in plaster. The men paused before it. The transition was abrupt, and it told upon them. There were the three helpless victims, writhing in the coils of the relentless serpents, and there stood the three men. They were quick-witted, and appreciated at once the lesson they had received. They knew and felt that the vices and the circumstances which enchained them were typified before them. They could not resent the rebuke or the lesson, because they were treated by a gentleman like gentlemen; and they could not know whether there had been design in it. They looked uneasily in one another's faces, and then back upon the group, in a strange and painful fascination.

"How do you like that?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, it doesn't strike me as being very lively," said Mr. Cavendish.

"It strikes me as devilish unpleasant," said Mr. Yankton.

"Rather suggestive, eh?" said Mr. Lansing Minturn.

"It doesn't look as if those fellows were going to get out of it, very easily or very soon," Nicholas remarked.

"No, sir," said Cavendish; "the devil is too much for any man, or any three men, when he once gets a good hold and gets the advantage."

In an instant, Nicholas advanced to the bracket upon which the group rested, raised his hand and hurled the Laocoon to the floor. It came down with a tremendous crash, and lay scattered over the carpet in a thousand fragments. The men were thoroughly startled and surprised. Pont came rushing up stairs, and, without waiting to knock, entered the room, under the impression that his master was suffering violence.

"Pont," said Nicholas quietly, "bring a basket and a broom, and carry off those pieces."

Pont's eyes were very wide open, and he hesitated.

"Be quick about it, Pont."

The negro saw that there was to be no explanation, and went off mystified, to the accomplishment of his task.

"Let's sit down again," said Nicholas, "until we get rid of this rubbish."

When Pont had carefully performed his task and left the room, Nicholas said :

"I'm glad that thing is out of the way. It has always been a pain to me, and I really do not know why I have tolerated it so long. It embodies a lie to every ordinary imagination. There is no evil bond so strong that a man cannot break it. All it needs is a resolute hand. You can never put the serpent together again that I have just crushed."

"Or the men," said Mr. Cavendish.

"I don't wish to. Their contortions would have no meaning without the monster which they resist. There, let me place my beautiful Apollo on that bracket—free, beautiful, divine! What do you think of that?"

There was no more desire that morning to study the fine arts. The men found themselves under a strange influence. They had, first and last, entered a great many rooms of luxury and refinement on their swindling errands, but their minds had been in no mood for receiving good impressions. They had, this morning, been in this room so long, they had been in a mental attitude to receive and had received so many new impressions, that they had almost forgotten who and what they were. They had had the leading parts in a great many low and vicious comedies. Here they had been spectators in a drama of a different sort. They had been led by a beautiful path up to a realization of their own bondage and degradation, and, before their eyes, there had been typified the overthrow of their enthralling vices and their own resurrection from them.

"Fellows," said Nicholas, "tell me about yourselves. I'm sure you never came to this without going through great temptations and great struggles."

"There isn't much to tell. People call us 'dead-beats,'" said Mr. Cavendish, who always spoke for himself and his friends, "and that's just what we are. We have had our trial with the world, and we have all been dead-beaten. The road into our life is straight and easy. There isn't one of us who didn't begin to lie when he came into pecuniary trouble. Just as soon as a man begins to lie to excuse himself for not paying a debt, or stretches the truth a little in order to borrow money, he's on the direct road to our kind of life. He goes on lying more and more, as his troubles increase, and, before he knows it, lying becomes the business of his life. There are plenty of men in New York now, who are shinning around from day to day to keep their heads above water, and who will be among us, and as low as we are, in two years."

"Doesn't it trouble your conscience?" inquired Nicholas.

"Not a bit," responded Mr. Cavendish; and the others laughed in approval.

"And do you never have a desire to get out of this kind of life?"

"Well, no. It's rather exciting. We were having a pretty good time last night, when you broke in on us."

"And you were not ashamed when I showed myself to you?"

"I can't exactly say that," said Cavendish.

"Come, now, tell me honestly: would you not be glad to enter again upon honest and respectable life if I will help you to a chance?"

"What does it matter to you, now? What do you care about us?" inquired Cavendish.

Nicholas was getting toward the practical results of his experiment, and his eyes filled with tears as he answered:

"Life seems so beautiful a thing to me that I cannot bear to see a man throw it away. Manhood is something so noble and grand that its ruin seems to me to be the most terrible thing in the world. Here you are—three ruined men—preying upon society like three wolves—your manhood gone, your mothers and sisters forgotten, your wives and children, if you ever had any, either killed by your disgrace, or living in despair, your tongues trained to daily lying, your past a failure, your future hopeless, and yet, when I offer to help you out of it, you ask me what it matters to me? If I did not care about it, I should be a brute. If I did not care about it, I should feel that I ought to get down upon my knees, even to you, and ask your pardon. God only knows how much I care about it."

Nicholas said this with the most earnest feeling, looking into the faces of the men who sat before him, silent, spiritless, and unresponsive.

"It's too late," said Cavendish.

"It's not too late. It shall not be too late. You will accept the proposition I make to you, or you will be in the lock-up before night. If you will not reform, it will be my duty to protect society from you. I do not like the alternative any better than you do. To me, you are all men now—gentlemen, if you please. For this morning, you have laid aside your unworthy characters, and we are here together to see what we can do for ourselves. I know I can help you, and I know you can help me, if you will. There is no man—there are no three men—in the world, who can do for me a favour so great as you have it in your power to do for me this morning. Why, if I never did anything else in all my life, it would make me glad and rich to be able to help you back to life and self-respect."

Nicholas saw that the man who had assumed the relation of distant cousin was moved. Even the rheumatic man was profoundly sober, but both were under the restraint of the superior brain which the missionary possessed. The latter had the dignity, in his own domain, of being a leader, and Nicholas was inviting him to a life of subordination. It was

painful to see how weakly the wills of all of them worked toward a determination upon anything that was good.

"Besides," Nicholas went on, after observing them a moment, "I want you to help me. You know so much more than I do about this city life and its temptations and miseries that I want you to help me—to be my counsellors, my assistants."

The thought that they could be of use to anybody—that they could be accounted of importance in any scheme of good—that instead of being beneficiaries they could become benefactors—was a new and fruitful one. Mr. Cavendish was quick to see the drift of impression in the minds of his companions, and was conscious of certain ambitions that were awakening within himself. Light began to dawn in the horizon of them all, but still the enthusiastic missionary to the Flat Heads was inclined to question and delay.

"I suppose," said Cavendish, "that you expect to make praying sneaks of us all,—that we are to be pawed over, and palavered with, and preached to."

"I don't know that I am acquainted with any praying sneaks, as you call them," said Nicholas; "but if there is any sneak that is meaner or worse than one who sneaks into a benevolent man's house with a lie in his throat with which to steal his money, I should like to see him. He must be a curiosity."

"Good!" said Mr. Lansing Minturn, laughing suddenly; and he and Mr. Yankton clapped their hands.

Mr. Cavendish felt that his sceptre was departing, but he could not give it up yet.

"But that's what they do," he said. "They all want us to become pious, you know. They want us to embrace religion, if anybody knows what that is."

"I am sorry to say," said Nicholas, "that religion is not for such fellows as you are. I think that many well-meaning persons make a great mistake in this matter. I should just as soon think of presenting religion to a pig as to a confirmed dead-beat, or willing pauper. A person who has not will and shame enough to take the single step that places him back within his manhood, will never take the two steps that will lift him into Christianity. I am not a preacher, but if I were, I should never think of preaching to you, until you had become something different from what you are now. Christianity was made for men, and not for those who have ceased to be men. There is not a Christian motive that can touch one who has sunk below his own respect. I was once in very deep water myself, and I was obliged to come up, and work to get up and stay up, before the rescuers could reach me and save me."

The men looked in each other's faces.

"What do you say, boys?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"I'm going to try it," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, "whether the rest do or not."

"I, too," said Mr. Yankton.

"Very well, I'm with you," said Cavendish.

Nicholas was overjoyed. He seized the hand of the first speaker, and said impressively:

"You are quite welcome to the name of my father and of my mother. Keep them both. They will help to shut you off from your old associations, and hold you to your new."

Then he shook the other men by the hand, and told them that they had given him one of the happiest moments of his life.

"Now, what do you propose to do with us?" said Cavendish, who refused to relinquish his lead.

"Don't put it in that way," responded Nicholas. "What do we propose to do with ourselves, for you must remember that we are all engaged in one enterprise. I am to help you, and you are to help me. I propose lunch."

"I presume we are all agreeable," said Cavendish, laughing.

Nicholas touched a bell, to which Pont promptly responded.

"Bring up lunch for four," said Nicholas as the negro appeared.

Then they broke bread together, and their viands were served with courteous punctilio. The men were awkward at first, but their embarrassment soon passed away, and they entered into a lively conversation, which made the meal thoroughly enjoyable.

"Now," said Nicholas, as he rose to his feet, "you are strong enough to promise me a few things which will be necessary to your success. In the first place, you must promise me never to return to your old haunts, never to drink a glass of liquor unless it is prescribed for you by a physician, always to stick together and be society for one another, and always to come to me if you are in trouble."

"That's pretty tough," said Cavendish.

"Do you falter?"

"A man doesn't like to lose his liberty, you know."

"Liberty to lose your place!" exclaimed Nicholas. "Liberty to go into dirty society when you can have good! What can you mean?"

The other men did not demur, and Nicholas knew that he had not yet touched the right spring in Cavendish, but he determined to study him thoroughly, and to find it at any cost.

"Well" said Cavendish, with a sigh, "let's come back to the question: What do you propose to do with us?"

"I propose to set you to work for wages, and to keep you at it every day. I propose to get you a comfortable boarding-house, where you

can all live together. I propose to interest you, if I can, in an enterprise in which I have great faith—the best enterprise, I am sure, which it is possible for a man like me to undertake. I am going to try to get hold of a great many such fellows as you are, and as you know all about them, you can be of much assistance to me. You, Cavendish, must be my right-hand man, unless it should happen that I am compelled to become yours.”

Nicholas had found the spring without looking far. A prospect of leadership and influence lighted the eye of the ex-missionary to the Flat Heads.

“Now,” said Nicholas, putting on his overcoat and hat, “let’s go and find a boarding-place. I have a dozen advertisements in my pocket, clipped out of the papers while I was waiting for you this morning.”

As they passed out of the hall and struck the sidewalk, Mr. Cavendish coupled himself with Nicholas, and the men walked down the street together. Nicholas was conscious that he was but little known, and that few, if any, would notice his strange companionship. Besides, he was deeply interested, and he did not care.

They went to one house after another, and finally decided upon a large double-bedded room, in a cheap part of the city. Nicholas, after the decision was made, had a long conference with the landlady, which ended in his becoming personally responsible for the board of the three men for a month, and an agreement on her part, that she would report to him any irregularities of her new boarders, should any occur.

During this interview he had left the three men in their room. On returning, he found them very comfortable, and cheerfully chaffing each other.

“You two fellows,” said Nicholas, speaking to Lansing Minturn and Yankton, “are to stay here, while Cavendish and I go out. You have had enough to eat, you are comfortable, you have no temptation to go away. We are going out to see what we can do for you.”

Nicholas and Cavendish had hardly reached the corner of the street, when the two men, thus left free from care and in pleasant quarters, lay down upon their beds and went soundly to sleep. They had been up more than half of the previous night, and the beds were the most inviting they had seen for years. No lock and key was needed for them.

Nicholas and his companion made directly for Glezen’s office. They found him, as he told them, “up to his eyes” in work, though he gave Nicholas a cordial greeting, and received his companion politely. Glezen knew, with the quick insight that comes to an observant man in city life, that Cavendish “had had a history.” He knew that he was not an ordinary man, in ordinary circumstances. His seedy clothes, his sharpened countenance, his quick eyes, betrayed the adventurer who lived

upon his wits. "Glezen," said Nicholas, "I have brought this man here, looking for employment, because I have become very much interested in him."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes—the worst of him."

"Well," said Glezen, "I want a clerk. My work is getting too heavy for me, but I must have a capable and a faithful one. How long have you known him?"

"Since yesterday morning."

Glezen looked into the face of the applicant with an amused smile, which Cavendish not only understood but responded to for reasons which even Glezen did not apprehend.

Mr. Cavendish cleared his throat, and then, with some hesitation, turned to Nicholas, and said: "You have no idea of deceiving your friend. You will tell him all about me, some time, and if anybody is going to do it, I had better do it myself. Mr. Minturn"—turning to Glezen—"has been kind enough to bring me here, after I have abused his confidence, with the hope of giving me the chance for an honourable life, which I had supposed was forever gone. I am what they call a dead-beat. I don't know that I am very much ashamed of it. The world has used me roughly, and I have had a hard time, but I am willing to try again. This gentleman is the first who has given me a good word, or exercised a good intention toward me for years. I am not very hopeful of myself, but I am willing to try to please him. In fact, I have promised to do so. And now if you will give me employment, you will find that I am capable. So long as I stay, I shall serve you faithfully. You may come here some morning and find that I am gone, but you'll miss nothing but me. That's all, and I couldn't speak to you a more honest word if I were dying, so help me God!"

"I like that pretty well," said Glezen. "I believe you'll do what you say, too."

"Thank you," said Cavendish, "and you'll excuse me if I say that I think we shall get along very well together."

"Thank *you*," responded Glezen, "and now let's see what you can do with a pen."

Cavendish drew up to a table, wrote a polite note to Glezen, and signed it. Glezen gave it a glance, and said:

"That will do. Now what wages do you want?"

"I think," said Nicholas, turning to Cavendish, "that you had better leave that matter to Mr. Glezen. He will deal fairly by you, I know."

"All right!" said Cavendish.

Glezen comprehended the object that Nicholas had in view, and said promptly:

"Your salary begins from this morning ; and here is a document that I wish you to copy before you sleep. I shall be obliged to sit up all night to do it if you do not."

Cavendish took it in his hand, but seemed troubled, doubtful and hesitating.

"What is it ?" said Nicholas.

"I'm afraid the boys will get tired of their confinement, and leave," Cavendish replied.

Nicholas was delighted to find him assuming a sense of responsibility for them, and said :

"Mr. Glezen will permit you to take your work home, at tea-time, I am sure, though I'm not afraid of their leaving their comfortable quarters for the present. They have no money."

"I know," said Cavendish, "but we must keep them contented and interested."

Glezen readily gave his consent to the proposition of Nicholas, and then Cavendish sat down at the desk prepared for him, to begin his work.

"By the way," said Nicholas, rising, and addressing Cavendish, "do you know whether that newly manufactured cousin of mine was ever a civil engineer, as he pretends to have been ?"

"Yes, that was once his profession, and he will do well in a subordinate position."

"What about Yankton ?"

"Well, I don't think he was ever trained to anything. The rheumatic dodge isn't high art, you know. Don't send him out-of-doors."

"Very well," said Nicholas ; "you will work here till six, and I'll call and go home with you. I mean to get some good news for them before we see them again."

Then our enterprising young philanthropist shook hands with Glezen and his clerk, and went out. He could think of no one so likely to second his plans as Mr. Coates. He remembered what the old man had said at his dinner table, but that did not discourage him. He had learned that talk did not mean much, on either side of the question, and that those who seemed the hardest and the most prejudiced were quite as likely to be helpful as those who were more weakly and tenderly sympathetic.

So he went directly to the prosperous mercantile establishment of Mr. Coates. If he had appreciated the fact that the old man could not have denied anything to the rescuer of his wife and daughter, he would have hesitated, but the thought that he had ever rendered Mr. Coates or his family a favour had not entered his mind. He was going to ask for grace and not for reward.

Nicholas entered the private office of Mr. Coates with a good deal of timidity, but he was heartily received and put at his ease.

Any one who held an interview with the old and eccentric merchant was obliged to do the most of the talking. His nature seemed to be extractive and absorbent. To simple-hearted Nicholas these qualities were irresistible, and with a few suggestions and questions here and there, Mr. Coates managed to draw out from the young man the whole story of his experiences and experiments with the rogues he had taken upon his hands. The old man carried a sober face through it all, but suffered through certain inward convulsions, which, on rising to his throat, in the direction of laughter, were suddenly shunted off into a cough.

He had heard many praises of Nicholas from his wife and daughter, as well as from Glezen, with whom he had become well-acquainted; but this was the first time he had ever enjoyed the privilege of a good look into him. He was pleased with him and more than ready to serve him.

"D-did you ever skin an eel?" said he.

"Never."

"Sl-ippery," said Mr. Coates.

"You think these are slippery fellows, I suppose."

"H-handle 'em with m-mittens. D-don't make too m-uch of 'em."

"My mittens are the police," said Nicholas. "They have seen the rough side of my hand, and felt it too. All that I want to have you understand is that my whole heart is in the enterprise of saving these men. I believe it can be done. I have the advantage of them, and I propose to keep it. If one of these men dares cross the line back into his old life and associations, I shall put him where he will have an opportunity to repent at leisure."

"You w-want me to t-take Y——"

"Yankton, yes."

"I d-don't see how I c-an."

"I'm very sorry. Have you nothing for him to do?"

"Y-yes, I could m-make a light p-porter of him, but I c-couldn't speak his n-name once a f-fortnight."

Nicholas laughed heartily, and responded:

"Then we must get a new name."

"C-call it T-Twitchell," said Mr. Coates. "He'll r-recognise the t-translation."

"So you'll take Twitchell will you?"

"Y-yes, I g-guess so. I suppose a r-rose 'by any other name would s-smell a g-good deal sweeter."

"Oh, I'll see that he is cleanly dressed," said Nicholas.

"W-what are you g-going to d-do with the other one?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Coates, who sat in a revolving chair, wheeled around to his desk,

and wrote in silence a long note, which he carefully folded and addressed. Then he turned and handing it to Nicholas said :

"T-try that."

It was addressed to the Commissioner of Public Works, and contained a statement of all the facts relating to the history and position of the man for whom Nicholas was seeking employment. It contained also the request, as a personal favour to the writer, that the Commissioner would do what he could, consistently with the interests of the public service, to further the bearer's enterprise.

Armed with this document, his heart glad and expectant, his face glowing with enthusiasm, Nicholas bade the old merchant a good afternoon, and sought the office to which the note was addressed.

He found the Commissioner very busy, with a number of impatient men in the ante-room of his office, waiting for an interview. It was more than an hour before his opportunity came. He presented his letter, which the Commissioner read with a frown. Then he sent for half a dozen men in different parts of the building, and held a consultation with them. The matter looked very dubious to Nicholas, and he began to tremble for the fate of Mr. Lansing Minturn.

However, after the young man had been sufficiently impressed with the importance of the matter, which he had presented, and the profoundness of the difficulty which had been mastered in arriving at a decision, he was called to the side of the Commissioner, and in the most friendly and confidential way, informed that it was winter, that not much was doing, that the department was overwhelmed with applications for employment, that there were those among his friends who, if they should know that he had favoured Mr. Coates before them, would make it hot for him, that the appropriation was running very low, that Mr. Lansing Minturn's precedents were not such as would reflect credit either upon his family—begging the pardon of the family as it was represented by the gentleman before him—or upon the department, that he really had no right in his public capacity to respect personal considerations, etc., etc., etc.

After he had squeezed all the hope out of Nicholas that was possible, and shown him the preposterousness of Mr. Coates's request, and placed the young man in the position of an humble suitor for a benefaction of untold value, he condescended to say that it had been decided that, as a favour to an old and highly respected citizen, whose political influence had always been upon the side of economy and public order, Mr. Lansing Minturn should have a chance.

"Oh, I thank you! I thank you!" said Nicholas, pressing his hand, with a warm stream of feeling spouting up from his heart like a geyser, and overflowing the rocky Commissioner at his side.

"You appreciate the difficulties of my position," said the Commissioner.

"Entirely, and it is only too kind of you. I can never forget this courtesy."

"I can't ask that," said the Commissioner, smiling in a patronizing way. "Remember it until after election. That's all I ask."

Nicholas saw the point distinctly, and saw furthermore that he had been a little boyish and gushing.

"Send your man here in the morning, with a letter," said the Commissioner. "Good evening, sir!"

The mind of Nicholas was too full of his victories to make any analysis of the operation through which he had just passed. During the long stay in the Commissioner's office, the short winter day had come to an end, and he found, on issuing upon the street, that the lamps were lighted. He returned to Glezen's office, where he found both the lawyer and his new clerk busily engaged at their work.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Nicholas, "I've got work for them all. Did anybody ever hear of such luck?"

Then he told them briefly what he had done, and how he had been able to accomplish his purpose.

"Nicholas," said Glezen, solemnly, "do you know that you are ripening for a memoir? Don't die. I've always been afraid of being too good for this world, and have tried to keep just wicked enough to live."

Cavendish, driving away at his pen, with a smile illuminating his pointed face, responded:

"So have I."

A laugh followed, and then Nicholas told his protégé that he would accompany him to his boarding-place. Papers, pens and ink were taken from the office, and the two, with a strange, light feeling in their hearts, threaded the streets together, and arrived at their destination just as the two men whom they had left there were yawning themselves into consciousness.

Nicholas sat down with them, and told them the results of his afternoon's labour on their behalf. When he reached the matter of Yankton's change of name, and the reasons which had determined it, the merriment of the party became uproarious. The whole affair was as good as a play. While they sat, the tea-bell rang, and Nicholas rose to take his leave.

"Cavendish will be obliged to work this evening, and will be fully employed," he said, addressing the other two men. "He will need to get rid of you, and I want you to come to my rooms to obtain the letters you will need to-morrow; and, perhaps, I can do something to make you more comfortable and more presentable."

The men promised to call, and then Nicholas went out, took a passing omnibus, and rode home. Dispatching his dinner, he wrote the letters he had alluded to, and was ready to devote himself to his visitors when they arrived. The sheepish look of the morning had passed from their faces, and, relieved of the presence of Cavendish, they talked freely of their histories, and spoke courageously and hopefully of the future. Nicholas passed an interesting and delightful evening with them, and before they took their leave brought out to them some of his half worn clothing, which he begged them to accept.

"I don't give you any money," he said, "because you don't need any, and it would be a temptation to you. I'll call to see you to-morrow night."

They took leave of their benefactor and helper with hearty expressions of gratitude, and pledges of good behaviour in the situations which had been procured for them; and then Nicholas sat down and thought it all over. He had accomplished the largest day's work of his life. He had laboured under the influence of the best motives all day, and had worked in earnest. He was weary in body and mind, but he had never been more thoroughly happy. What the final result of his efforts might be, he could not foresee, but he felt that if he could save these three men he should not live in vain. He had only begun, however, and the prospect of future harvests filled him with enthusiasm. He knew that for a long time these men must be kept under surveillance. He knew that Glezen and Mr. Coates would do what they could to help him, and that they would be trustworthy counsellors; but he saw that all three men must be kept busy—that their evenings would have to be looked after. It was for this necessity that he must wisely provide, and nothing seemed so promising to him as in some way to make them responsible for each other, and to change their attitude from that of beneficiaries to benefactors. If he could interest them in his schemes, and make them helpers in the task of reclaiming others, he was sure that he could hold them to their present resolutions.

If the rich young men of the city who had tried in vain to tempt Nicholas into their life of meaninglessness and idleness had looked into his heart that night, they would have seen how small occasion they had to regard him either with pity or contempt.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILE all these events were in progress, others of hardly less interest to the reader occurred in Miss Larkin's little parlour.

Few are they who, in the activities of robust life, pause to think of the loneliness of the helpless invalid—of the isolated bondage of weakness. To a young woman who is cut off from all youthful amusements and pursuits, who is restrained from love, who, within four walls, is bound to her couch by chains as cruel as if they were made of steel, whose hands are forbidden any response to the busy motions of her mind, there come hours when even sympathy wearies of its ministry, and mercenary attendance must seek relief from its burdens. She must be left alone, her hands folded in patient waiting. Reminiscence, idle dreaming, aspirations, regrets, tears—these come in pathetic routine to fill the heavy hours when society departs. Great, silent heroisms are wrought out in intervals like these, more wonderful than the common imagination can conceive; or great moral disasters are suffered, from which there is no recovery.

In one direction or the other—toward cheerful, self-forgetful, ever-buoyant fortitude; or toward fretfulness, impatience, discontent and weak complaining—the invalid always gravitates. Wine, long shut from the sunlight, ripens into nectar or vinegar. The alternative is mainly fixed by the amount of sunlight it had the privilege of absorbing, when it hung in clusters upon the vine.

Grace Larkin had had a delightful girlhood. Before she had been set aside by the hand of disease, and previous to the bereavements which had placed her in Mr. Benson's keeping, she had absorbed all the sunshine that could come into life through health, a happy temperament, parental love and prosperity. So invalidism had ripened her into a womanhood that was marvellously strong and sweet. Like all invalids, she had her lonely hours—hours that seemed like eternities while passing—but no friend ever found her in tears, or left her without the experience of a pleasant inspiration. All who came to give the comfort of sympathetic companionship, departed with the consciousness that they had received more than they had bestowed. This was the secret of her hold upon her friends. This was what made her tasteful little parlour a delightful resort.

The change in her condition, to which her guardian once alluded in his conversation with Nicholas, was one concerning which she had held no communication with him. He had either guessed the truth, or utilized a vagrant impression in the accomplishment of his purpose to ascertain the young man's sentiments.

It was true, however, that she felt more hope concerning her ultimate recovery, during the months that followed the disaster which interrupted her attempt to travel, than she had ever dared to indulge in before. The reaction which followed the terrible shock had raised her. She felt that

she was stronger—that the nerves and muscles which had so long refused to perform their offices had received new life.

Thenceforward her lonely hours were far from being the least interesting that she passed. She said nothing of her altered feelings and her awakening hopes, even to Miss Bruce her companion ; but that lady was more and more at liberty to be absent ; and she often found her charge, whom she had left reclining, sitting upright upon her lounge when she returned, and looking flushed, though not unhappy. What experiments had been in progress during her absence she did not know, but she guessed.

Miss Larkin could not have been a woman—least of all the woman that she was—if she had failed to recognise the passion which Nicholas felt for her. From the first moment that she suspected it, she had been upon her guard. She did not dare to indulge herself in thoughts of him. She knew that her conscience would never permit her to burden his life with the care of her invalidism. For any selfish satisfaction or delight, she would not load him with the reproaches or the pity of his friends. If she could not be a wife to him, in all wifely ministries of care and helpfulness, she would live alone and die alone, even if she should ever permit herself, or be compelled, to love him.

Nicholas did not need to be told this, for he had already divined it. Indeed, it was this consideration which more than once had restrained him from laying his heart and life at her feet, and offering her his hand. He knew that she would reject him if he should ever be tempted by the stress of his affection to discover his heart to her, and that the event would bring to her and to him an overwhelming pain.

She ordered her thinking as well as she could, but she could not entirely put him out of it. Much as she longed to mingle in the busy scenes of life which engaged her friends, earnestly as she desired recovery that she might be an actor in the beneficent schemes which they were pushing on every hand, Nicholas, and the possibility of life in his companionship, always mingled with her motives and her hopes. She believed in him wholly. Her heart gave him its supreme approval. So, however she might disguise the fact to herself, she desired to get well for him,—for many other things besides, but always for him.

One afternoon when Miss Bruce returned from a hurried walk, she noticed that different objects about the room had been disturbed. A shawl had been dropped in the middle of the room. A rose had been picked from a pot in the window.

Miss Bruce paused and picked up the shawl. Seeing the rose at Miss Larkin's throat, she said :

“ Has any one called ? ”

“ No.”

"Has Mrs. Benson been in?"

"No."

"No woman—no child—no angel?"

"I have but one angel, and she is asking me questions. I wish she were less inquisitive," answered Miss Larkin, with a merry laugh.

Miss Bruce regarded her a moment, then crossed the room, knelt at the couch, put her arms around the beloved invalid's neck, and burst into tears.

"Oh, it is too good to believe—too good to believe!" she said.

"It isn't much, my dear," responded Miss Larkin, greatly moved.

"I am very weak, and a long way from recovery yet. Don't speak of it. I don't wish to awaken hope in any one. I intended to hide my own hope from you, and you must not betray me."

"Oh! my child, my child! shall I ever see you well again—walking again?" said Miss Bruce, kissing her with ardent affection. "Heaven be praised for the hope; and Heaven only knows how often I have prayed for it."

Miss Larkin was very much affected by this demonstration on the part of one who was naturally calm and self-contained, and who had trained herself to silence.

"Are you going to let me see you do it?" inquired Miss Bruce, rising to her feet and wiping her eyes.

"I'm tired now. Let me rest awhile."

After the unwonted exertion, she slept for an hour. Then she woke, and finding Miss Bruce present, she drew a chair to her couch, and by its aid rose to her feet, and pushing it before her, followed it tottering into the middle of the room. Miss Bruce saw that she faltered during the last steps, and had time only to throw her arms around her, before she sank so nearly helpless that she was with great difficulty restored to her couch.

"You see, my dear, that you must not try this again alone," said Miss Bruce tenderly.

"I'm afraid I shall," responded Miss Larkin smiling, but panting and faint.

The attempt was a failure, but it was sufficient to fill Miss Bruce with hope and expectation. There was certainly a change. There had been an accession of new life and strength, and she was physician enough to know that use would divert to the inactive limbs the vital energy and the muscular power which had been so long withheld.

For days afterward, however, she would not permit her charge to repeat the experiment. Then, once a day, and always at her side, she presided at the trial. Progress, if any was made, was slow; but the

patient met with no drawbacks. She found her strength at no time utterly failing, but was always able to get back to her couch unaided.

Of these experiments and the hopes that were based upon them, none knew but Miss Larkin and her devoted companion. Mr. Benson occasionally looked in,—always with his hat and cane in his hand,—made a kind inquiry, and departed. From the time he had read his ward's note requesting another private interview, he had studiously avoided all reference to it, and all opportunities for the interview desired. It was his delight and his policy to come in when others were calling. He knew she would not betray him, and that he could play his part of affectionate guardian under such circumstances to the advantage of his reputation. He could enter the room, ready for the street and his busy outside life, take her hand, inquire tenderly for her health, apologize for his intrusion, give a hearty word to her friends, and gracefully retire. Grace understood the trick, and he knew that she understood it. Once or twice he had been nearly caught. He had found her friends retiring as he entered; and then he always excused himself upon the ground that he had some business with one of them. Then he found that it was never safe to call when only Miss Bruce was present, because she always took the opportunity to retire when he entered. He was quick to guess the truth, viz. : that the matter was understood between his ward and her companion, and that he was to be entrapped if possible. As he had reasons for avoiding such a catastrophe, he avoided it.

One evening, when he had sat longer than usual over his dinner and his evening paper, and Miss Bruce and Mrs. Benson were enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête* in the corner of the dining-room, they heard steps and the moving of a chair above them. Mr. Benson raised his eyes and listened. Then he looked at Miss Bruce, and saw that she was pale and seemed uneasy.

"What is that noise?" inquired Mr. Benson.

Mrs. Benson answered that she did not know. She knew, however, that the servants of the house were at their dinner, and that no one had called. Mr. Benson knew this, too. Miss Bruce made no answer. She would have flown upstairs in a moment if she had dared to do so, but she was afraid of arousing the suspicions of the family. Finally, she rose quietly, and saying that it was time for her to rejoin Miss Larkin, prepared to leave the room. Before she reached the door, there came a heavy jar upon the floor above them, and a noise as of falling furniture. She sprang from the room and mounted the stairs in headlong haste.

Mrs. Benson suggested that it might be robbers, and that Mr. Benson had better follow and see what the trouble was.

He laid down his paper, and, in a leisurely way sought Miss Larkin's room. The door was open, and he found Miss Bruce engaged in the dif-

difficult attempt to help Miss Larkin back to her couch. Quietly entering and motioning Miss Bruce to stand aside, he lifted his ward in his arms and laid her upon the lounge.

Miss Larkin was not hurt, and was laughing. The exceeding solemnity of Mr. Benson amused her.

"Shall I leave you," he said, "and have a talk about this indiscretion at our leisure?"

"Oh no, by no means," she replied.

"You must see that you have been indiscreet, my child," he said in a tone of tender concern.

"Nevertheless, I'm not sorry," she responded, "for it has brought you to me. Don't you see that I write you a note, and you will not come, and then my chair slips away and falls down with me, and that brings you?"

"Don't trifle, my dear. It is a serious matter."

"It is not half so serious to me as the fact that I can never see you," said Miss Larkin. Mr. Benson looked around, and learned that Miss Bruce had silently left the room. Then he impulsively rose to his feet.

"Don't go," said Miss Larkin. "Wait until Miss Bruce comes back. I want to talk with you."

There was no help for it. He had run into the trap, and insuperable considerations had closed it upon him. How he was to manage to get out of it without being hurt, he did not know; but the first expedient was one toward which he was directed by the habits of his life.

"My dear Grace," he said, "I had supposed that you were reconciled to your lot,—that you had humbly made up your mind to the assignments of Providence. Afflictions do not rise from the ground. They descend from above. The discontent which you manifest—this quarrel which you seem disposed to enter upon with the Power which has prostrated you—disappoints me."

Miss Larkin looked with her large eyes into his, as if she were wondering how such a man could say such words, and yet, to all appearance, believe himself to be sincere.

"Disappoint you?" she said. "We are often disappointed in one another."

Mr. Benson coloured. He did not dare to push his reprimand any further in that direction.

"How long have you been engaged in experiments like this?" he inquired.

"For several weeks."

"Without the advice of a physician?"

"Yes."

"Has Miss Bruce known of them?"

"Yes, she has assisted me in them."

"Then she is an imprudent woman, and quite unworthy of the charge I have committed to her. I think it time that you have a more discreet and conscientious person in her place."

"So long as I am more than satisfied with Miss Bruce, I do not see why I should part with her," Miss Larkin responded.

"My dear," said Mr. Benson, quickly, "I have a duty upon my hands, and I must discharge it. It is my duty to place with you one who will counsel and keep you safely. I should forever blame myself if disaster should come to you through my neglect."

Again the large eyes were turned upon him in wonder. He saw straight through them into the memory of his own cowardly surrender of her life. He could not bear the look, and turned away from it.

"I release you from all responsibility for me," she said.

"You release me? What do you mean?"

"Can you forget, Mr. Benson, that I have arrived at the age at which I become responsible for myself? This is what I have been wanting to tell you. Miss Bruce will stay with me, because I wish her to stay. I shall persist in my experiments toward getting back into my life, because I am responsible for them. I am not discontented. I have never complained, but I am hopeful. I expect to get well, and after all these years of care I feel as if you ought to be glad, and to load me with congratulations."

Mr. Benson was thinking. There was no smile upon his face. She could not read his thoughts, but she knew that she had brought him no sense of relief, and that there were no grateful responses in his heart.

At this moment the door-bell rang, followed by the sound of merry voices in the hall below.

"Your friends are coming, and I will go," he said.

"Oh, not yet!" she replied hurriedly. "There is one thing that I must say to you. I must know about my affairs. I want you to tell me everything. It will employ my mind, and you know that you can do nothing legally in regard to them without my consent."

"Let us talk about this at leisure. Your friends will be here in a moment."

He turned to go out, and heard the words:

"I must insist on this, Mr. Benson. It must be done at once. I cannot live in this way."

Mr. Benson opened the door, and met the incoming visitors, whom he received with his accustomed courtesy. Then turning, he said: "Good night, my child!" in his most affectionate tone, and sought his library.

He sat down and thought. Everything was working against him. Of course he had not been ignorant that Miss Larkin had arrived at her majority, but her affairs were not quite in a condition to be exposed to

her. The shrinkage of the values in which her funds had been invested, the personal use of her income, to which he had been compelled, by the necessities of his own credit, the continued downward tendency of business and property, the bankruptcy that threatened him—all this was terrible, and he could see no way out of it. He had been once humbled into abjectness by her, in view of her power over his reputation. Again he had come under her power through the maladministration of a trust.

There was no way—there could be no way—for him but to make a full confession to his ward, on his knees, if need be, of his shortcomings, and to crave her forbearance and her aid.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“THE Larkin Bureau” was in session again. It was the habit of this little group, consisting of the young people with whom our story has made the reader familiar, and others with whose personalities the story does not need to be burdened, to relate their experiences and to discuss “ways and means.” Their interest in these meetings surpassed that with which they regarded any of the other of the social assemblages of the winter.

Already hints of some of the fresh experiences of Nicholas had been gathered by different members of the company, and all were desirous to hear the complete story from his own lips. They listened with the profoundest interest, and with much laughter, to the recital of the incidents connected with his encounter with, and capture of, the three rogues he had undertaken to reform. Quite unconsciously to himself, he revealed his own gifts and his own character in his narrative, as vividly as he did those of the rogues. Miss Larkin and Glezen exchanged significant glances, which meant: “He is even better and brighter than we thought him to be.”

“Now, Mr. Minturn, what are you going to do with these men?” inquired Miss Larkin.

“That is the question you are to help me to answer,” he replied.

“But you have your own idea?”

“Yes, I know what needs to be done. They must be kept busy, and kept interested and contented. They are, in some way, to be so helped back to their sense of manhood, and they are so to commit themselves to a new course of life that they will never fall again. How to effect these objects is the great question, and I really feel incompetent to answer it.”

“The difficulty to be overcome in the attempt to reform a pauper of any sort, it seems to me,” said Miss Larkin, “lies in the impossibility of placing him in dignified conditions. No matter what ambitions and reso-

lutions you may be able to stir in a man whose conditions are mean and suggestive only of his animal wants, they fade out when he realizes the setting in which his life is placed. His wife and children are ragged, his tenement is filthy, his neighbourhood is base, and everything around him is a draught upon his self-respect. How he is to get that which will keep him and his alive is the ever-present question. Every thought is concentrated upon his animal life. Every thought of his neighbour is engaged in the same way. In this respect they are all like babies. Everything that comes to their hands is carried at once to their mouths. They cannot see any significance in the Christianity which good people preach to them unless it will, in some way, feed them or give them money."

"Well, I have removed my men from their mean conditions," said Nicholas, "and I shall lend them books and pictures."

"I was not thinking so much about them, as about those who are in worse conditions," said Miss Larkin. "If we could only contrive, in some way, to dignify the facts of their every-day life and surroundings, to inspire ambitions and emulations among them, to enable them to see that even poverty has its poetical side, and that their pinched lives may be dignified by humble spiritualities, we could do much for them. Until we can accomplish this, every good thing which we do for them will be debased. We must make men and women of them before they will answer to motives addressed to men and women. There is no use in addressing our religion to an open mouth; we must have the open mind and heart."

"You have taken a very large contract, my good friends," said Glezen, who had never entered very heartily into their schemes. "Wise heads have been trying to solve this problem for a great many years, and they have never solved it."

"Well," said Nicholas, "perhaps the solution of the problem is to be revealed unto babes. I believe in Christian benevolence, of the right sort, but I suspect that the benevolence of propagandism is not exactly the thing for our pauper population. There is one field, it seems to me, which Christian benevolence has never properly occupied. It has fed the mouth and clothed the back, and thus nursed the very greed which it ought to have destroyed. When it has done this, it has undertaken to give to the pauperism it has helped to develop, the Christian religion. I don't believe it can be made to grow on such a stock. I believe you might just as well preach religion to a stableful of ravenous horses. There is an intermediate ground that Christian benevolence generally has failed to occupy. There is, now and then, a missionary or a Christian preacher, who sees the right thing to be done; but most of them ignore the conditions of the life they attempt to benefit, and, after cramming and clothing the body, present their religion in the

form of a sermon or a tract. I feel sure that if three-quarters of the money that has been expended on food and clothing, and Sunday-schools and preaching, had been devoted to the enterprise of placing the pauper population in better conditions,—to giving them better tenements, better furniture, instruction in the facts and possibilities of common life, entertaining books, suggestive pictures, and training in household arts,—the good results to religion itself would be ten-fold greater than they are."

"Where did you learn all this?" inquired Glezen, with genuine surprise.

"I never learned it; I see it," replied Nicholas. "I thank God that I never learned anything to cloud my instincts in this matter."

"Well, you seem to have succeeded very well with the three fellows whose salvation you have undertaken, so far. The end is not yet, even with them, but I'm inclined to think you can manage them."

"I am going to make them help me in some way," said Nicholas. "The reformed drunkard knows what motives to address to a man who is still a slave to his vice, and I don't see why a reformed pauper cannot be as useful to the class from which he has risen."

"We must all be careful about one thing," said Miss Larkin; "we must be careful not to forget that the poor who need aid are not all voluntary paupers, and we must not forget the little children."

This remark brought out Miss Coates, whose whole heart was with the children, and who believed that the way to cure pauperism was to stop raising paupers.

"Now you touch the vital point," she said. "I have not much faith in the reformation of the confirmed paupers, but I have great faith in the training up of a generation of children that will wipe out pauperism."

"Do you suppose you can counteract on Sunday a week's teaching in pauperism?" inquired Nicholas. "Do you suppose that children who live in a room little better than a sty, and who hear nothing talked of but food and the easiest way to get it, and who are instructed to manage for the reception of benefactions from their teachers, can be cured of pauperism in a Sunday-school? Their whole life is in pauper homes and pauper conditions."

"They can be taught honesty and truthfulness and moral obligation, at least," she responded.

"Under hopeless disadvantages, I fear," he said.

"Would you advise that we let them alone?" she inquired.

"No, but they ought to have something more done for them—something more and of a different kind. Your teaching will go to waste, otherwise. You will find that parental influence will quite overbalance yours."

"I am ready to learn," she said; "but until I do learn I shall work in the old way."

"Oh, tell us about Bob Spencer," said Miss Ilmansee, who was getting somewhat bored by the character of the discussion, in which she was incompetent to bear a part.

Miss Coates laughed. She had a good deal to tell, beyond what she had reported on the night of her visit to the Spencer family. Even Glezen had heard nothing of her Sunday experiences, and when, in her own lively and graphic way, she related the incidents of her memorable encounter with one who was so very sure that he was a bad boy, his merriment was without bounds. He walked the room and clapped his hands, and roared with laughter.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Good! Now you touch what you call the vital point. These fellows all need flogging—every man and boy of them. I tell you that what we call the Christian amenities and forbearances are lost on this whole crew. They don't understand them, and they despise them. Bob Spencer is not a pauper exactly, but he is in danger of becoming one, by his associations; and I believe his soul is as good as saved. Didn't he fight?"

"How could he?"

"And has he been to your school again?"

"Regularly."

"How does he behave?"

"He not only behaves well himself, but he keeps the other boys in order, and I believe he would fight for me at the shortest notice against the greatest odds."

"Now here's a reformation worth having," said Glezen. "Don't leave chastisement out of your scheme, Nicholas. I tell you it's worth more than all your preaching and teaching. Knock the wickedness out of them, and drive the goodness in. Sentiment is lost in this business. Miss Coates has made my life brighter from this hour, and Bob Spencer has become very dear to my heart. I'll engage him for an office-boy to-morrow."

"Oh, will you?" said Miss Coates with delight.

"Don't strike me!" said Glezen, dodging, as if he expected a blow. "I assure you I meant him no harm. I'll dress him in a blue roundabout with brass buttons, and lavish my wasting affections upon him."

The reader has already perceived that Glezen had a sharper bark than bite, and that while he assumed the attitude of an outside critic, he was quite ready to second, in any practical way that was possible to a man absorbed in his own affairs, the operations of the enthusiasts around him. His interest in his new clerk was genuine, and his knowledge of men enabled him to manage him with prudent skill. He saw that Bob Spencer had been thoroughly shamed, and brought to a "realizing sense" of the fact that he was not a very bad boy after all.

That he had been heartily flogged, and had responded kindly to the influence of the discipline, won his heart for the boy.

"You are very kind," said Miss Coates.

"Up to the measure of my interests, and the capacities of my office—that's all," said he. "You must see," he went on, "that I cannot do any more for you. I'm not the keeper of a museum for the storage of your trophies. You will be obliged to enlarge your acquaintance. I can take care of one or two of the first drops, but, when the shower comes, buckets will not do. You will be obliged to build a reservoir."

When the laugh that followed Glezen's words had subsided, Miss Larkin said :

"There is one subject that I would like to hear discussed to-night. I need to be instructed upon it, for, as it stands now in my mind, it is a burden upon my judgment and my conscience."

"Broach it, by all means," said Glezen, promptly. "Knowledge is of no account in this company, so long as we have a man here who sees. Ladies, Mr. Minturn awaits the question."

"I'm very much in earnest, Mr. Glezen," said Miss Larkin, "so please don't make fun of me, or of anybody. You know that the times are very hard. The poor throughout the city are suffering, and we are all called upon to help them. Now, the question as to what we who have money can do for them, without injuring them, is a very important one. I have felt as if I could not spend a penny on myself—as if I ought to curtail my comforts, and drop all my luxuries. It somehow seems when I purchase anything for my own gratification, as if I were taking the bread out of mouths that are starving. My life is really made quite unhappy by this thought."

"Put her out of her misery at once, Nicholas," said Glezen. "If you don't, I shall be obliged to do it myself."

"Perhaps we had better learn what the wisdom of the world says first," said Nicholas, with a laugh, "and, if that fails, we'll fall back on the unsophisticated instinct."

"Well," said Glezen, "I suppose I am a little heterodox on this matter. One fact, however, we may all regard as established, viz., that it is a curse to a poor man to give him what his labour can fairly earn. I know it is the custom of rich people, when hard times come down upon the community, to cut off their luxuries, and all unnecessary expenditures, not because they cannot afford them, but from fear of some disaster that may come to them. They give up their carriages, stop dining their friends, suppress their social assemblies, cease buying clothes, and by every action and all their policy do what they can to deprive those who have ministered to their artificial wants—to their extravagances, if you please—of employment. When they have done

this, and brought about a state of starvation among those who have depended upon them, then they wonder whether they had better make paupers of them or set them to work."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"I see, and I thank you," said Miss Larkin.

"Don't thank me," said Glezen. "Spare my blushes. You embarrass me."

"Go on," said Miss Coates, who was getting new ideas, and arriving at the practical centre of the subject much quicker than she had expected to.

"Well, it seems to me," Glezen proceeded, "that if ever there is a time in a rich man's life when he should indulge in luxuries, or, perhaps, I should say, use his money in such a way as to give people work to do, it is in a time of depression like this. If he has building to do, let him build. Materials and labour are cheap, and he will never have so good a time again. He certainly will not if he waits until better times arrive. Instead of this, he shuts up his purse, curtails his expenses, and waits while people starve. The truth is, that half the evils which the poor are feeling now, come from the rich man's short-sightedness and cowardliness. Every luxury that he indulges in gives work to somebody. Every enterprise that he engages in, puts bread into hungry mouths. I should say that every rich man who cuts off his luxuries in a time like this, or fails to devise all possible schemes to keep the poor employed, and then sits down and doles out his money to keep them from starving, most lamentably fails of doing his duty. I'm not a rich man, but if any of my good friends have more money than they know what to do with, I advise them to spend it for something that will give work to idle hands,—to do this at once, and do it all the time. The work that produces a garment which you procure as a luxury, is to the person who makes it a necessity. The house which you build in a time of depression, helps to bring the better time when you can get a good rent for it. The fact is that the good time we are all waiting for is locked up in the form of money in the coffers of those who refuse to use it to their own advantage, as well as to the advantage of those who are suffering for lack of labour."

"I'm sure I don't think you are very heterodox," said Miss Larkin.

"I am sure you have common sense on your side, and I know that my way seems much clearer to me, and that I feel very much relieved."

"So say we all," said Nicholas.

Glezen rose to his feet, placed his hand upon his heart, and made a low bow. "I am very much honored," he said. "Ask me another."

At this moment Nicholas drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and, as he shook it out, a letter fell to the floor. He picked it up, and, looking at it, he said :

"Here is a note that was handed to me by the postman as I was leaving home to-night. I had forgotten it. Permit me to open it."

He broke the seal, and the others observed him with curious interest while he read it, for his countenance betrayed surprise and wonder.

"Shall I read this to you?" he inquired.

"Do so," from all.

As he reads it, it is not necessary for us to look over his shoulder and report the wretched orthography in which the note is couched, but we will take it from his lips.

"MR. MINTURN:—It is best for you not to show your head at 'The Crown and Crust' again. You are spotted, and you'll be took care of by them as knows you. You can't catch me if you try, so give that up. If you want to talk about the bonds, there's ways of doing it. The silver you will never see again. That's gone; but the bonds are placed, and you can get them if you are willing to come down handsome. I haven't got 'em, but I know where they be, and I can tell you where they be, but you'll have to show the color of your money. I advise you as a friend to keep out of our part of the town, but the bonds are nearer to you than you know, and you can have 'em if you'll pay. Write to Bill Sanders, and the letter'll come to me, but that's not my name."

The little company were very much excited over the letter.

"Let me see it," said Glezen.

He took it and read it through.

"It's genuine, I think," he said, as he handed it back.

"What shall I do with it, or do about it?" inquired Nicholas.

"Do nothing in a hurry," Glezen replied. "I will see you again about it."

"I'm sure it's genuine," said Nicholas, who remembered and then recounted to his companions the bootless chase he had indulged in, on the night of his visit to "The Crown and Crust."

"The fellow is out of money again," said Nicholas, "and does not dare to offer his bonds in the market. He undoubtedly supposes that I know their numbers, and that Wall street knows them."

The incident of the letter quite diverted the thoughts of the company from the topics they had met to discuss, and, after a desultory conversation, the visitors rose to take their leave.

"Don't go yet," said Nicholas. "I will be with you in a moment."

He passed out of the door with the intention of showing the letter to Mr. Benson. Arriving at the library, where he knew that gentleman always spent his evenings, he paused, and overheard voices. Mr. Benson had company. Nicholas hesitated. He was standing within three feet of his own bonds. He could not suspect it, of course, but there was a strange influence upon him. He had no love for Mr. Benson, but he felt that he must see him. The earnest conversation that was in pro-

gress in the room withheld him, however, and he turned reluctantly away, and rejoined his friends.

Soon they all went out together, and as Nicholas passed Mr. Benson's door, he paused. Then he went half-way down the stairs, and paused again, turned, and started to go back. He finally concluded that he would not return, and then he hurriedly ran down the stairs into the street.

Why did he not carry out his purpose? What was it that suggested it, and urged him to it? Some spiritual influence was upon him to which he was unaccustomed. Some angel was whispering to him, though he could not understand the language. He did not know how much he had done, or failed to do, to decide Mr. Benson's fate. He could not know that the man from whom he had turned away was passing through a great temptation, and that, debased as he had been in many respects, he would have been glad of any occasion that would compel him to put the terrible bonds out of his hands.

He had now had them in his possession for several weeks. They had begun to seem like his property. In his own mind, they were beginning to form a part of the barrier that he was trying to build between himself and bankruptcy. As a last resort, he could raise money on them, and, although they were not his, he did not absolutely know whose they were. The man who had delivered them to him did not own them—that was certain. Was it a kind Providence that had placed them in his hands? Who could tell? Would it not be just as well for the bonds to serve temporarily his purposes, who was trying to save himself and preserve his trusts, as to lie idle in his safe?

While these sophistries were exercising his mind, he knew that he was debasing himself, but there was a strange feeling of helplessness within him, as if the good angel and the bad angel of his life were engaged in a struggle for his soul.

If in this mood Nicholas had found him, and shown him the letter he had received, he would have hailed the message of the robber as a message from God. That would have decided the matter. He might not at that moment have surrendered the property, but he would have seen the impossibility of using it for himself. He would have been placed beyond the reach of a tormenting temptation—a temptation to use that which was not his by any valid title, and a temptation to bring himself to the belief that wrong was right.

Ah! if Nicholas had only gone in when he intended to go in, how different it all might have been with Mr. Benson! If he had known what the result of his visit would have been upon the man who disliked and even hated him, he would, if necessary, have burst in the door. But he did not go in.

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY BY LORD LYTTON.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY REV. WM. SCOTT.

THE publication of anything fragmentary from the pen of Lord Lytton would be presumptuous, if designed either to secure his name from oblivion or to increase his fame as an author. His friends could well afford to let die much that he has written, without fear of diminishing his claims on the esteem of posterity. We doubt much if the lamented author himself would desire the republication of some of his early productions, "Falkland" for instance; but it has occasioned surprise that "Cromwell," a tragedy written by Bulwer in 1835-6, should have been by him withheld from publication. The fact itself, that he commenced and designed the publication of "Cromwell," may be doubted by many. It is not mentioned at all, as far as known, among the literati of Great Britain. At the period named, Saunders and Otley, of London, were the publishers of Bulwer's works. But of this "Tragedy" as "in the press," they withheld any announcement. They had, however, established a branchhouse in New York, with a view to the early publication and copyrighting of the works they considered their own. Several volumes were so published, but those likely to secure a large sale were reprinted by other houses, and the supposed copyright disregarded. In the summer of 1836, the head of the Saunders & Otley New York House received from England the first sheets of "Cromwell, a Tragedy, by Edward Lytton Bulwer." They were placed in the hands of the printer, and the person who now writes these lines was permitted to make a manuscript copy of the first act in five scenes. But in August or September of the same year, the order came for the suppression of the "Tragedy," and it was never published. Ingenious speculation might furnish reasons why this work of Bulwer's was withheld. Was the mind of the author unsettled or unsettling respecting the character of Cromwell? The philosopher of Chelsea had not yet "cleared from the circumambient inanity and insanity," the character of his hero, which had been "overwhelmed under an avalanche of Human Stupidities." That indicates Carlyle's judgment; what was Bulwer's? It may be discernible to some, not to all. The "fragment" may be accepted and judged according to the light granted to each who presumes to investigate the past in human history. Criticism seems scarcely admissible respecting this production of Bulwer's, if his dictum be admitted as

expressed in his preface to "King Arthur." That extended poem was not first published as a whole. "Earlier portions" received "approbation" "and encouraged its progress." The author indulged the hope that the completed work would "not forfeit the indulgence bestowed on the commencement." He said, "it is obvious that such merit as the work may possibly be entitled to claim on the score of art or consistency can be but imperfectly conjectured by specimens of its parts." True, but a judgment of parts encouraged Bulwer to publish the whole of "King Arthur." And if the critical reader be sure of the author's stand-point in "Cromwell," as a part, he might have been encouraged to have given the whole. But irrespective of the opinion held by Bulwer on the character and aims of Cromwell, he has certainly given in his portraiture of the man and his fellows some exquisite touches of feeling and sentiment, according with their language and work, as we find these in the history of the times. The *dramatis personæ* are easily recognized—real men and women. It may not be possible to identify Cecil and Edith, unless after special search among domestic chronicles. But their loves and attitudes—their conflicting passions and discordant sympathies, constitute some of the finest passages in this remarkable fragment. Cecil's firmness of attachment to the vacant throne and royal succession, and Cromwell's dignified affirmation of loyalty to law and liberty, form magnificent contrasts, equally striking and beautiful. After all, the paper is but a fragment, written at a time when the author was incessantly engaged as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and when his prolific mind produced "The Student," the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," "England and the English," "The Last days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," and perhaps "Ernest Maltravers." The fact demonstrates extraordinary versatility of genius, and of this portion of "a tragedy" now offered to Canadian readers, it will be an occasion of great surprise, if *the part* does not originate a strong regret that the author declined to furnish *the whole*.

CROMWELL.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Whitehall. At the back, folding-doors, hung with black crape.*

HENRY MARTIN, HARRISON, IRSTON.

IRSTON.

Does the crowd gather still?

HARRISON.

Ay! Round the door

The godless idle cluster; nor with ease

Can our good guards—the tried men of the Lord—

Ward off the gapers, that, with thirsty mouth,
Would drink, as something sacred, the mute air;
Circling the dust of him that was a king.

MARTIN.

Ev'n as I passed the porch, a goodly cit,
Round and tun-bellied, plucked me by the robe
"Sir, can I see the king?" quoth he. I frowned:—
"There is no king!" said I. "The man called
Charles

Is the same clay as yours and mine. Lo! yonder
Lies, as yet unburied, a brave draper's corpse;

FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY BY LORD LYTTON.

Go ye and gaze on that !” And so I passed.
Still the crowd murmured—We would see the
King.

IRETON.

Ay ! round the vulgar forms of royalty,
Or dead or quick, the unthinking millions press ;
They love the mummery of their chains,
And graceless walks unaccepted Liberty
To their coarse gaze. ’Twas a bold deed, that
death !

HARRISON.

A deed we ne’er had had the souls to do,
But for the audible mandate of the Lord.
I did not sleep seven nights before my hand
Signed that red warrant ; and e’en now, methinks
Midnight seems darker and more sternly still
Than it was wont to do !

IRETON.

A truce with this,
When saw ye last the General ?

MARTIN.

Scarcely an hour
Hath joined the past since I did leave him pray-
ing.

IRETON.

The pious Cromwell ! ’Tis a blessed thing
To have a lodge above, and, when the air
Grows dim and rank on earth, to change the
scene,
And brace the soul in thoughts that breathe of
Heaven.
He bears him bravely then, that virtuous man ?

MARTIN.

Bravely ; but with a graver, soberer mien
Than when we counselled on the deed now done.

IRETON.

Yea, when he signed the warrant, dost thou mind
How, with the pen yet wet, he crossed thy face,
My honest Harry ? (’twas a scurvy trick !)
And laughed till merry tears coursed down his
cheeks
To see thy ruddy cheeks so streaked with black ?
Ha ! Ha !—and yet it was a scurvy trick !
And thou didst give him back the boon again,
And both laughed loud, like mad-caps at a
school,
When the grim master is not by. I was
The man who, next to Cromwell, planned the act
Which sealed old England’s freedom : yet that
laugh
Made me look back—and start—and shudder.

MARTIN.

Tush !

Thou know’st thy kinsman’s merry ve’n what
time
The humour’s on him. I’ll be sworn, nor he
Nor I thought lighter of the solemn deed
For that unseemly moment ;—’twas the vent
Of an excited pulse ; and if our own,
The scaffold we were dooming to the Stuart,
We should have toyed the same.

HARRISON.

Why prate we thus—
Lukewarm and chill of heart ? When Ba
broke

The hosts of Sisera, after twice ten years
Of bondage, did the sons of Israel weep ?
Or did they seek excuses for just mirth ?
No ; they sang out in honest joy—“ Awake !
Captivity is captive ! and the stars
Fought from their courses ag’nst Sisera.”
Our Sisera is no more—we will rejoice !

IRETON (*aside to MARTIN*.)

Humour him, Harry, or we ’scape not so
This saintly porcupine of homilies,
Bristling with all the missiles of quotation ;
Provoke him,—and he pricks you with a text
(*Aloud*) Right, holy comrade, thou hast well
buked us.

But to return to earth. The General feels,
My Harry, how the eyes of the dumb world
Are fixed on us—how all of England’s weal
Weighs on our shoulders, and with serious thou
Inclines him to the study of the HOUR :
For every moment now should womb designs,
And in the air we breathe, the thunder-cloud
Hangs mute—may Heaven disperse it o’er our
foes.

MARTIN.

Ireton, his soul foresees, and is prepared ;
He will not patch new fortune with old fears,
Nor halt ’twixt doubt and daring. We have done
That which continued boldness can but bless ;
And on the awful head we have disrowned
Must found our Capitol of Liberty !

HARRISON (*who has been walking to and fro
muttering to himself, suddenly turns round*.)

Who comes ? thou hast ill omen on thy brow.
Art thou—nay, pardon !—soldier of the Lord ?

SCENE II.—To them SIR HUBERT CECIL.

CECIL.

Where is the General ? Where the lofty Crom-
well ?

IRETON.

Young Cecil ! Welcome, comrade ! Just from
Spain ?

What news, I pray ? The dust upon thy garb
betokens weary speed.

CECIL.

False heart, away !
Where is thy master, bloodhound ?

IRETON.

Art thou mad ?

Is it to me these words ? Or, that my sword
Were vowed to holier fields, this hand—

CECIL (*fervently*),

That hand !

Look on it well. What stain hath marred its
white
Since last we met ? And you, most learned
Martin,

And you, text-mouthing Harrison—what saws,
Plucked from the rotten tombs of buried codes,
What devilish garblings from the Holy Writ,
Gave ye one shade of sanction for that deed
Which murdered England's honour in her king.

HARRISON (*interrupting Martin and Ireton, as they are about to reply*).

Peace! Peace, my brethren! Leave to me the word.

Lo, my soul longs to wrestle with the youth.
I will expound to him. Thus saith the Lord—

CECIL.

Blaspheme not! Keep thy dark hypocrisies
To shroud thee from thyself. But peace, my heart!

I will not waste my wrath on such as these.
Most honest Ireton, did they tell me false,
Or is thy leader here? thy kinsman, Ireton?
Oh God! hath stout-armed Cromwell come to this!

The master deathman of your gory crew.

IRETON.

I would he were, young madman, to requite
Thy courteous quoting of his reverent name.
Go, seek our England's David at his hearth,
And chide the arm that struck Goliath down.

HARRISON.

I will wend with thee, rash Idolator!
So newly turned to the false god of Horeb;
My soul shall wrestle with thee by the way.

CECIL (*to Harrison who is about to follow him*).

Butcher, fall back!—there is a ghost behind thee,

That with hueless cheek and lifeless eye,
Forbids thee henceforth and for aye to herd
With men who murder not. And so farewell!
(*Exit Cecil.*)

HARRISON (*looking fearfully around*).

A ghost! said he a ghost?

MARTIN.

Ay, General, ay;
And he who stands upon the deadly brink
Of Cromwell's ire, may well behold the ghosts
He goes so soon to join.

(*Enter a Puritan soldier.*)

SOLDIER.

Worshipful Sirs,
The council of the faithful is assembled,
And the Lord President entreats your presence.

IRETON.

Come Martin; come, bold-hearted Harrison,
Bradshaw awaits.

HARRISON.

Get thee behind me, Satan!
I fear thee not! thou canst not harm the righteous.

Ghost, quoth he! Ghost! Seest thou a ghost,
good Ireton?

IRETON.

What, in broad daylight! Fie, General!

HARRISON.

Satan walks

Daily and nightly tempting; but no more!
We'll to the council. Verily, my soul
Darkens at times the noon! The fiend is strong.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*A Room in Cromwell's house. The*
LADY CLAYPOLE. EDITH.

LADY CLAYPOLE.

So leave we then, the past! The angry sky
Is cleared by that same thunder-storm which
cleaves
The roof of kings; the dark times' crowning evil
Is o'er; the solemn deed, that stern men call
Necessity, is done;—now let us hope
A brighter day for England!

EDITH.

Who knows Cromwell,
Knows him as one inflexibly austere
In what his head deems justice; but his heart
Is mild, and shrinks from the uncalled-for
shedding

Ev'n of the meanest blood; yet would to Heaven
For his own peace, that he had been less great
Nor rate as judge in that most fearful court,
Where either voice was peril. What the world
Will deem his choice, lies doubtful in the clouds
That shade the time. Thank God that we are
women.

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Yea! in these hours of civil strife, when men
Know not which way lies conscience, and the
night

Scares the soft slumbers from their haggard eyes
By schemes of what the morrow shall bring forth,
'Tis sweet to feel our weakness, and to glide
Adown the stream of our inactive thought!—
While on the bank towers crash and temples fall,
We sail unscath'd; and watch the unweav'd life
Mirror that peaceful heaven earth cannot mar!

(*After a pause, with a smile.*)

Yet scarce indeed unweav'd, while one wild power
Can rouse the tide at will, and wake the heart
To tempest with a sigh;—nay, blush not Edith.

EDITH.

I have no cause for blushes; and my cheek
Did wrong my thought, if it did speak of shame.
To love!—ah! 'tis a proud, a boastful joy
If he we love is worthy of our love!

LADY CLAYPOLE.

And that in truth, is Cecil: with his name
Honour walks spotless, and this stormy world
Grows fair before his presence; in his tongue
Lurks no deceit; his smile conceals no frown:
Ev'n in his very faults, his lofty pride,

And the hot frankness of his hasty mood,
There seems a heavenly virtue, by the side
Of men who stalk around, and if they win
Truth to the soul, wear falsehood on the brow.

EDITH.

Speak thus forever, dearest ! for his praise
Makes thy voice music. Yes, he is all this ;
And I, whose soul is but one thought of him,
Feel thought itself can compass not the girth
Of his wide merit. Was I not right to say
I could not blush to love him ? Yet, methinks,
Well might I blush that one like Cecil
Has love for Edith !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

If, sweet coz, I cease
To praise him, it shall be for sweeter words
Ev'n than his praise !

EDITH.

Impossible !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

And yet,
Were I a maid that loves as Edith loves,
Tidings of him I loved were sweeter words
Ev'n than his praise.

EDITH.

Tidings !—Oh, pardon, coz !—
Tidings from Spain ?

LADY CLAYPOLE.

No, Edith, not from Spain ;
Tidings from London. Cecil is returned.
Just ere we met, his courier's jaded steed
Halted below. Sir Hubert had arrived,
And on the instant sought my father.

EDITH.

Come !
And I to hear it from another's lips !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Nay, coz, be just : With matters of great weight—
Matters that crave at once my father's ear—
Be sure that he is laden.

(Enter a Servant.)

SERVANT.

Pardon, madam !
Methought the General here !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Who asks my father ?

SERVANT.

Sir Hubert Cecil, just arrived from Spain,
Craves audience with his honour.

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Pray his entrance.
Myself will seek the General.

(Exit servant.)

Thank me, Edith !
If now I quit thee, wilt thou thank me less ?

EDITH.

I prithee stay !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Nay, friendship is a star
Fading before the presence of love's sun.
Farewell ! Again, those blushes !—Edith, fie.
(Exit Lady Claypole.)

SCENE IV.—CECIL and EDITH.

CECIL.

Where is the General ?—Where—Oh, Heaven
My Edith !

EDITH.

Is there no welcome in that word ? Am I
Unlooked for at thy coming ?

CECIL.

Pardon, madam !

I—I—(aside) Oh, God ! how bitter is this trial !
Why do I love her less ? Why fall I not
At her dear feet ? Why stand I thus amazed ?
Is this not Edith ? No ! 'tis Cromwell's niece ;
And Cromwell is the murderer of my king !

EDITH.

"Pardon" and "madam,"—Do I hear aright ?
Art thou so cold ? Do I offend thine eyes ?
Thou turn'st away thy face ! Well, sir, 'tis well !
Hubert ! still silent ! (In a softer voice) Hubert !

CECIL.

Oh, for grace.

For heaven's dear grace ! speak not in that sweet
tone !

Be not so like that shape that was my Edith !

EDITH (Gazing upon him with surprise and
anger, turns as if to quit the stage, and then
aside).

Sure he is ill ! keen travel and the cares
Of those unhappy times have touched the string
Of the o'erlaboured brain. And shall I chide
him ?

I who should soothe ? (approaches, and aloud)
Art thou not well, dear Hubert ?

CECIL.

Well ! Well ! The leaping and exultant health
Which makes wild youth unconscious of its clay,
Deeming itself all soul ; the golden chain
Which linked that earth, our passions, with that
heaven

Our hopes—why this was to be well ! But now
One black thought from the fountain of the heart
Gushes eternally, till all the streams
Of all the world are poisoned,—and the Past
Hath grown one death, whose grim and giant
shadow

Makes that chill darkness which we call "the
Future."

Where are my dreams of glory ? Where the
fame

Unsullied by one stain of factious crime ?
And where—oh, where !—the ever dulcet voice
That murmured, in the starlit nights of war,
When the loud camp lay hushed, thy holy name ?

Edith is mine no more! (*taking her hand*) yet let
me gaze
Again upon thee! No! thou art not changed.
Ah! would thou wert! In that translucent
cheek

The roses tremble, stirred as by an air,
With the pure impulse of thy summer soul—
On thy white brow chaste conscience sits serene—
There is no mark of blood on this fair hand—
Yet Cromwell is thy kinsman!

EDITH.

By the vows
That we have plighted, look not on me thus!
Speak not so wildly! Hubert, I am Edith!
Edith—thine own! oh! am I not thine own?

CECIL.

My own—my Edith! yes, the evil deeds
Of that bold man cast forth no shade on thee,
Albeit they gloom the world as an eclipse
Whose darkness is the prophecy of doom!

EDITH.

Hush, hush! What! know'st thou not these
walls have ears?
Speak'st thou of Cromwell thus, upon whose nod
Hang life and death?

CECIL.

But not the *fear* of death!

EDITH.

What change hath chanc'd since last we met, to
blot

Thy champion and thy captain from thy grace?
Why, when we parted, was not thy last word
In praise of Cromwell? Was he not the star
By which thy course was lighted? Nay so
glowed

His name upon thy lips that I—ev'n I—
Was vexed to think thou'dst so much love to
spare!

CECIL.

Ah, there's the thought—the bitter biting
thought!

Boy that I was, I pinned my faith to Cromwell;
For him forsook my kin; renounced my home,
My father's blessing and my mother's love;
Gave up my heart to him, my thoughts, my
deeds—

Reduced the fire and freedom of my youth
Into a mere machine—a thing to act
Or to be passive as its master wills;
On his broad banner I affixed my name—
My heritage of honour; blindly bound
My mark and station in the world's sharp eye
To the unequal chances of his sword!
But then methought it was a freeman's blade,
Drawn, but with sorrow, for a nation's weal!

EDITH.

And was it not so, Hubert?

CECIL.

Was it? what?

When (*with no precedent, from all the Past—*

That solemn armory or decorous murder)

Some two score men assumed a people's voice,
And sullied all the labours of long years,
The laurels of a war for equal laws,
By one most tragic outrage of all law!
Oh, in that stroke 'twas not the foe that fell
'Twas he who fought! The pillar of our cause;
The white, unsullied honour of our arms;
The temperate justice that disdains revenge;
The rock of law, from which war's standard
waved;—

The certainty of right—'twas these that fell!

EDITH.

Alas! I half forboded this, and yet
Would listen not to fear. But, Hubert, I—
If there be sin in that most doubtful deed—
I have not shared the sin.

CECIL.

No, Edith, no,
But the sin severs us! Will Cromwell give
The hand of Edith to his foe?

EDITH.

His foe!

What madness, Hubert! In the gloomy past
Bury the wrong thy wrath cannot undo;
Think but in what the future can repair it.

CECIL.

I do so, Edith; and, upon that thought,
I built the wall 'twixt Cromwell and my soul.
The King is dead, but not the race of kings;
There is a second Charles! Oh, Edith, yet—
Yet may our fates be joined! Beyond the seas
Lives my lost honour—lie my only means
To prove me guiltless of this last bad deed!
Beyond the seas, oh, let our vows be plighted!
Fly with thy Cecil!—quit these gloomy walls,
These whitened sepulchres, these hangman saints!
Beyond the seas, oh! let me find my bride,
Regain my honour, and record my love!

EDITH.

Alas! thou know'st not what thou say'st. The
land
Is lined with Cromwell's favourers. Not a step
But his eye reads the whereabouts. From hence
Thou couldst not 'escape with life, nor I with
honour!

CECIL.

Ah, Edith, rob not Heaven of every star!
From home, and England, and ambition ban-
ished—
Banish me not from *thee*!

EDITH.

What shall I say?

How act—where turn? Thy lightest word hath
been

My law—my code of right; and now thou askest
That which can never be.

CECIL.

Recall the word!

There's but one "never" for the tongue of Love,

And that should be for parting—*never part!*
Oh, learn no other “never!”

EDITH.

Must thou leave me?
Must thou leave England—why old friends in
arms—

The cause of freedom—thy brave spirit's hope?
Must thou leave these? Is there no softer choice?

CECIL.

None other—none!

EDITH.

So honour bids thee act;
So honour conquers love! And is there, then,
No honour but for man? Bethink thee, Hubert,
Could I, unblushing, leave my kinsman's home,
The guardian of my childhood—the kind roof
Where no harsh thought e'er entered? For what-
e'er

Cromwell to others, he to me hath been
A more than parent. In his rudest hour
For me he wore no frown; no chilling word
Bade me remember that I had no father!
Shall I repay him thus:—desert his hearth
In his most imminent hour; betroth my faith
To one henceforth his foe; make my false home
With those who call him traitor; plight my hand
To him who wields a sword against his heart?—
That heart which sheltered me!—oh, never, Hu-
bert!

If thou lov'st honour, love it then in Edith,
And plead no more.

(*Enter servant.*)

SERVANT.

The General hath sent word
That, just released from council, he awaits
Sir Hubert Cecil at Whitehall.

CECIL.

I come.

(*Exit servant.*)

So fair thee well.

EDITH, (*passionately*).

Farewell!—and is that all?
And part we thus forever? Not unkindly?
Thou dost not love me less? Oh, say so. Hu-
bert!

Turn not away; give me once more thine hand,
We loved each other from our childhood, Hu-
bert;

We grew together; thou wert as my brother,
Till that name grew a dearer. I should seem
More cold—more distant; but I cannot. All
Pride, strength, reserve, desert me at this hour!
My heart will break! Tell me thou lov'st me
still!

CECIL.

Still, Edith, still!

EDITH.

I'm answered—bless thee, Hubert!
One word! One parting word! For my sake,
dearest,

Rein thy swift temper when thou speakest to
Cromwell.

A word may chafe him from his steady mood
In these wild moments; and behind his wrath
There gleams the headsman's axe. Vex him not,
Hubert!

CECIL.

Fear not! This meeting hath unmanned my soul.
Swallowed up all the fierceness of my nature
As in a gulf! and he—this man of blood—
He hath been kind to thee! Nay, fear not,
Edith!

(*Exit Cecil.*)

EDITH.

He's gone! O God support me! I have done
That which became thy creature. Give me
strength!

A mountain crushes down this feeble heart;
Oh, give me strength to bear it, gentle heaven!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE V.—*A room at Whitehall (the same as in
scene I.)*

Enter—CROMWELL, IRETON, MARTIN.

CROMWELL.

So be it, then! At Windsor, in the vaults
Of his long line, let Charles' ashes sleep.
To Hubert and to Mildmay we consign
The funeral cares; be they with reverence paid.
Whoever of the mourners of the dead,
The friends and whilom followers, would assist
In the grave rite, to them be licence given
To grace the funeral with their faithful wo.
We spurn not the dead lion.

MARTIN.

Nobly said.

Wouldst thou I have these orders straight con-
veyed

To the king's friends?

CROMWELL.

Forthwith good Martin (*exit Martin*).

So,

With those sad ashes rest our country's griefs.
Henry, no phoenix from them must spring forth;
No second Charles! Within the self-same vault
That shrouds that harmless dust we must inter
Kingly ambition; and upon that day
Proclaim it treason to declare a king
In the King's son! The crown hath passed away
From Saul, and from the godless house of Saul.

IRETON.

The Parliament is fearful, and contains
In its scant remnant many who would halt
Betwixt the deed and that for which 'twas done.

CROMWELL.

They must be seen to, Henry! Seek me out
This eve at eight; we must confer aloud.
Strong meat is not for babes! But of this youth,
This haughty Cecil! Thou hast seen him then?
Is he, in truth, so hot?

IRETON.

By my sword, yea !
That which I told thee of his speech fell short
Of its rash madness.

CROMWELL.

'Tis a goodly youth :
Brave and sound-hearted, but of little faith,
Nor sulted to the hunger of these times,
Which feeds on no half acts ! And for that cause,
And in that knowledge, when he had designed
To bring the King to London, I dismissed him
With letters to Spain. We must not lose him !
He is of noble birth ; his house hath wealth—
His name is spotless :—He must not be lost !

IRETON.

And will not be retained !

CROMWELL.

Methinks not so,
He hath the folly of the eyes of flesh,
And loves my niece ; by that lure shall we cage
him.

IRETON.

Yet he is of a race that, in these times,
Have fallen from the righteous.

CROMWELL.

Ay, and so
The more his honest courage. In the day
When the King's power o'erflowed, and all true
men
Joined in a dyke against the lawless flood,
His sire and I were co-mates—sate with Pym
On the same benches—gave the self-same votes ;
But when we drew God's sword against the
King,
And threw away the sheath, his fearful heart
Recolled before the act it had provoked ;
And, halting neuter in the wild extremes,
Forbade his son to join us.

IRETON.

But the youth—

CROMWELL.

More bravely bent, forsook the inglorious sire,
And made a sire of Cromwell. In my host
There was not one that loved me more than
Cecil !

Better in field than prayer, and more at home
Upon his charger than his knee, 'tis true ;
But to all men their way to please the Lord !
To Heaven are many paths !

IRETON.

So near to thee,
And knew not of the end for which we fought ?
Dream't he it was against the man called king,
And not against the thing called kingly ?

CROMWELL. So

The young man dreamed ; and oft-times he hath
said,
When after battle he hath wiped his sword,

Off hath he sighing said, " These sinful wars—
Brother with brother, father against son,
Strife with her country, victory o'er her chil-
dren—

How shall they end ? If to the hollow word
Of this unhappy king no truth is bound,
Shall the day come when he, worn out with
blood,
Will yield his crown to his yet guiltless son,
And we made sure of freedom by firm laws,
Chain the calm'd lion to a peaceful throne ! "

IRETON.

The father's heaven still ! most foolish hope,
To plaster with cool prudence jarring atoms,
And reconcile the irreconcilable—
The rushing present with the moulding past !

CROMWELL.

Thou say'st it Ireton ! But the boy was young
And fond of heart ; the times that harden us
Make soft less thoughtful natures.

(Enter a Puritan soldier).

SOLDIER.

Lo ! your worship,
The youth, light Hubert Cecil, waits thy plea-
sure !

CROMWELL.

Friend, let him enter. Henry, leave us now !
At eight remember !

(Exit Ireton.)

It hath lamely chanced

That Cecil should return upon the heat
And newness of these fierce events ; a month
Had robbed him of their horror ! While we
breathe,
Passion glides on to memory ;—and the dead
things
That scared our thoughts but yesterday take
hues
That smooth their sternness, from the silent
morrow.

(Enter Cecil.—Cromwell leaning on his sword at
the far end of the stage, regards him with a
steadfast look and majestic mien).

Well, sir, good day ! What messages from Spain ?
(Cecil presents him despatches. — Cromwell
glances over them, looking from time to
time at Cecil).

CECIL (aside).

What is there in this man that I should fear him ?
Hath he some spell to witch us from ourselves,
And make our natures minion to his own ?

CROMWELL.

Plead they so warm for Stuart ? 'tis too late !

CECIL.

Is it too late ?

CROMWELL.

Since last we parted, Hubert,
He, the high author of our civil wars,
Hath been its victim. 'Twas an evil, Hubert,
But so is justice ever when it falls
Upon a human life !

CÆCIL.

God's mercy!—justice,
Why justice is a consequence of law—
Founded on law—begotten but by law!
By what law, Cromwell, fell the King?

CROMWELL.

By all

The laws he left us! Prithee, silence Cecil,
Sir, I might threaten, but I will not:—hold!
And let us, with a calm and sober eye,
Look on the spectre of this ghastly deed,
Who spills man's blood, his blood by man be
shed!

'Tis Heaven's first law—to that law we had come—
None other left us. Who, then, caused the strife
That crimson'd Naseby's field, and Marston's
moor?

It was the Stuart:—so the Stuart fell!
A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, Sir, as hated kings have died,
In secret and in shade—no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their fall;
He died in the eyes of Europe—in the face
Of the broad Heaven—amidst the sons of Eng-
land,

Whom he had outraged—by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn court. Does this seem guilt?
(It might be error—mortal men will err!)
But *Guilt* not thus unrobes it to the day;
Its deeds are secret, as our act was public.
You pity Charles! 'tis well; but pity more
The tens of thousands, honest, humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell butchered in the field!
Good Lord—when one man dies who wears a
crown,

How the earth trembles—how the mountains gape,
Amazed and awed!—but when that one man's
victims,

Poor worms unclod'd in purple, daily die,
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,
Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes:
Ye weep the ravening vulture when he bleeds,
And coldly gaze upon the countless prey
He gorged at one fell meal. Be still young man;
Your time for speech will come. So much for
justice;

Now for yet larger duties: to our hands
The peace and weal of England were consigned;
These our first thought and duty. Should we
loose

Charles on the world again, 'twere to unleash
Once more the Fiend of Carnage: should we
guard

His person in our prison, still his name
Would float, a wizard's standard in the air,
Ballying fresh war on freedom: a fit theme
To wake bad pity in the breasts of men;
A focus for all faction here at home,
And in the lewd courts of his brother kings.
So but one choice remained: it was that choice

Which (you are skilled methinks in classic lore,
And prize such precedent,) the elder Brutus
Made when he judged his children: such the
choice

Of his descendant—when within the senate
He sought to crush, the crafty Caesar fell.

CÆCIL.

Cæsar may find his type amidst the living;
And by that name our sons may christen Crom-
well

CROMWELL.

Men's deeds are fair enigmas—let man solve
them!

But men's dark motives are in the Books of God.

(*In a milder tone.*)

Cecil, thou wert as my adopted son.
Hast thou not still fought by my proper person—
Eaten at my board—slept in my tent—conceived
From me the rudiments and lore of war—
Hath not my soul yearned to thee—have I not
Brought thee, yet beardless, into mark and fame—
Given thee trust and honour—nay, to bind
Still closer to my sheltering heart thine own—
Hath I not smiled upon thy love for Edith,
(For I, too, once was young) and bid thee find
Thy plighted bride in my familiar kin—
And wilt thou in the crisis of my fate,
When my good name stands trembling in the
balance,

And one friend wanting may abuse the scale,
Wilt thou thus judge me harshly—take no count
Of the swift eddies of the whirlpool time,
Which urge us on to any port for peace,
And set the brand of my austere rebuke
Upon the heart that loved thee so? *Fie! Fie!*

CÆCIL.

Arouse thine anger, Cromwell! rate me, vent
Thy threats on this bare front—thy kindness kills
me!

CROMWELL.

Bear with me, son, as I would bear with thee!
Add not to these grim cares that press upon me.
Eke thou not out the evils of the time;
They are enow to grind my weary soul.
Restrain thy harsher thoughts, that would re-
prove,
Until a calmer season, when 'tis given
To talk of what hath been with tempered minds;
And part we now in charity.

CÆCIL.

O, Cromwell,
If now we part, it is for ever. Here
I do resign my office in thy hands;
Lay down my trust and charge—

CROMWELL (*hastily*.)

I'll not receive them;
Another time for this.

CÆCIL.

There is no other.
I came to chide thee, Cromwell; ay, to chide,

Girt as thou art with power : but thou hast
ta'en

The sternness from my soul, and made the voice
Of duty sound so grating to my ear,
That, for mine honour, I, who fear thee not,
Do fear my frailty, and will trust no more
My conscience to our meeting.

CROMWELL.

Wouldst thou say
That thou wilt leave me ?

CECIL.

Yes.

CROMWELL.

And whither bound ?

CECIL.

The king's no more : and in his ashes sleep,
His faults. His son as yet hath wronged us not ;
That son is now our king !

CROMWELL.

Do I hear right ?
Know'st thou, rash boy, those words are deadly ?
know'st thou,

It is proclaimed, " whoever names a king
In any man, by Parliament un sanctioned ;
Is criminal of treason ? "

CECIL.

So 'tis said ;
And those who said it were themselves the traitors.

CROMWELL.

This, and to me ! beware ; on that way lies
My limit of forbearance.

CECIL.

Call thy guards ;
Ordain the prison ; bring me to the bar ;
Prepare the scaffold. This, great Cromwell, were
A milder doom than that which I adjudge
Unto myself. 'Tis worse than death to leave
The flag which waved above our dreams of freedom—

The Chief our reverence honoured as a god—
The bride whose love rose-coloured all the world—
But worse than many deaths—than hell itself,
To sin against what we believe the right.

CROMWELL (*moved and aside*).

And this bold soul I am about to lose !

(*aloud*).

If me thou canst forget and all my love,
Remember Edith ! Is she thy betrothed,
And wilt thou leave her too ? Thou hid'st thy face.

Stay, Hubert, stay ; I, who could order, stoop
And pray thee stay.

CECIL.

No—No !

CROMWELL (*with coldness and dignity*).

Then have thy will,
Desert the cause of freedom at her need,—
False to thy chief, and perjured to thy love.

I do repent me that I have abased
Myself thus humbly. Go, sir, you have leave ;
I would not have one man in honest Israel
Whose soul hath hunger for the flesh of Egypt.

CECIL (*approaching Cromwell slowly*).

Canst thou yet make the doubtful past appear
Done but in sorrowing justice?—canst thou yet
Cement these jarring factions—join in peace
The friends alike of royalty and freedom.
And give the State, assured by such good laws
As now we may demand, once more a king ?

CROMWELL.

A king ! Why name that word ? A head—a chief,
Perchance the commonwealth may yet decree !
Speak on !

CECIL.

I care not, Cromwell, for the name ;
But he who hears the orb and sway of power
Must, if for peace we seek, be chosen from
The Stuarts' lineage. Charles the First is dead :
Wilt thou proclaim his son ?

CROMWELL (*laughing bitterly*).

An exile, yes !
A monarch, never !

CECIL.

Cromwell, fare thee well
As friends we meet no more. May God so judge
As I now judge, believing thee as one
Whom a bold heart, and the dim hope of power,
And the blind wrath of faction, and the spur
Of an o'er mastering Fate, impel to what
The Past foretells already to the future.
Dread man, farewell.

(*Exit* CECIL.)

CROMWELL (*after a pause*).

So from my side hath gone
An upright heart ; and in that single loss,
Methinks more honesty hath said farewell,
Than if a thousand had abjured my banners.
Charles sleeps, and feels no more the grinding
cares,
The perils and the doubts that wait on power.
For him, no more the uneasy day—the night
At war with sleep—for him are hushed at last,
Loud Hate and Hollow Love. Reverse thy law,
O blind compassion of the human heart !
And let not death which feels not, sins not—
weeps not—

Rob Life of all that Suffering asks from Pity.
(*He paces to and fro the scene, and pauses at
last opposite the doors at the back of the
stage.*)

Lo, what a slender barrier parts in twain
The presence of the breathing and the dead—
The vanquisher and victim—the firm foot
Of lusty strength, and the unmoving mass
Of what all strength must come to. Yet once
more,
Ere the grave closes on that solemn dust,
Will I survey what men have paused to look on.

He opens the doors—the coffin of the King on the back-ground, lighted by tapers—Cromwell approaches it slowly, lifts the pall, and gazes, as if on the corpse within.)

'Tis a firm frame ; the sinews strongly knit,
The chest deep set and broad ; save some gray hairs

Saddening those locks of love, no sign of age.
Had nature been his executioner
He would have outlived me ! and to this end—
This narrow empire—this unpeopled kingdom—
This six feet realm—the overburst of sway
Hath been the guide ! *He would have stretched his will*

O'er that unlimited world which men's souls are !
Fettered the earth's pure air—for freedom is
That air to honest lips ;—and here he lies,
In dust most eloquent—to after time
A never silent oracle for kings !

Was this the hand that strained within its grasp
So haught a sceptre ? This the shape that wore
Majesty like a garment ? Spurn that clay—
It can resent not ; speak of royal crimes,
 and it can frown not : schemeless lies the brain
Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful
 deeds.

What things are we, O Lord, when at thy will

A worm like this could shake the mighty world !
A few years since, and in the port was moored,
A bark to fair Columbia's forests bound ;
And I was one of those indignant hearts
Panting for exile in the thirst for freedom ;
Then, that pale clay (poor clay that was a king !)
Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride
Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre
Waved back the shadow of the death to come.
Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,
Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruined empire,
Beside the coffin of a headless king !
He thrall'd my fate—I have prepared his doom ;
He made me captive—lo ! his narrow cell !

(Advancing to the front of the stage.)

So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth
Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns ;
So, walking dream—led in life's sleep, our steps
Move blindfold to the scaffold or the throne !
Ay, to the *Throne* ! From that dark thought I
 strike

The light which cheers me onward to my goal.
Wild though the night, and angry though the
 winds,

High o'er the billows of the battling sea,
My spirit, like a bark, sweeps on to Fortune !

LIFE.

Life ! Life ! What is it ?

A strangely chequered scene :
Many a broad dark shadow,
 Many a light between.

Life ! Life ! What is it ?

Struggles 'twixt right and wrong,
Short-comings—heart-felt wailings—
 Prayers to be sent forth strong.

Life ! Life ! What is it ?

A problem none can solve,
As now, 'twill be a mystery
 As long as worlds revolve.

Life ! Life ! What is it ?

Comes back a sad refrain,
Sung by some soul forsaken,
 That seeketh rest in vain.

Thornelea.

"THORNITY THORNE."

MY FIRST SALMON.

I REMEMBER him as though it were but yesterday. The lapse of two long years has failed to obliterate from my memory the slightest fact connected with him ; often of nights, unable to sleep, my thoughts turn back involuntarily to the day, and again, in imagination, I struggle fiercely with " My First Salmon."

Oh, reader ! have you ever experienced a wet Sunday. Have you ever experienced a wet Sunday in Scotland ? If so I need not ask whether you enjoyed it or not. My own joyous recollections of rainy Scottish Sabbaths are centered in one day, during the whole of which my two companions and I sat busily engaged in talking of the prospects of sport on the morrow. The beating of the stormy rain against the library windows filled us with pleasant thoughts of a " rise " in the river, and added a new and absorbing interest to our careful overhaul of rods, flies, lines, wading stockings and other paraphernalia.

A soft morning in April. A gentle breeze commencing to disperse the mist-wreaths masking the black wild hills. Dew-drops on every blade of grass. The river " on the rise." Masses of grey cold vapour filling its rocky bed, and rolling noiselessly downward over the hoarsely-complaining waters. *That was the morning !* James Gordon, alias " The Duke," says it's the best day for fishing we have had " the year," and who should know better than he does. " Duke " is the oracle of the river, and has fished it, man and boy, for over sixty years. A picturesque old fellow, nigh on eighty years of almost amphibious life, very tall, and with a bright red handkerchief tied loosely round his thin, brown neck. Who can tell you the exact spot the salmon lies in, throw such a long line, or cast a fly with such a delicate hand as " the Duke ? "

Very brusque, and authoritative to the verge of absolute incivility, " the Duke " wastes as few words on you as he possibly can, self respect, which in a younger man one would call conceit, peeping thinly veiled from every angle of his gaunt shadeless character. He looks down on you from an attitude as at an insect, which, if opinionative on any point connected however remotely with salmon, must be crushed. His cognomen " Duke " is one of his own coinage. In his younger days the most daring salmon poacher in the country, Gordon combined that nocturnal avocation with the more lawful ones of wheelright and militiaman.

Arthur, Duke of Wellington, about that epoch was astonishing the French legions in Spain. Some fair friend of James Gordon's put it into his head that when in uniform the resemblance he bore to the great

Captain was something striking. There and then he adopted the name "Duke," which has clung to him for the last half century and more.

Just look at him now, striding along the river side with two ponderous salmon rods on his shoulder, and an exaggerated fish creel slung across his square broad chest. He is informing me as to the habits of the king of fish, doing so in a manner clearly indicative of what he thinks of me,—he is evidently more than half of the opinion that he is casting pearls before swine. "Ye see" he says, "I'd tell ye mair aff I thoct ye wad understaun," The fush gaes doon tae the sea wi' the fresh water maggits in his gills, an comes hame up wi' the saut water loase ahint his tail."

I mentally resolve that "the Duke" is hoaxing me, but nevertheless keep quiet. "He gaes doon tae the sea a meeserable thin animal o' maybe seeven or echt pund weighcht, an comes up hame again a gallant twenty pund fush in aboot echt weeks, think o' that young man."

"But what do the fish get fat upon so quickly when they are in the sea, Duke?" my companion asks. (He is a liberal member of the present House of Commons owner of the fishings, and "the Duke's" landlord, altogether a person of secondary importance).

"Y'ell hae tae gang tae the Almichty an' speer there, for I'm na able tae tell ye," is the somewhat sulky reply. "He hauds the ocean i' the hollow o' His han', an' He's the only ane kens the feedin' intil't."

When "the Duke" is compelled to plead ignorance on any point connected with salmon, he invariably does so with the worst possible grace.

"Noo," he says, stopping, "Noo we'll begin richt here, sae pit aff yer coat John." This mandate is issued to the aforesaid M.P., who obediently strips.

A consultation about the choice of a fly ends in a dispute from which the legislator (who is a first-rate judge of such matters), emerges vanquished and "the Duke's" choice is triumphantly fastened on the line. The fisherman is then commanded to "gang in at aince an no to waste ony mair vailuable time daein' naething."

The lawgiver wades into what seems to my inexperienced eye a most dangerous torrent,—carefully inch by inch ventures in, and at length stands immersed above the waist in the centre of a raging, chafing stream, which runs turbulently into a broad black pool.

"Ye are far eneugh oot noo," "the Duke" calls to him, and he commences to fish, slowly throwing a very long line right across the head of the pool, drawing it straight over without jerking, and making a forward step between each cast. After four or five such throws, a tumultuous splash far down the pool causes a smothered oath to escape from "the Duke," and a sudden stoppage of fishing on the part of the M.P.

The former demands in a loud voice :

"Did he touch the heuk?"

"Yes," is the answer.

"Then gie him plenty o' time. Bide a bit noo."

The fisher stands bracing himself in the current for about five minutes doing nothing, then "the Duke" commands him to "try againe noo."

The casting is recommenced, and on the exact spot where the former rise took place, the big swell in the water, and tightening of the line tell a different story to the futile splash of the preceding one. Amid the sharp metallic whirr of the revolving reel and the confused din of the noisy river our lawgiver retreats as quickly as he can to dry land, and there is waylaid by "the Duke."

"*Ca' Canny! Man!*" he urges imperatively. "*Ca' canny, wull ye. Ease her aff noo, man! Gie her mair line! Ah! but ye're a fair fule!*" This last is caused by a sudden rush of the fish down stream. "Why did ye alloo that," he demands. "Did I no tell ye tae gie her mair line, an' noo ye've sent her doon to the warst puill i' the haille water."

As he speaks, or rather vociferates thus, the king of fish is going round and round in majestic circles away at the foot of the pool. The whole of the fisherman's line is out, perhaps 120 yards of it, and he is rapidly reeling it in and hurrying down. I follow as fast as possible, so does the "Duke." When we arrive opposite where the fish is, all the line has been "reeled in," the salmon is still fiercely cutting round and round in circles, the line taut as a bow-string, and the great heavy rod like a twig under the tremendous strain. Suddenly the gallant fish makes a terrific rush for the opposite bank, whirr-r-r goes the reel. He throws his long, lithe, silvery body high in the air, falls back with a truly regal splash, and sinks to the bottom, about sixty yards from our shore, and "sulks." "The Duke" comes up at this juncture and instantly orders John "tae gang in immediate." John "gangs," accompanied by Gordon. They wade in and in cautiously up to their arm-pits, and then try various methods of aggravating His Royal Highness out of the hole where his bad temper detains him.

This goes on for about half an hour, during which time I sit on the bank and enjoy myself hugely. Several bare-footed, timid-eyed children steal out of a neighbouring wood, and come to the brink to watch the fun. I can distinctly recall their little brown faces and unkempt hair as they stood dabbling their sunburnt toes in the lapping, rustling river. The whole picture is vivid before me as I think of it. The tumultuous stream, with large white foam-bells, hurrying down, "Duke" and the member in the centre. The background of green budding trees bending down to the rocky bed on the other side. The bright green sward, starred with daisies and buttercups. The song of the joyous birds, and the little brown elves on the margin of the restless river. I

even remember filling my pipe, though that was no remarkable or unfrequent occurrence. This is worth living for, I mentally conclude, and so calmly and deliberately enjoy the whole surroundings, as I said before. My calm and deliberate enjoyment is prematurely put an end to by "the Duke," who turning round, summons me in a loud voice to "come oot an bring a fistfu' o' stanes wi' me." This I am led to believe is the orthodox method of rousing the salmon from his sulky reveries.

I obey, and yet with a certain diffidence, born of a rushing torrent, and a rough bed of large rocks. The "stances" are "heaved" by "the Duke's" skilful hand—the sulks end, and after a few more minutes of ineffectual tho' brave struggling on the part of the sulky one, the "Duke" jerks him ashore with a large steel hook or "gaff." "He's eichteen pund if he weighs ane," that personage remarks indifferently as he extracts the hook from its mouth, spits on the feathers, and smooths them between his fingers and thumb.

Sitting down and gazing fixedly and admiringly at the salmon, is but a natural impulse on my part, but this receives small encouragement from "the Duke," who demands if "I am gaun tae waste the haill day sittin' doon like an auld hen," and muttering something anent people "who never saw a fush afore," he seizes the slaughtered monarch by the tail, and consigns him to the creel. "We'll gang awa doon the water noo, he says, "tis nae kin o' use about here the day, for there's ower little water in't, hooever it'll be gran' the morn's morn."

This was not my first salmon—far from it. That it was not my friend's the Honourable the Member for the County's first, or one hundred and first, I am equally certain, so here have I been prosing away about my first salmon, and a line has not been cast for its benefit as yet. It should have been in the creel by this time had justice been done it. I see I'll have to give myself "mair line," as "Duke" would say, and drive ahead.

To avoid unseemly discussions, we proceed down the stream without delay. "Duke" marches ahead, I closely follow. The van is brought up by the county member, who walks along rod on shoulder, and coat on arm. Little shadows flitting behind him raise suspicions that the "wee brown bairnies" are following in our wake.

I engage "the Duke" in conversation with the happiest result. It is evident that the capture of such a large clean fish, so early of the season, has somewhat mollified him.

"Do you think 'Duke' that there is *any* chance of my being able to get a fish to-day?" is my first conversational feeler.

"On aye! I'll let ye kill ane may be, but ye maun bide a bit, an' leuk and lairn. Aff ye've never hand'lt a saumon wand afore, ye'd mak a puir job o't, aff ye got on a fush o' the size o' the last ane."

I eagerly profess a knowledge of trout fishing in all its branches—claim to be something of an expert in the management of small flies. My professions are somewhat dampened by “the Duke’s” reply (from a salmon point of view), “That’s naethin’ ava.”

However, he unbends sufficiently to relate with great gusto an encounter he had with the Earl of——, who one day caught him digging worms on his lawn.

“He comes up tae me an he said, says he, ‘what are ye diggin up ma lawn for.’ ‘Wurrums,’ I said, an I went on diggin. ‘Dis ye ken wha I am?’ he asks. ‘Na,’ says I, ‘an I dinna care either.’ ‘Weel,’ he says, ‘I am the Earl o’——’ I pit doon ma spade, an gaither’d mysell up, an says I in a lood voice, ‘*I am the Duke o’ Gordon.*’ He didna say ony mair, but pickit up ma spade and walked aff wi’t. I alloo’d him doe’t, for thinks I tae mysel, yer lordship i’ll hae ye up yet for stealin it. So I went right to the toon an’ wahtit tae get oot a warrant again him for stealin ma spade, an’ wud ye believe it they wudna gie it tae me.”

This is food for reflection. “Duke,” notwithstanding his aristocratic name and appearance (for if “dressed,” a more distingué old man it would be hard to find), is evidently just as brusque to nobles of high degree as he is to simple unpretending members of parliament, and provincials like my companion and myself.

He is very much above titles (although he has chosen one of the very highest in the peerage). No one is entitled to his unqualified respect who is not his superior in the salmon line, and that individual, happily for “the Duke’s” peace of mind, is not extant.

His story keeps us in employment till we reach the next fishing place. It is an easy one to fish, and “the Duke” consents to my trying my maiden hand on it. “Noo,” says he, “dio ye see that rock oot there? weel, if there’s a fush i’ the puill at a’ there’s whar he is, an he’ll rise at ye aboot a fut oot frae that stane awa at the end o’t. What ye’ve got to dae is to cast aboot twalve yairds abuve it, an mak yer fly cross every inch between there and the stane. Noo, dio ye understan what ye’ve got to dae?” I assent, and commence.

The rod is painfully heavy, and it is as much as ever I can do to make the first cast decently. “Will that do?” I ask humbly, as I bring the fly slowly across stream. “Ye’ll dae,” is the faint encouragement. The next throw, and the succeeding one, are both performed in a manner that will “dae.” I am directed to “let oot a yaird o’ line” between each cast, and obey. Nothing transpires till my fly is swept over the spot where “Duke” said the fish would rise. Up he comes with a thundering splash; my line, taut for an instant, falls slack. He is off. “Its no your faut hooever,” is the doubtful comfort administered to me.

"That heuk has no barb on't, I thoct it wud dae for a lairner, but I was mistaen may be."

There is no use in my fishing it over again, so I sit disconsolately on the bank and watch the member of parliament do his very best to betray the recreant salmon to his fate. His luck is not worth recording. No "rise" encourages his efforts, so he gives in. Now this was not my *First Salmon*. I would have no one for an instant suppose that it was, and here I am but little closer to him than I was before.

After our disappointment has somewhat subsided, a rest is graciously granted by "the Duke," and we are soon engaged in discovering what our sandwiches are made of, and whether they are well made or not. We find no cause for complaint, and being in that happy mood to which the addition of a joke is the only thing necessary to complete an unalloyed state of beatitude, I am betrayed into chaffing "the Duke" about the impossibilities which he had endeavoured to pass off on me as gospel, earlier that day. "For instance," I am fool enough to remark, "that nonsense you told me about fresh water maggots in unclean fish gills, and salt water lice on the clean one's tails." Immediately after delivering myself of this I am sorry. I have been sorry ever since. "The Duke" looks at me from head to foot as if doubting the accuracy of his ears, then looks at me from foot to head as if doubting the possession of his own reason. He says nothing, but with trembling hands extracts the salmon from the basket. He put it down on the grass and gazes at it in a dreamy manner for an instant or two, I have no doubt mentally saying, "Salmon may be doubted, but that I should be made light of, laughed at, *disbelieved*,—impossible." He beckons to me to come over near him, motions me to a seat and says, "Is this a clean fush?" "Yes; I think it is!" "Examine his gills thin." I lift his gill covers and look; they are bright, firm and red,—no trace of maggots. "Dio ye see ony thin?" "No," I answer. "Noo leuk ahint his tail." I look, and observe small black bodies gathering beneath. "Dio ye ken what they thins are?" he asks. "No;" is my answer. "Well," he says, "Aff ye dinna believe *me*, an aff ye dinna believe the evidence o' yer ain eyesight, ignorant tho' it be, what in the deevil will ye believe? Ain-swer me that noo?" A faint apology from me is stifled in its birth by an observation of his, to the river apparently, "Eh! ma certy but there's a wheen mair fules i' this warld than ane wud expeck." This is of course an "aside" which is not to be noticed. The production of a well filled whiskey flask tends considerably towards appeasing the old man's quiet wrath, and he even softens down far enough after the second nip to admit without solicitation on my part, the fact that I am "young." That complete ignorance on all points connected with salmonology is "varra naitural in ane sae young." Perhaps with accumulating years I'll "dae."

These, with various other concessions, insignificant in themselves, but overpowering when coming from such a source as "the Duke" are hailed by me with complete satisfaction. After the third nip, "Duke" rises superior to all worldly considerations save benign self-consciousness. He rakes out his pocket book and produces a short ultra-pathetic sonnet, composed to him by the late minister of the parish, dead long years ago. It represents the aged fisherman,—creeping down to his beloved river, basking in the sun, gazing at its well-remembered waters—never again shall he cast a line athwart, &c., &c., &c.

He reads it aloud with a husky voice, and a suspicion of a tear hang's on the point of his nose, and splashes on the well-thumbed newspaper cutting. "That's me ye ken," he says simply. "That puir man wrote this about me lang years syne, an' I'm alive tae this day—an he is dead. I dinna care if I never handle a rod or wet a line again, for I'm get'g tired like o' the haill beezness." He now declares that we "maun hae anither fush" for "it'll never dae to gang hame wi' only ane i' the creel. So lat's be awa doon the water. Swallow that moothfu' o' whisky, John! Ye wanna? Weel, I'll daet mysel'." He does.

We go down through the thick belt of trees which throw long dark shadows on the bright, foamy river, and strike a path which leads down stream. The afternoon sun is strong as we emerge into a green glade on the water side. Timid rabbits and hares skurry away up the hillside when we appear. The river here is wide and rapid, and in the centre lies a long, high, rocky ridge. The cast, I am informed, is away on the other side of it towards the opposite bank. "The Duke" says it's "ane o' the verra best puills i' the haill water, an monies an monies the gallant fush I hae ta'en oot o't before the sun rised o' a mornin'." He adds that he'll "lat me fush't," but I "maun be verra, verra carefu', for it's no' every ane can tak' a saumon oot o' thon." To my inexperienced eye it seems a herculean task to take a fish out of *anywhere* on this river, and it is with no slight misgivings that I prepare to wade out to the ridge of rock, which is to be the stand-point. The struggle against the strong, foamy current in getting there, does not tend to soothe the nerves of an amateur. "The Duke," *of course*, follows close behind to keep a watchful eye on all the proceedings. At last I am planted, one foot higher than the other on the top of the rock, and gaze over the smoothly boiling pool below me. In slow foam-flecked eddies the water circles, and there is a grand-looking spot about thirty yards out, a little lower down. "Yon's the place whar he lies," "the Duke" informs me. "Noo! young man ye maun be verra, verra, carefu' aff ye get him on, an' abuve a', young fellow, abuve a', dinna be afeard tae gie him line. Gie him line tull he taks nae mair, a'ways, hooveer, keepin' a gude ticht grup o' his mooth—ye can begin noo, joost a wee thin' [this side o't]."

With an accelerated pulse the first cast is made. The current carries the fly just over the spot—a splash—a tremendous double tug—down goes the tip of my rod—whir-r-r-r goes the reel—out flies the line. I am almost blind with excitement, and equally deaf to the frantic vociferations of “the Duke” just behind me. The fish makes several wild, splashing bounds into the air, and rushes in towards the rock on which I stand blazing with the delirium of fishing. My line, violently pulled out by him at first, falls slack as he comes in close to the rock, and before I can reel it in tight he is splashing and tumbling, rushing hither and thither at my very feet, *on a loose line*. Oh! how I hate to think of that period during which all my latent energies were at hard labour “reeling in.” The pent-up ambition of long years of childhood, boyhood and adolescence were at the mercy of a “*loose line*.” Would that I could stop here and write no more! Must I relate that a triumphant double splash announced the fact that my salmon was lost to me forever? The sacred interests of truth oblige me to confess that this ignominious failure was, logically speaking, *My First Salmon*.

I have hardly the heart to write more. To turn round to “the Duke,” bitter anger and sickening disappointment struggling for mastery within me, was my first impulse. Any private emotions I may have felt were instantly dispelled on looking at the face of that worthy. “The Duke” was standing with clenched hands, absolutely pallid and trembling with rage unutterable. If any man ever felt small, mean, and contemptible, I did thoroughly at this climax. If he had rated me, abused me, nay, even maltreated me at this juncture it would have been bad enough, but morally he did far worse. He never said a word, but just looked at me, blanched with ire and contempt too deep for words.

After a pause he turned his back on the rock and me, and waded slowly to shore. Can any one wonder that the whole aspect of nature seemed changed to me. The sunlight seemed garish—the birds sang harshly, the hoarse rush of the river acquired an additional hoarseness, and actually seemed to dance and laugh in strange, weird glee at my failure. Need I say more? I will spare the reader from any details of the welcome which I received on regaining the bank. The member was kind and sympathetic as usual, but “the Duke” never uttered a word, good, bad or indifferent to me, during the rest of the afternoon of that memorable day on which I missed capturing *My First Salmon*.

A. B.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 5—LONGFELLOW.

THE professor was turning over some engravings in his portfolio the next evening, when Frank and Charles entered the library. He was looking at the charming face of Evangeline, holily saintly in its expression, and said, "Twenty-five years make a great difference in a world's literary history. I remember the time in the days of the *Annals*, and *Keepsakes*, and *Yearly Visitors*, which the publishers used to give us, full of pretty pictures, and harmless letterpress, when the poet and story-teller were subservient to the artist and engraver. I recollect how we used to buy these books and present them, with many blusters and misgivings, to those dear ones, our sweethearts. You boys were very young then, but it seems as if it was only the other day that you sat by my side and asked questions about the pictures, and teased me to read you the stories, and tell you what the poetry meant. I remember how gaudily bound these books were, and how attractive the outside was, and how dull the verses were, and insipid the prose appeared. I have one—a fair average copy of the series—on this table. Look at it. It was given to your mother a quarter of a century ago. See, it is *The Lady's Album* for 1851. The engravings are rather good, indeed fully as well executed in those old times as they could be to-day. The type too, is good and legible, and the volume, as a whole, is a creditable specimen of book-making, but the reading matter is rubbish. We have changed the order of things since then. The artist has yielded to the poet, and new geniuses like Mary Halleck, Sol Etynge, and Birket Foster, illustrate the grand thoughts of Longfellow, of Dickens, of Goldsmith, and of Thomas Gray. The picture is poetized. The conception of the poet is conceived again in the brain of the artist, and with the idea before him he gives a pictorial illustration of that view as it occurs to him, or as his fancy paints it. In the old days all the expense and labour were lavished on the pictorial part of the book, and hack writers were employed to write poetry and sketches to suit. Dickens was once approached by Chapman and Hall, and asked to furnish the vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Seymour, then at the height of fame. The novelist, unknown and obscure as he was at the time, demurred at this, and suggested that it would be better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text. After some conversation, the publishers hesitatingly adapted his views, and the famous *Pick-*

wick Papers were written. I once knew an ambitious magazine editor who contemplated something of this kind. He heard that engravings could be had at a very cheap price in Germany, after having done duty once or twice in European publications. He accordingly sent for some of these, and intended to introduce them into the pages of his serial, and write the letterpress himself to accommodate the circumstances of the case. But the magnificent project failed. His magazine died before the pictures came, and his readers were spared."

"But all of the *Annals* you mention were not alike. I have seen some that were interesting. The *Irving Offering*, for instance, is quite clever, and the *Bryant Homestead Book* is another. These contain some of the gems of those fine writers, and the engravings are daintily done and in excellent taste."

"The books you speak of are exceptions. I grant you there are some very charming books occasionally issued in the 'Annual' form, but not many. I am not speaking of the present day, but only of the past. The *Bryant Book* is only a volume of that poet, containing some of his finest efforts, and illustrated by some choice pencils. It is a modern book, and was published but the other day. 'You see, the artists illustrated the poet, not the poet the artists. The same may be said of *The Irving Offering*. Mr. Irving's fame was reached when that book came out, and it is only a handsome copy of some of his sketches. The artists followed him; he did not follow the artists. It is no disparagement to the latter that it should be so. All great painters choose their subjects, by common consent, from some event which has happened, or from some grand conception of the poet or historian, and they show us how skilfully they can interpret that conception, and how faithfully they can carry out that thought. Maclise's greatest works illustrate a sea-fight, a meeting of two veteran generals, a scene from Macbeth, and another from Hamlet. The same with every painter, from the earliest to the latest times. Some event furnished the subject. The painter's originality lies in his conception of his work. A sculptor should have a knowledge of tailoring and millinery. He should be a good barber, and many great sculptors have been poets also. It is the tailor which is in him which teaches him how to arrange the drapery on his statue in the way in which it will look the best, and give the highest effect. It is the barber in his nature which arranges the coiffure of his women, and attaches the garland to the brow of his Olympian hero. If he is not a barber, a tailor, and a milliner, he fails as a sculptor, and a want appears in his work which destroys its value as an æsthetic performance, and lowers its value in a money sense. Some landscape painters, who turn out good work too, cannot paint figures. They are not tailors, and the objects which they place in their pictures often ruin the entire

effect. A poet should have a knowledge of music and a correct idea of time. Without these, his poetry must halt, and his feet grow uneven and sluggish. It is the melody which springs from every line of Moore that delights us, and often catches us humming over snatches of his songs. It is the quick-stepping numbers of Burns' verse which entrances us with his muse. It is this organ of time and tune, which Longfellow has in so wonderfully developed a state, which makes us love his poetry so thoroughly, and enjoy it so heartily. Take, as an example, his exquisite *Psalm of Life* which flows on so musically. Every word of it seems to grow more pure and more rich with every successive reading. It covers the whole ground of Wordsworth's ode, and teaches us in a sublime way how to live and how to die. No one can read it without feeling touched."

"Mr Fields gives an interesting account of the origin of this poem," said Frank, "I read it somewhere in a report of one of his lectures, I think. The poet was sitting between two windows, at a small table in his chamber, looking out on a bright summer morning in July, 1838. He was busy with his feelings, and apparently recovering from some heavy weight of sorrow, when the beautiful *Psalm* came into his mind, and with scarcely any effort he jotted the lines down where he sat. His heart was very full, and he kept the poem for many months before giving it to the world. It was a voice from his inmost heart, and he kept it. The line 'There is a reaper whose name is death,' crystallized at once, without effort, in the poet's mind, says Mr. Fields, and he wrote it rapidly down, with tears filling his eyes as he composed it."

"Fields has a wonderful collection of anecdotes, recollections, portraits, prints, letters and manuscripts, of all the famous authors for a hundred years back. He has a letter of Charles Lamb's, and many curious things of deep interest to a literary man. His lectures are full of interest, and his delightful *Whispering Gallery Papers*, afterwards collected in the volume, *Yesterday With Authors*, contain facts and fancies about Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray, and many others. Mr. Fields has met personally all the great men of his time, and friends in England and in Europe collected for him letters and sketches of the literary men and women who lived before his day. One never tires of his talk in reading his books. He gives the origin of most things of literary character in them. Longfellow's fine ballad of *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, he tells us, was written in 1839. A storm occurred the night before, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe, about midnight, by the fire, the wrecked *Hesperus* came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but the poem had seized him and he could not sleep. He got up and wrote the celebrated verses, 'The Clock was Striking Three.' Longfellow himself, says, 'When I finished the last stanza, the poem

came into my mind by whole stanzas, not by lines,' and he wrote without let or hinderance."

"I think," remarked Charles, "that we take more interest in an author's work when we know the circumstances under which certain parts of it were composed. Next to the *Skeleton in Armour* I think *The Wreck of the Hesperus* the noblest ballad Longfellow has written. It swells so of the storm and of the sea, and the splendid story which the poet tells us of a father's death at the helm, and a maiden's fate on that dreadful night, is intensely dramatic in incident and description. What can be finer than this:—

"He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
'Tis a fog-bell on the rock-bound coast! —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

"Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

"Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

* * * * *

"At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

"The salt sea was frozen on her breast
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

"Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's woe?"

"The ballad is indeed striking," said the professor, "and I don't wonder at Longfellow's sleeplessness with such a thought tearing through his brain. It is singular what an effect his more vigorous poems have had upon his mind. They seem to have come upon him

with an almost maddening energy, and refused quiet to him until they were committed to paper. The *Skeleton in Armour* appeared to him in 1849, as he was riding along the beach, at Newport, on a summer's afternoon. A short time before that a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour. It had a profound impression on the bard, and to it we are indebted for one of the most glorious ballads of the age. The poet connected the skeleton with the Round Tower, usually known to the people roundabout as the Old Windmill. Now, the tower is claimed by the Danes as the work of their early ancestors. So great an authority as Professor Rafn inclines to this belief, and boldly declares the structure to be a genuine specimen of architecture built not later than the twelfth century. This applies to the original building at Newport only, and not to the 'improvements' that it has received from time to time, since it was first erected. There are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were probably used in modern times for different purposes. The windmill was a later alteration, but the base remains in all its ancient glory. These are the materials which supplied Longfellow with a theme for a ballad. The skeleton would not be laid until the solitary horseman promised a poem. In this we have the poet in his boldest vein, and every verse rings like the notes of the clarion. It is unquestionably his grandest and strongest piece of writing. The masterly touches of the balladist remind us of some of the great things one finds in Percy. One can take it up at any time, but the old story always seems fresh and new, and one never grows weary of the admirable lay. Longfellow has written scarcely more than four or five ballads, but every one of them is a gem. The *Elected Knight*, from a Danish legend, and the *Luck of Edenhall*, from the German, with the two I have mentioned, form a quartette of ballad rhyme hardly equalled by a poet of our century."

"I think no one can read Longfellow without being impressed, I was going to say, saturated with his genius. It is broad and expansive. Even in his simplest poems, bits such as one finds in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, which contains so much that is beguiling and charming, one is struck with the beauty and power of Longfellow's mind. He never trifles with his muse, nor writes with an air of affectation, such as we often see in poets of even good standing. He never sacrifices sense to sound, nor indulges in rare words. His style is of the greatest simplicity, and everyone can read Longfellow and understand him. He never sends you scouring through old glossaries looking for unknown terms, as Mr. Browning does much too frequently, by the way, for his own reputation, nor does he indulge in hidden meanings or obscure metaphors. He accomplishes his purpose without theatrical aid and the glorious effect

of red fire. He does not clothe his characters in the cast-off garments which figured in the images of the works of the old poets. He is a discoverer, for he has found in the New World a race of people hitherto undescribed by the poet. He has gone into the forests and wild woods, and learned the traditions and legends of the red people of the land; and, in his own splendid way, with the fire of his genius flashing from every verse, he has sung to us in undying numbers the *Song of Hiawatha*, a poem which marks Longfellow's place in literature—a work which will always live. It is a history of a race that is fast passing away, a tribute perhaps which ought to be paid by the Circasian to the man of Colour, to the first owner of the territory. What an irresistible charm there is in this beautiful story of Hiawatha and lovely Minnehaha, with its resonant but curious and unmistakable metre—a measure which is peculiarly Longfellowian, and which will always be identified with him. With what delight do we turn the wonderful pages of the volume and read again this work, which stands alone, unlike anything ever seen before. How full and sweet and tender are the verses, and how much power and vigour the poet has contrived to concentrate into them. The *Song* is divided into parts, but each section may be read alone without injuring the continuity of the whole. A slender thread binds the sheaves together, but you can read the 'wooing' or the 'famine,' and stop there if you want to, for the story is complete in every part. The public reader finds much that is admirable in any of the songs, but to read them on the platform as they should be read, —to read them without relapsing into tedious sing-song, requires almost as much genius as it required to write them in the first place. I shall never forgive a lady I once heard read 'The Wooing,' whose ridiculous taste made her pronounce 'Moinne,' and laugh the 'ha-ha' outright. You can hardly conceive how disastrous her performance was. The poem was ruined, and her dreadful voice, as shrill as a chanticler's on a bright morning, grated in the ears of the auditors, harshly and offensively. And this lady had some character as a reader. I shall never forget her; and she amazed me as much as Mrs. Scott Siddons did, when she corrected Tennyson, and altered Tom Hood. Would you believe it, this lady actually changed the full meaning 'Christian charity' of Hood, to the meaningless 'human charity' of her own mind. I think public reciters should be taught that it is a crime punishable by law to mutilate a classic author. But I suppose we must put up with their arrogance and bad taste; and when we find our favourite lines in Burns and Byron twisted and turned till we fail to recognise them again, we must put it down to the superior genius of the performers on the stage, and forgive them as we have long ago learned to forgive the fantastic tricks which Colley Cibber played with Shakespeare."

"You are hard on our platform celebrities," said Frank, "but hardly more so than some of them deserve. They are worse than bad actors, for these unfortunate knights of the sock and buskin at least speak what is set down for them, and never dare to substitute their own language for the author's, unless they are quite hopeless cases, altogether beyond redemption. Old actors like Macready and Forrest, the legends of the Green-room tell us, have crushed young aspirants when through nervousness or fright they forgot words and even lines sometimes in the text, with a dark frown and a 'remember, sir, this is Shakspeare,' and the young actor seldom forgot the lesson in after life. Had Mrs. Siddons—not the great one—been a success on the stage, and served a proper apprenticeship to it, she would not have the hardihood afterwards to offend our ideas of taste, by substituting her own weak words for the grand utterances of the masters in literature."

"We were speaking of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*," said Charles, "and I am a little curious to know, sir, if you consider that the poet has put into it his best work. Has he written it, like Tennyson has written his *Idyls of the King*, with the intention of alluring his fame to rest there? It is a coincidence that the two greatest poets of our day, speaking the same language, but living under different governments, should have each chosen a national subject as the ground-work of their fame."

"Yes," observed the professor, "I see a coincidence, and I think Longfellow himself thinks that *Hiawatha* is his first work in power. If you will notice how perfect it is in detail, and how finished it is in execution! There is not a line in the whole work that could be removed without being missed. It is a permanent contribution, not only to the literature of the New World—and I think it has a literature—but also to that great republic of letters which extends throughout the whole globe. It is full of pictures of fancy, sometimes of a weird nature, but always fanciful and airy. A certain grace too, hovers about always, and the strange fascination with which the songs are surcharged never leaves them. Longfellow has written many exquisite things; his muse takes a wide range, and he has travelled a good deal, and seen a great part of the world. Of an observant nature, and of æsthetic delicate tastes, he has seen everything worth seeing, and his glorious fancy and warm imagination have peopled his brain with the most elegant and beautiful images, and these he has given to us in the shape of those poems and sonnets and songs which have so enriched our common literature. You meet with something striking in Longfellow when you least expect it. He is always so felicitous, that you sometimes think he will never give you anything rugged and bold, and you get to expect only pretty fancies, clothed in eloquent and sweet-sounding English. He seems to put his whole life into his poems, and they are

but parts of himself. His extensive reading and culture have brought him into intimate acquaintance with the best writings of old world poets, and some of many of his sweetest lyrics and idyls are given as translations from these bards."

"But Longfellow has given us many poems which are not translations. Poems which are descriptive of scenes and incidents in out of the way nooks and corners of the old world. These are rich in imagery, and the drapery which hangs about them is of the choicest texture, and reminds me of an Eastern fabric. I cannot name them all here, there are so many of them. Have you read *Cadenabbia*, *Monte Cassino*, *Amalfi*, *The Old Bridge at Florence*—that delightful sonnet which speaks so eloquently—and that dainty bit, *The Longo River*? Or turn again the pages, and dip into those robust strains which we find in the batch of verses called *By the Seaside*. Here we have a stirring poem, as familiar as some of the songs of Dibdin, the ever fresh *Building of the Ship*, which has received the honour of quotation more than any other of Longfellow's poems, and *Sir Humphrey Gilbert* and *The Lighthouse* among the rest. But turn where you will, our poet has left nothing untouched. By the fireside we discover him telling some gentle story to a group of enraptured inmates of the cottage. Perhaps it is *The Birds of Passage*, or the tender *Suspiria*, or that matchless gem, *The Hanging of the Crane*, which every young wife should have by her, that we hear. And where shall we get a finer burst of song than *The Blind Girl of Castél-Cuille*, from the *Gascon of Jasurin*, which the poet gives us so metrically, and which is full of his best figures? I think, more and more, that Longfellow's popularity is greater than Tennyson's, even in England; away from the towns and cities, in cottage homes, in hamlets, the sweet singer of Cambridge is known and loved, and well-thumbed volumes of his poems show how much he is read and enjoyed. His audiences are larger than the Laureate's. He appeals to a wider circle. His humanity is not broader, but his poetry has more soul in it, and it reaches the heart quicker, and brings out the better nature which is in man. His songs have been written for the people, for the labouring classes, who work out in the fields and till the ground. The songs of nature which he has written are for them, and we find his works at their fireside, and hard, brown hands turn the leaves. Tennyson never reaches these homes. His books—small and neat as they are, and it takes a dozen of them to hold all his poems—are met with in the parlours and drawing-rooms of the intelligent upper classes who read, but here, too, Longfellow has a place, and his books find a welcome as hearty and as genuine as the Laureate's own. Every one who reads Tennyson reads Longfellow also. Longfellow does not belong to America only, but to the whole world. He is more popular in England

to-day than any other poet of this century, and his great ode on the death of the Warden of the Cinque Ports, originally prepared, I think, for the old *Putnam's Magazine*, was pronounced superior to Tennyson's ode on the same subject—though both are fine compositions. His reputation has been earned by hard work alone. No man has taken greater pains with his work, and he deserves every honour he has received. Poe, long ago, called him a man of true genius, and Griswold has written somewhere, 'of all our poets, Longfellow best deserves the title of artist.' He has studied the principles of verbal melody, and rendered himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression. We take an interest in Longfellow because he has made immortal a bit of our territory—the land of *Evangeline*. This is a simple enough story, but as told by the poet it has become a classic. Every one is familiar with it, and I need at this time do nothing more than merely refer to it in passing. Of course you have heard the origin of this legend ?”

“No, tell it to us.”

“Well, Longfellow, has never been in Nova Scotia, and the story that the old settlers in Acadia used to tell among themselves was once recounted to Hawthorne in Longfellow's home by a mutual friend, who wished the novelist to make it the subject of a romance. But for some reason or other, Hawthorne did not grasp the idea with readiness, and Longfellow begged the gentleman to tell the tale again, and stand in the west and say what he saw. The legend was repeated, and Grand Prè was described minutely. The poet jotted down the words as they fell from his visitor's lips, and asked a monopoly of the subject. This was at once yielded to him, and in a little while one of the poet's most delightful poems was published. He has often felt an anxiety to visit the spot which his pen has made so famous, and which has become a place of pilgrimage by tourists, but, thus far, has not been able to accomplish the journey.”

“What a faithful description of the place the poet has given. You could almost fancy that he had lived at Grand Prè all his life. I see Longfellow has attempted the dramatic form of composition. Do you think him successful in this ?”

“His dramas are only beautiful poems, and he has written nothing suitable for the stage. His dramas could not be acted. They lack motive power. The best of them all is *The Spanish Student*, and this is certainly a drama which has merit. It is cast in the Shakspearian mould, and the wit in it is of the kind which we find in *Touchstone*. It is grotesque and playful. There are eighteen characters in the play, and these are conceived with more or less success. Victorian and Hypolito are rather well executed. The Count of Lara is the villain,

only tolerably managed, and Preciosa, a beautiful gypsy, is happily conceived. Chispa, Victorian's servant, has all the spirit of the piece, and he is a cleverly drawn personage. His wit is abundant and quick, and when he does not remind you of the King's jester, he smacks strongly of Launcelot Gobbo. He is the life of the drama, and though the plot is old, it is not tedious. The dialogue is sprightly. There are some prettily worded soliloquies, and a few songs and serenades which give the play a Spanish flavor. As a whole, *The Spanish Student* is a pleasant thing to read, and many of the passages are quite graceful. In the same field Longfellow has pursued his work. In the form of the drama he has woven together some very excellent ideas, and his *New England Tragedies* are powerful portrayals of character, and the diction is full of energy. *John Endicott* is the title of the first of these. It is descriptive of the old times in New England when the Quakers were persecuted and tormented. The colouring is exceedingly warm, and while one could easily perceive the work to be Longfellow's, he has excluded a good many of his characteristics. The two Endicott's father and son, and Christisin, the Quakeress, are painted with fine effect. and John Norton is drawn with some vigour. The incidents are good, and the situations are managed with true conception of art. In the other tragedy we have a glimpse of Salem witchcraft. The title of it is *Giles Carey*. It is a more successful assumption, in a dramatic point of view, than the other. Indeed this is a powerful piece, and the situations are very exciting and realistic. The spirit of the piece is well carried out."

"Longfellow has thrown a good deal of his work into the dramatic form, has he not? I remember reading, some years ago, his *Golden Legend*, which then seemed to me like one of the passion plays of Oberammergau; and there is another of the same class—*The Divine Tragedy*, which is even better done than the *Golden Legend*, and describes the life and death of Christ. I thought it singularly faithful to the Scriptures as I had read them."

"*Christus—A Mystery*, stands out as a Herculean labour of the poet. It has taken him many years to bring his Christian poems to the state of perfection in which they are now. They show inspiration and boldness. This last volume is one of the noblest in our language. It comprises all that Longfellow has done in this direction, and includes *The Divine Tragedy*, *The Golden Legend*, and *The New England Tragedies*, with prelude, interludes, and finale—a Christian's library by a Christian poet. These books place Longfellow in even a higher position than he occupied before as a world's poet. He has struck, through them, a blow at popular prejudice, which falls with tremendous force and crushing effect. They are the outcome of a ripe and thoughtful mind. In

Judas Maccabæus we have a specimen of Longfellow's tragic skill. It is in five acts, and in this compass we have a history of the subjection of the Jews. There are masterly touches in this production, and it is written in fine spirit."

"A good many of the poet's songs have been set to music. *The Bridge* is one of these, and also *Beware*, which is very popular with singers. I saw in an old number of *Fraser*, I believe it was, this song rendered into Latin by Dr. Maginn. Have you ever met with it?"

"No, but, if you remember it, I should like to hear it."

"Yes, I have it. I copied it at the time, and if you will give me your attention I will read it.

" 'Est virgo,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Nam bifrons illa est, seæva est amica simul;
Corpore præstanti, quæ non est pulchrior ore,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE !

" 'En geminos,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Subtiles, oculos, quos habet illa, vagos,
Deficit, attollit, versute huc volvit et illuc,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE !

" 'Auratæ,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Effusæ pendunt, colla per alba, cornæ.
Subridet blandè, loquitur mendacia fingens,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE !

" 'Candidior,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Quam nix nectareus, quæ cadit alba, sinus;
Scit quando et quantum valeat monstrare puella,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE !

" 'Nunc flores,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Purpureos doctâ colligit illa manu,
Sertum aptâ fingit,—capræ est tibi pileus arte,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE ! "

"What a curious fellow Maginn was, all learning and grotesqueness, as hotblooded and erratic as Hook and at times as quaint as Barham. He belonged to Cork, and John Galt, the father of our Sir A. T. Galt, once wrote to Lady Blessington of him in this way; 'Dr. Maginn is a man, *Blackwood* says, of singular talent and great learning; indeed, some of the happiest things in the magazine have been from his pen. He was a great admirer of Longfellow, and respected his genius and talents.'"

"Longfellow has met with the highest success as a translator. Familiar with most languages and possessed of the keenest perceptions, he has been able to turn out excellent work. Scattered through his poems one sees many pieces from foreign tongues, all of them delightful compositions, and distinguished alike for their literal following of the original and great beauty in themselves. Longfellow's reading has been so varied and wide that scarcely an old legend exists which he has not ferreted out and turned to account. In the by-ways of Europe he has

found a vast quantity of almost forgotten lore, and many of his best poems owe their origin to some humble story or incident, which reached him in various ways. Thus, for instance, that remarkable French divine and preacher, Jacques Bridaine, whose sermons produced terrible dismay among his congregation, furnished in a disquisition the subject matter of one of the poet's sublimest efforts. In a sermon on Eternity, preached at St. Sulpice, in Paris, about 1754, Bridaine compared Eternity to the pendulum of a clock, which swayed ceaselessly, and unmurmuring; *Toujours ! jamais ! jamais ! toujours !* Forever, never, never, forever ! This sermon caused great excitement at the time in Paris, and people were driven in some cases into insanity by it. As soon as Mr. Longfellow read it, he was struck with its wonderful power, and the beautiful idea which it conveyed. But he could not get it out of his mind for several days, '*Toujours ! jamais ! jamais ! toujours !*' ran in his head, and his mind turned constantly to it. He had to use the idea, which haunted him like a nightmare, and he wrote *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, and how much we owe Bridaine for that exquisite poem which goes to every heart !

" 'Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death and time shall disappear,
Forever there but never here !
The horologe of eternity—
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never !
Never—Forever !"

"You said just now that Longfellow was a literal translator. Is his magnificent work *The Divina Commedia*, of Dante, a literal translation, or is it like Pope's Homer."

"It is almost word for word in the language of the great Italian, the most faithful translation thus far written. For a long time, Cary's Dante was the recognised authority, and, so far back as 1809, *The North American Review* pronounced it with confidence the most literal translation in poetry in our language, and Prescott wrote in 1824 to Cary : I think Dante would have given him a place in his ninth heaven, if he could have foreseen his translation. It is most astonishing, giving not only the literal corresponding phrase, but the spirit of the original, the true Dantesque manner. It should be cited as an evidence of the compactness, the pliability, the sweetness of the English tongue.' In 1839, the year when Mr. Longfellow published five passages from the *Purgatorio*, Cary's reputation stood higher than it did in 1824. A recent writer, G. W. Greene, well versed in the Italian language and poetry, and competent in every way for the task, in a masterly review of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, makes comparisons between Cary and our

poet, and unhesitatingly states that Longfellow's work, with its fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy-eight lines, corresponds word for word with the original Italian; and no one claims that much for Cary. The leading scholars of the day, Charles Elliot Norton among the number, unite in the assertion that Longfellow's translation is the only pure English version of the Italian, and must be accepted as the standard. Mr. Greene, in his estimate, has been very careful and very impartial, and his criticism will be read by every candid reader with great pleasure. He makes his points with admirable tact, and the long excerpts which he introduces are the best authorities he could have for his statements. Mr. Greene, in his review, shows good scholarship and a thorough knowledge of his subject. No one can read Longfellow's Dante without a great deal of pride and pleasure. It is a grand work, and as we have it it reads like an English poem, and every page bears in its face the imprint of genius."

"But Longfellow even does not stop here. He is, besides being a poet and a translator, a novelist of singular excellence, and a prose essayist also. His poetic tastes have aided him materially in the compositions of his lesser, though bright and attractive, writings in prose. No one but a poet could have written *Kavanagh*—a story of wonderful grace and delicacy, with just the faintest touch of humour in it. It is full of pleasant things and delightful conversations and descriptions. One is interested from the start with the fortunes of Churchill, the schoolmaster of Kavanagh, the preacher and the two charming girls, Alice and Cecile, while the smaller characters of the tale are formed with equal tact. We have met a hundred times with that fellow who sold linens and wrote poetry for the village newspaper, and who spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family, and his sister is another character, often seen in real life, and met at intervals, and who has not fallen in with Mr. Hathaway, who sighs for a native and national literature, and grows sanguine on the subject of magazines. And the young lady poet, and poor Lucy, are all types of humanity equally as familiar. How exquisite is the grouping of these individuals, and how deliciously Longfellow brings out the peculiar traits in each. The whole reads like a fascinating poem, and one turns from it to *Evangeline* and back again without losing a particle of the charm which enriches all of the poet's writings."

"I have taken especial interest in the poet's prose works. To me they seem like veritable poems, and *Kavanagh* is a splendid picture of life in a New England village. Apart from the story which forms the framework of this tale, and brings out with good effect Longfellow's keen knowledge of mankind, *Kavanagh* is an elegant piece of descriptive writing. The words are well and aptly chosen, and while always felicitous, there is an entire absence of that grandiloquent or redun-

dant verbiage which grows tiresome and dull in some authors. One wants to read this tale in a leisurely way, and stop now and then at a page, and drink in what the poet says. What a tender bit of writing is that chapter which reveals to Alice the story of the preacher's love for Cecile and the heroic behaviour of the brave girl, in another chapter, when her friend seeks her congratulations, and tells her of her engagement. Lucy's sad death, Alice's illness and death, the exquisite table-talk in the thirteenth chapter, the glimpses we get now and then of Churchill's home, and his wise sayings, the preacher's little study in the old tower, and the bits of quiet philosophy and good-natured raillery here and there, are unapproachable in beauty of composition. One feels the subtle power of Longfellow, the romancist, and it seems a pity that a man who can write such stories should have given us so few of them. *Kavanagh* and *Hyperion* seem to have cost the author little trouble. They are written in the simplest language, conceived with the truest genius, and executed in the highest principle of art. That is why these tales, which are merely plain narratives, captivate the reader on the instant, and throw around him the spell of enchantment."

"But Longfellow is not only novelist and poet, but he is also a very agreeable essayist. I think his short papers are as pleasant in their way as some of Hazlitt's. In his *Driftwood*, he treats us to a variety of subjects, and all of them are pungent and happy, and exhibit his scholarly attainments to an eminent degree. Indeed *Frithiof's Saga* is a notable paper and quite instructive. The legend is well told, and the sketch we have of the work of Sweden's noblest poet, Esaias Tegnér, will make the reader seek to know further of the good bishop whose poetic genius and brilliant imagination place him in the front rank of European bards."

"These *Driftwood Papers* were written some forty years ago. *Paris in the Seventeenth Century*, which gives a view of Louis XIV. and his court, *Anglo-Saxon Literature*, and *Twice-told Tales*, belong to this series, and they display clever analysis and fine workmanship. In the pages devoted to Table Talk, there are some very beautiful thoughts which contain a world of wisdom in a little space: let me quote a few of the more piquant of these to show you the bent of Longfellow's mind at thirty. He says:

"'If you borrow my books, do not mark them; for I shall not be able to distinguish your marks from my own, and the pages will become like the doors in Bagdad, marked by Morgiana's chalk.'

"'Don Quixote thought he could have made beautiful bird-cages and toothpicks, if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.'

“ ‘A torn jacket is soon mended ; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.’

“ ‘Authors, in their prefaces, generally speak in a conciliatory, depreciating tone of the critics, whom they hate and fear ; as of old the Greeks spake of the Furies as the Eumenides, the benign goddesses.’

“ ‘Doubtless criticism was originally benignant, pointing out the beauties of a work, rather than its defects. The passions of men have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture.’

“ ‘A thought often makes us hotter than fire.’

“ ‘Some critics are like chimney-sweepers ; they put out the fire below, or frighten the swallows from their nests above ; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then swing from the top of the house as if they had built it.’

“ ‘You see the kindly heartfulness of the poet in all these, but underlying the whole there is the merest tinge of satire, a sort of good-natured badinage. Longfellow is of too sensitive a nature to wound, knowingly, the feelings of any one.’

“ ‘I think the satiric element, slight though it be, is the spice of the essays. It is what that fine orator, Wendell Phillips, would call the snapper of the whip. One enjoys *Hyperion* in much the same way as Hawthorne’s *Marble Faun* is enjoyed. The talk about art in the latter is not a whit behind the conversations which we get in some of the chapters of *Hyperion* about Evettie, Tieck and Uhland on literary matters generally. These scraps of talk, elegant as they are as relations, reveal the poet-story teller as a critic, and we get his estimates of books and authors in a very pleasant way. In that other book of his, *Outre-mer*—a pilgrimage beyond the sea, the same felicitous style appears in the ornate collection of essays which it contains. They display a cultured imagination, ample reading, and critical observation. The subjects treated of embrace a pleasing variety, and consist of literary, social, and miscellaneous matters. Those who lived to read the old poetry of France, and who take delight in learning more of those ancient minstrels who delighted and charmed all Europe six and eight centuries ago, will find in the Trouvères of Longfellow a seasonable dish for the palate. The Troubadours, and the rich and quaint literature which belongs to them, afford the poet abundant material, and he has made good use of his opportunity. He has engrafted into his paper the curious lore which he has picked up in his travels through France, and he has preserved much from falling into decay which might have been lost forever. In personal poems and sonnets, we have many choice compositions from our bard’s pen. The most noteworthy of these is the poem

written about his truest friend, Charles Sumner, after that great statesman's death. For a long term of years the friendship which these men had for each other was unshaken, and unaltered. On every side the senator saw old familiars estranged from him, and once when he drove through Beacon Street in Boston, almost every resident closed his house and shut his blinds. Only two gentlemen failed to express themselves in this way, and it was through no love for Sumner that one of them acted thus. He didn't like to shut his doors on the young man, he said, and that was all. But Longfellow, with that beaming generous smile which his face always wears, that sure index of the nobility of his character, stretched forth his hand, and welcomed home again Charles Sumner, whose virtues men see now when it is too late. All through life this friendship was kept up between the two kindred spirits. The sonnets to Keats, Milton, Shakspeare, and Chaucer, are the sublimest and most characteristic things we have from Longfellow's pen. They are full of true poetry."

"Mr. Longfellow is an able editor, and his work in this capacity has been voluminous. *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, contains all that is worth publishing in the form of translation from the poets of Iceland, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy and other countries. In these volumes, not only do we find Longfellow's own translations, but also those of Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Leland, Mrs. Wister, Bryant, Rossetti, and many others. These books have passed through several editions and they are still popular with readers. Recently Mr. Longfellow has undertaken to supply matter for a new field of literature. He has edited an exquisite series of books of poetry called *The Poems of Places*. These exhibit the masterpieces of poesy, and no one can take up a volume of this series without reading it through. The poems are so well set that they captivate the reader at once and insist on perusal. All the favourite poems we knew long ago seem to be included in this collection, and the editor has shown good critical discrimination in making his selection from the wealth of material at his command."

"Have you ever met Longfellow?"

"Oh! yes, I have met him several times. The first time I saw him was at Harvard during the inauguration of the present President, Charles W. Eliot. He is one of the most genial of men, of easy manner and handsome features. His conversations are tinged with freshness and originality, and his talks are as enjoyable as his poetry. His library is a perfect museum of the curious in letters. One case is filled with editions of his own books, and there must be at this time very little less than a hundred and fifty distinct editions. He preserves his manuscript in most instances, and he has in his room in another case written like copper-plate, his chief poems, handsomely bound. He was born in Port-

land, Maine, February 27, 1807, and is now seventy years of age. On the occasion of his birthday he received a number of poems dedicatory of the event. One—a sonnet of some merit—I will quote :—

“ ‘Not Italy’s great poet held more dear,
Nor studied with more love his master’s book,
Than I do humbly thine, where as I look
A thousand beauteous images appear,
Reflected on the page in colours clear,
The heart’s most holy thoughts as oft a brook,
Displays the secrets of the misty nook.
Some leafy bough between denies the seer ;
For thou lov’st all the world, and seek’st to raise
Fresh hopes in man and cheer him to his goal,
A perfect life, but when he still obeys
His lower nature, thy prophetic soul
Peaceful trusts all to God with prayers and praise,
Who bids the eternal ages onward roll.’ ”

“ Longfellow is still vigorous in mind and appears to enjoy excellent health and spirits. His home is in Cambridge, and the house he lives in is rendered historic as the residence of Washington in the last century. But it is getting late, and I think we had better put away our books and papers for to night, and when you come again we will talk about that other singer, whose writings too are loved by all mankind, that broad, charitable Christian poet and lyrist, John Greenleaf Whittier.”

GEO. STEWART, JR.

DEAN STANLEY AND SOCRATES.

BY REV. JAMES CARMICHAEL.

IN his last volume of “the History of the Jewish Church,” Dean Stanley has dedicated a whole chapter to an elaborate comparison between Socrates and the founder of Christianity. There is nothing new in the idea, but there is something novel in the Dean’s personal appropriation of it, and in the manner in which he treats the subject. His language is rich and glowing; his arrangement perfect; his sins of omission are keen and lawyer-like, those of commission, bold, reckless and daring. Of course there is but little originality of thought in the treatment of the subject, for that is not one of the Dean’s characteristics, but he has used the colours mixed on other pallets with the hand of a true artist, and as the picture hangs before us it catches the eye at once as a work of more than ordinary beauty.

To understand the position taken by Dean Stanley, it is necessary to remind our readers of the life of the old Athenian, so brought into comparison with man's highest conception of humanity.

The great philosopher was born 469 B.C., at a period when Athens was rising to the height of her glory as the champion of Greece and the home of Philosophy and Art. At thirty years of age he made up his mind to dedicate his life to philosophy, but being called to duty as a citizen, he fought as a foot soldier through that part of the Peloponnesian campaign which centred itself at Polidæ Delium and Amphipolis. On leaving the army he put his desire of teaching into practice, and resigning his profession as a sculptor, he started afresh in life as an unpaid teacher of the nation.

As a teacher he was certainly unique, if not in matter, at least in manner. He earnestly believed that he had a divine prohibitory monitor within him, and a divine mission, and in carrying out the latter under the voice of the former, he popularized his peculiar mode of teaching. Without regular school or classified scholars, he frequented places of public resort, and acting as if he needed instruction, he asked the opinion of others on public and moral questions, such as, What is Justice? Love? &c. Having received the views of others, he examined and cross-examined them, until he often logically reduced them to the most absurd conclusions, and then he gave the correct view, and the moral lessons deducible therefrom.

There is no doubt that many of his views, if not original, were far in advance of those of past and contemporary philosophers. He always spoke of existing religious institutions with the profoundest reverence, but he acknowledged, and taught the Athenian public to believe in, one Divine Being as the Creator and preserver of all things. With the exception, however, of his re-iterated belief in this, and in the doctrine of the soul's immortality and future happiness, he passed over all reasoning as to divine and hidden things, and fixed the minds of his hearers on human virtues, such as justice, truth and honour. He would gather the opinions of a dozen people in public on the word "honour," and then tearing them into pieces he would overwhelm his audience with his nobler definition.

Such a system, whilst it captivated the young men of Athens, not unnaturally aroused bitter and revengeful feelings in the breasts of other teachers, and in the representatives of the different classes of society, unsparingly assailed by the philosopher, and at seventy years of age he was accused of "infidelity towards the gods of the state, and of corrupting the Athenian youth by teaching them not to believe." His defence, published by Plato, is a masterpiece of plain talking, of freedom from all rhetorical clap-trap, of scathing sarcasm, and of high

and noble thoughts. He takes the ground that his mission was divine, that on no promise of life would he surrender it, for "tho', O Athenians, I honour and love you, I shall obey God rather than you." He tells them that, in murdering him, they silence the voice of a divine messenger, who only lived to teach them the truth, but that they would in no way injure him, for (unlike St. Paul) he felt that "to die and be freed from my cares is better for me." He pictures the joys of eternity as a continuation of philosophic life on earth, and closes with the thrilling words, so often felt, yet left unuttered on the death bed of many a timid Christian: "But it is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state, is unknown to every one but God."

Few deaths have been so clearly pictured as his. His friend Crito steals into his cell on the morning of his death, and finds him sleeping quietly. Crito has arranged for his escape, everything is ready—the one grand chance of life is open—if the philosopher will only avail himself of it. This Socrates promises to do, if after calm discussion the matter should appear to be just and upright—then he proves step by step to the excited Crito, that he dare not escape, because no true citizen could, for personal reasons, disobey the laws which govern the masses.

The closing hours of his life are pictured by Plato in his "Phædo" with minute fidelity. Sitting on the side of his bed, and then rising and walking up and down his cell, we see "the old man eloquent" pouring forth his views on death, on the immortality of the soul, on the bliss and rapture of another state, on the glow or awful sentence based on man's deserts, and uttered in eternal words. The whole argument is given as clearly and distinctly as if a first-class short-hand reporter had sat down by the bed and noted every word.

Then comes the description of his death. The grim joke as to his burial, the lonely bath in the inner room, the calm farewell, the prayer to the gods that his departure might be happy—then the draught of the deadly hemlock, the systematic walking up and down till his legs became swollen and heavy, then his lying down whilst coldness and stiffness crept over his body, then the awful silence, and the waking up to his death words, which may have been either an earnest order, or a ghastly joke: "Crito, we owe a sacrifice to *Æsculapius*; pay it therefore, and do not neglect it."

It is out of this material that the Dean has moulded, first, an inspired, and then a Christlike Socrates. The absent-mindedness of the philosopher changes into the inspired ecstasy of the prophet, his fancied monitor becomes a reflection of the still small voice of the Divine Word, his call to philosophy is like the call of Jeremiah or Ezekiel, the animosities of his life, like those endured by Isaiah and his devotion to

duty, the same magnificent religious determination, which travelled down the road of time from Moses to Malachi. So far the poet has spared no poetry, or the painter no gaudy colours, but having reached the Rubicon of irreverence, the Dean crosses it with a cry of enthusiasm. The Socratic atmosphere "is not only moral, but religious, not only religious, but *Christian*." Socrates, as seen thro' the invaluable eyes of Mr. Grote becomes "a missionary," his mission is purely "religious," and his life is "apostolic." Like David, the Athenian changes into a type of "David's greater son," and his whole career suggests "distantly" "a *solid* illustration of the one life which is the turning point of the religion of the whole world." In the trial and death of the philosopher, we are told another Trial and another Parting inevitably rush to the memory, "and the closing scene in the Athenian dungeon "carries our mind to the farewell discourses in the upper chamber in Jerusalem." In short, a study of the life of the philosopher, "makes us understand better the Sacred Presence which moved on the shores of the sea of Galilee, and pictures for us that true stimulus, which prepared the western world for the great Inquirer, the Divine Word."

It is not for us to enter into a description of the life and character and teaching of Him, thus strangely brought side by side with the semi-pagan philosopher. We would, however, notice a few points which practically destroy all likeness between the human and Divine teacher.

Christ and Socrates stood on two distinct and antagonistic platforms, and taught two distinct systems of arriving at truth. The peculiarity of the teaching of Socrates lay in his appeal to reason. Step by step with anxious care, he argued on towards his conclusions, asking no belief where the reason and the intellect did not give it. With him reason was omnipotent; a terrible power, before which love and the affections were forced to bow down. Nothing angered him more than that spirit of dogmatism which said, "Believe," and gave no reason for belief save the will of the teacher. With him there could be no virtue, no true life, without reasonable certainty on which both could be built up.

In the case of the founder of Christianity, however, we find a totally different system, one that Socrates would have assailed with savage bitterness. Christ seldom argued, seldom appealed to the reason, and when He spoke on matters of supreme importance, He rushed right in the face of the whole Socratic system, by rejecting all influence of argument, and dogmatizing with an energy that to Socrates would have appeared blasphemous.

Socrates held that "the highest human wisdom was worth little or nothing," that "the wisest man was he who believed in his own ignorance," whereas the founder of Christianity enthroned Himself in the

solitary grandeur of His teaching as "the Light of the World," "the Truth," itself, the one only way to happiness. Socrates laughed at approaching the soul through the channel of the affections, Christ made the affections the sacred harp on which he played the choicest melodies of Divine love. If both teachers had lived in the same city, Christ might have converted Socrates, but it is more likely (humanly speaking) that the philosopher would have been the antagonist of the Saviour, in public and in private, and right on to the hour of death itself.

But it is in the morality of the two teachers that we find that "the difference is immense." The Dean carefully avoids weaving points of likeness on this important subject, although common honesty seems to demand that the attempt should have been made. Undoubtedly Socrates taught a higher system of morals than any of his contemporaries, but his morality, as compared with Christ's, shrivels into nothing. The founder of Christianity met lust and guilt and shame with a look of annihilation, and his dogmatism on such subjects was tremendous. Off was to come the hand, out was to come the eye, and pardon for gross infractions of the laws of purity was given on the distinct understanding that the sin should not be repeated. It was vastly different with Socrates. He faced the most disgusting and abhorrent lusts, lusts, thank God, almost unknown by name to western civilization, with a joking nod of recognition, and distinctly taught that a temperate use of vilest passions was not alone allowable but enhanced gratification. Xenophon gives us a full report of one of the philosopher's interviews with Theodota, a woman of degraded profession and abandoned character. The scene is simply disgusting: the broad jokes, the loose jests, and worst still, the keen, shrewd advice freely given, as to how through a temperate system of allurement, Theodota might weave woful nets, and, wiser than the spider, draw her flies into them. Christ pictures the Holy City as "free from everything that defileth," and with impurity without. Plato, in his "Republic," gives us what we have every reason to believe to be the thoughts of Socrates on a model community, and pictures for us such a low degraded state of life that we care not to enter closely into particulars, except to say that Mormonism seems like heaven when compared with it.

Now, strange to say, the Dean has not touched on this subject, though again and again he quotes from Xenophon, and gives at least one reference to Plato's "Republic," and "Phædrus." This marked silence can alone be explained in two ways: either a desire on the part of the Dean to ignore the plain ugly truth where it conflicts with a favourite theme, or ignorance of this peculiar aspect of Socratic teach-

ing. Let us hope, for the sake of honest comparison, that the still silence arose from the latter cause.

It is hardly just either, to pass over, as the Dean does, the great gulf between Christ and Socrates as regards originality of thought. We need not describe the marvellous depth of originality so characteristic of Christ's teaching, but we must enter a modest protest against the generally received opinion as to the originality of Socrates. In no Socratic doctrine, not even in his style, was he original, rather was he a bold eclectic, polishing with master-hand the rough or reckless views of others. We can trace back his views on the immortality of the soul to Pythagoras and Homer; his idea of the one great God, the Supreme Intelligence, was learnt from Parmenides, Anaxagoras and Xenophanes; his philosophy as to distrust of all knowledge acquired through the senses, and of reliance on pure reason, was taught him by Zeno, and even his mode of dialectic argument, which is so constantly spoken of as "Socratic," was used and taught by Zeno years before Socrates had a public reputation. He saw things clearer than the great Greek poet; he was less wild than Pythagoras; he felt more deeply the value of Monotheism than did Parmenides or Anaxagoras; he used the dialectic mode of reasoning far more powerfully than Zeno, with a better object, and with nobler results; but if these men had not lived and taught, Socrates most likely would never have been heard of; just as the Dean himself would never have written his Socratic chapter; if it had not been to all intents and purposes written long before by Mr. Grote, the terrible contrast between the philosopher and the Saviour alone excepted.

Mr. Thackeray asked a modern audience with regard to Swift, "how would you like to have lived with him?" and we would put the same question with regard to both the characters, so rashly and rudely contrasted by the Dean. Close on nineteen hundred years of advancing civilization have passed away, since the founder of Christianity drank his awful cup of death, and to-day, if we could, how gladly would we welcome Him to the franchise of our hearths, to the freedom of our homes, as the purest, the best, the noblest type of manhood that could cast its shadow across our threshold. Four hundred years before Christ, Socrates drank his awful cup of poison, and to-day, if we could, who would give him the franchise of our hearths, and the freedom of our homes? Fancy our handsome boys listening to the morality of the great Athenian. Our girls would be safe, but for the sake of pure boy life we would rise and fling the teacher from our ruddy hearthstone.

It seems sad, if not worse, that one in the Dean's position should use the popular power which he undoubtedly possesses to leave on the minds of three parts of his readers, so false, so fanciful, so danger-

ous a comparison. The Dean must know that he is accepted as an authority only by those who have not the time, or means, or inclination to read the greater works from which he professes to draw his inspiration ; that his authority as a teacher is confined to that class which, of all others, is most likely to be led away by the gold and glitter of bold assertion. We wonder how many of the readers of his Socratic chapter will take the trouble of studying the life and words of Socrates as recorded by Xenophon and Plato, and thereby testing the truth of the Dean's comparison ! We fancy but very few, whereas the number of those who will accept his comparison may be counted by thousands. We have no dread of a bold yet reverential scrutiny into sacred things, but we do dread the influence of such bold and reckless assertion on thoughtless minds. 'Tis the old story of the world and the tortoise. Thoughtless, we stand on Dean Stanley, and Dean Stanley stands on —nothing.

SHAKSPEARIAN STUDIES.

MACBETH—ACT I.

BY RICHARD LEWIS.

IN the study of Shakspeare we are struck at once by the difference between his creations and those of writers, who, whether of poetry or fiction, fashion their productions to illustrate a moral, or develop the issues of a principle. Shakspeare interpreted the passions of man ; but he never fails to bring out the true issues of virtue, or of vice, because he searched the depths of the human heart—the fountain-head of all virtue and vice ; and as he developed its motives and actions, all the issues of passion and principle inevitably followed. The mere historian, for example, records events, delineates character by those events, and makes his deductions dove-tail with the actions of his characters. But Shakspeare, while he did not disregard history, yet rose above it, put its records, as it were, aside, and while he summoned its great characters before him, he gazed into the depths of the soul, and by his wonderful exposition of all its motions and aspirations, he prepares his readers and the spectators of his dramas for the same consequences of passions used rightly or abused, and endows them with a prophetic foresight of issues. We need not the philosophical deductions of the historian, because in Shakspear's company, and under his guidance, we are gifted with the insight of genius, and, with the privilege of the gods, behold at a glance the inevitable issues. His characters are representative—the types of human passions and feelings. Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, Romeo,

Lady Macbeth, Portia, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, or Juliet, are in one sense incomparable dramatic creations ; but from a human stand-point of view they are typical representatives of the race to which they belong. They are the men and women who move around us—our veritable selves. In this light there is nothing unreal, fantastical, or extravagant in the wildest creations of Shakspeare, because there is nothing inconsistent with the dreams of the imagination, or the wild lusts of the passions. The world at this hour is peopled with the characters that Shakspeare made immortal, and universal political conspirators still plot to overthrow governments, and Antony still harangues and sways the populace to his will. Juliet still dreams in the balcony, though the Italian moonlight may not shine upon her, and Romeo still believes

"There is no world without Verona's walls—
But Purgatory, torture, hell itself,"

and that "heaven is there only where his Juliet lives ;" or Hamlet, the type of mental power without action ; or Macbeth, of passion in conflict with conscience ; or Othello, the slave of unjust jealousies ; and all the characters that throng the world that Shakspeare created, and filled with terrors and with glories, are in our streets, our public assemblies, and our household circles, could we but behold them with the inspired vision of Shakspeare.

In this light the study of Shakspeare is a psychological study—not an historical one ; and the history of kings and princes and events is subordinate and of indifferent importance, in comparison with the advantages and pleasure we derive from that analysis of the characters of men which his works present.

There is another study that owes all its success and influence to this mixed analysis of character, but which, because it has been too much confined to the *artiste*, has been too much disregarded by the merely literary critic or the commentator, and that is the method of vocal expression. The merely literary commentator is often little better than the interpreter of words, and we never have realized to us the true spirit of a character or a passage of Shakspeare until the genius of impersonation brings before us with a conceptive power which is akin to that of poetic creation the dramatic world which poetic genius has formed. The meaning of a word conveys nothing of its spirit. That can only be realized when we hear it, guided by dramatic conception. In this view, dramatic productions owe as much of their interest and success to the great actor or the great reader as musical compositions do to the accomplished vocalist and instrumentalist ; and the study of the method of delivering dramatic passages and representing dramatic characters is as necessary to the dramatic critic, and indeed to all who

would pass beyond the interpretation of words into its higher interpretation of thought and passion, as it is to the professional *artiste*. As Shakspeare did not write for the literary student alone, but chiefly for the theatre, and for audiences to see and hear, and not to read, we may justly infer that to study how to impersonate his characters forms no indifferent part of the study of his works.

"Macbeth" presents advantages and attractions for such a study. There is a Macbeth of history, of the critics, of the stage, and of the mind. The Macbeth of Shakspeare is no more the Macbeth of history than his language is that of the age in which he lived. Macbeth and his wife are human passions personified, and realized in a career of crime, disloyalty, ingratitude, and extreme selfishness. They are not monsters of depravity, destitute of reason, nor vulgar criminals. Macbeth is a man of princely blood and noble impulses, susceptible to generous inspirations, animated—until temptation meets and captivates him—by high and loyal sentiments; and then, only weak and criminal because passion is stronger than conscience, and desire tears down principle.

Lady Macbeth, again, is endowed with all the courtesies of high birth and royal habits, of life less cruel than indifferent to pain, in whom ambition is a moral disease that fills her entire nature and destroys all honourable principle and every human feeling; yet in her very excess of ambition, less selfish than her guilty and weak husband. He not only desires kingly power for himself, but plunges into deeper crimes that his children may be kings, and unscrupulously destroys all that lies between him and the accomplishment of his purposes. But Lady Macbeth desires all that power not so much for herself as for her husband; and when Duncan is murdered, and Macbeth is king, she is satisfied, and contemplates no new crimes. She even shrinks from the murder which she has so strongly urged, because the aspect of helpless and sleeping age has re-awakened a natural and human tenderness in her heart—

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't."

And when she stands a crowned Queen she is satisfied, and becomes in the tenderest sense a wife and a woman, sustaining, soothing, and cheering her wretched partner when superstitious terror would betray his guilt.

In the first scene in which Lady Macbeth appears we see the specialties of her character as contrasted with Macbeth. As she contemplates the splendid hereafter which rises before her excited imagination, and weighs the difficulties in her path, her comments on the mental fitness of her husband for the great occasion are marked by profound discrimina-

tion of character and high intellectual power, and by that supreme moral courage which is often associated with intellectual energy. But mere intellectual energy without a high moral sentiment is often distinguished by inordinate self-esteem, dogmatism, and contempt for the merits of others.

Lady Macbeth, carried away by the sense of her own mental supremacy over her husband, errs in her analysis of his mental qualities. There is absolutely less of the milk of human kindness, as the event shows, in his nature than in hers, and when he hesitates to commit murder, it is not because the "compunctious visitings of nature" withhold him, but, as he himself confesses, when honour, gratitude, and every loyal and right principle are holding their conflict with ambition in his breast. If all temporal consequences could end with Duncan's death, he would "jump the life to come," he would fling to the winds every principle of holiness and duty.

Again, while it is admitted that Lady Macbeth urges her husband to the murder of Duncan, it is unjust to accuse her of suggesting the crime. Although his letter gives her no foundation to accuse him of "breaking the enterprise" to her, we may easily conceive that in dark and secret conference they had often suggested and discussed the chances and methods for achieving the "golden round" which those weird predictions indicated. The great lesson which the opening scenes of the drama teach, and what all its subsequent events enforce, is, that temptations and suggestions to ill are only successful when we invite and encourage them. The predictions of the witches are but the echoes of the foul desires which have long before been kindled in the breasts of Macbeth and his wife. The witches scarcely vanish from his presence before he meditates crime. The air around him is red with blood. He yields to horrid suggestions and imaginings, whose thought is murder; and when Duncan, after lavishing grateful honours on him, proclaims the Prince of Cumberland his heir, Macbeth betrays the full guilt of his bloody intentions.

Macbeth.—"The Prince of Cumberland!—that's a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires,
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done,—to see."

There is also a wonderful harmony in the appearance and character of the witches, with the foul crimes which they excite and encourage. Their aspect is loathsome and deformed; their sympathies are with the spirits of darkness and evil; they perform their dread ceremonies at midnight when the storm rages, with the spoils of death and corruption. In this respect the witches of Shakspeare are more consistent in their aspect and character with the nature of Sin than the grand assemblages

of fallen spirits that Milton invoked around his imagination ; and when Shakspeare makes them the agents that urge Macbeth to deeper crimes, we learn that the mind which deserts principle to gratify the lusts of passion is lost, and may become the slave and tool of any delusion.

The first act of this tragedy, as a psychological study, is the most interesting and instructive, and indicates almost all that is to follow in the career of the two great criminals. In Lady Macbeth's soliloquy, after she has read the letter, she gives evidence of that lofty self-reliance which utter indifference for duty or for consequences, and the highest estimate of her own ability, would naturally create. Mark well with what lofty estimate of her powers to lead him as she will she invokes his presence :

"Hie thee hither,
That I may pour *my spirits* in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of *my tongue*
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To hurl the crown'd withal."

She scarcely considers him. She knows her power as supreme and irresistible, and that he must bend to her indomitable will. She invokes the spirits of evil to aid her. She assumes the attributes of cruelty and murder for herself only ; and in the wild excitement of this lofty estimate of her own supremacy, she even robs her husband of his marital rights, as she prophesies that

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under *My battlements*,"

as if she alone were sole arbitress of his fate, and mistress of his domains.

The great soliloquy with which the seventh scene opens gives evidence of the mental characteristics of Macbeth. While he reasons with philosophic justice and a calm foresight of the issues of crime, it is here again manifest that it is not "the milk of human kindness," nor any moral or religious scruple, which makes him waver in his purposes, but the dread of temporal consequences.

"It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could *trammel* up the consequences."

And then, as he contemplates the virtues of the venerable king who has just been showering honours upon him, it is not any sentiment of gratitude or humanity, but the "dread and fear" of that public opinion, that universal horror which such a murder will arouse, that fills him not with remorse but apprehensions of the consequences.

The delivery of this splendid soliloquy, which so lays bare the soul of Macbeth that we read as with the eye of a seer all its secret workings, has always been an anxious study with the great actors. It is here that

the true artist gives proof of that power of conception which makes his impersonation rank and run parallel with the creations and conceptions of the great poet. We have no record of its representation when Shakspeare lived. Dramatic art was then in its infancy, and Shakspeare did not, as modern authors have done, mould his character to suit the taste and imagination of the actor. That Garrick gave the first true conception of Macbeth there is the best reason to believe. But even in his time Shakspeare was understood only by a few ; and when Johnson, and the crowd who bowed to his judgment as to that of a king, treated the artist with contempt and his art with indifference, we can easily understand how such appreciation of dramatic conception by the literary world would discourage and mar the effect of the best representation. The impersonation of Garrick belongs to tradition, and can never be realized. But in the present generation there are those who have witnessed the magnificent acting of this character by Macready ; and those who have enjoyed that privilege have had the advantage of an interpretation of Macbeth far beyond and above the power of literary criticism. It was not an historical Macbeth, pursuing the ends of his ambition through a career of brutal crime with brutal indifference. But it was the revelation of the guilty soul—the man and the feudal chief—urged by dark passions into acts of ingratitude and dishonour and murder, but still being man, not escaping the moral consequences of sin,—lacerated, whipped, as with scorpions, by the conscience that never sleeps, and by the terrors of that guilt which hurried him into a deeper guilt, until deserted and betrayed, he sinks beneath the curses and the hatred he has invoked. This was the character of that masterly representation, and whoever has had the advantage of listening to such interpretations of Shakspeare could not fail to catch and understand the “spirit of the author ;” for it was not

“ A poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more,”

that the spectator beheld, but the naked soul rebelling against duty, and in everlasting conflict with justice and conscience, and finally succumbing, as all must succumb, who think they can violate the moral law with impunity, or “jump the life to come.”

In the delivery of the speech under consideration, Macready did not follow the punctuation and reading of the common text. In the text, the reading runs thus :—

“ If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.”

Now this would suggest that Macbeth had been considering, not the question of the murder, but what would be the best time for committing it,

that night or some future time. But in previous consultation the time had been determined. That night presented the favourable opportunity.

"*Macbeth.*—Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth.—And when goes thence ?

Macbeth.—To-morrow as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth.—O, never

Shall sun that morrow see."

And

"You shall put

*This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall by all our nights and days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."*

In harmony with this view, Macready read the passage thus :—

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel* up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success."

That is, if when the murder was committed it would be done with, and nothing afterwards to be feared, it would be *well*. If the assassination could carry away with it all the consequences, the business would be quickly accomplished, and complete success achieved. I think in this,—as in many other instances, the judgment of a great actor is to be preferred to that of the literary commentator.

We may conceive how under the conflict of gratitude and honour and conscience and premeditated crime, the face, which Lady Macbeth had said was "as a book, where men might read strange matters," was betraying the inward storm of feeling. Hell and heaven were contending for mastery in his bosom, and as the instrument of hell, Lady Macbeth steps in, to drag him down to everlasting perdition. If the previous soliloquy reveals the character of Macbeth, the scene that follows sets before us with terrific grandeur the overpowering energy and inflexibility of purpose that mark the character of Lady Macbeth. It is not by calm reasoning that she brings him back to her wishes, but by sheer force of character,—by an eloquence of scorn and sarcasm that bows him in shame to her feet. The only plea he can advance for his change of purpose is that of ingratitude and public censure ; and while she cannot feel the first she is indifferent to the last. She knows his weakness, that pride and self-esteem are over-ruling passions, in his as they are in all evil natures, and to them she appeals with the logic of scorn :—

"Art thou a *coward*
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire ? wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
And live a *coward*, in thine own esteem ?"

The splendid energy of character displayed by Lady Macbeth throughout the scene takes away in some measure from its horror, and gives it

* *Trammel.*—A net for partridges ; entangle, as in a net.

the impress of sublimity. It is the firmness of purpose and indifference to issue which makes heroes and commands success ; which has no parallel elsewhere in Shakspeare or in general literature. Tradition again tells us with what triumph of conception and truthfulness of interpretation Mrs. Siddons played her part in the awful scene. Here Lady Macbeth, again, was not the historical Lady Macbeth ; but if tradition and the records of the time and of art be true, it was the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare's conception. It was the impersonation of that which Shakspeare designed it to be—intellect without principle, supreme in its power for evil and self-advancement, but destitute of every quality which makes intellectual power a blessing to the world.

The last objection that Macbeth raises against her wishes is the possibility of failure—*If we should fail*—the fear that always makes the mind wanting in moral courage. The brave spirit, for good or evil, thinks only of the end to be achieved, and fears no consequences. In that temper of mind Lady Macbeth answers with the calm firmness which will dare every issue, and in that temper Mrs. Siddons uttered the words, *We fail*,—and so that's an end to our hopes and our enterprise, and we are ready to meet the consequences.

Two eminent women of the present time have proved themselves worthy successors of the Queen of Tragedy in this great character—one still living, one recently dead. Charlotte Cushman in many respects was the best successor to Mrs. Siddons. Her Queen Katharine was a masterpiece of splendid and truthful representation. Her Lady Macbeth, especially in the scene under review, excelled in those passages where scorn, rebuke, and energy were the characteristics, as she uttered the words—

“ I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.”

While she threw the tenderness of the mother, which for a moment flashed across her mind, into the second line, the delivery of the succeeding passage was given with such scorn of inhuman feeling and resoluteness of purpose, that the audience listened with breathless awe, akin to terror, to the terrible threat.

Miss Glyn still lives, and as a public reader of Shakspeare she has not her equal. The *Athenæum*, on reporting her reading of Macbeth, described how spell-bound she kept her audience for nearly three hours ; and that if one sentiment more than any other prevailed, and held that assembly in solemn and silent attention, it was the sentiment of the supernatural. But the consideration of the scenes in which that sentiment is predominant must be reserved for a second paper.

LIFE'S DAWN.

FAIR Lady Patricia, sweet type of the spring,

The glamour of day-dawn is bright on your brow ;

Your thoughts are as pure as the prayers which birds sing,

God keep them, my rose-bud, for ever as now.

You're pleased with your gay dress : remember, the rose

Owes more charm to its perfume than brightness of hue ;

Its beauty is past when the wild winter wind blows,

Its sweetness remains, love, to charm us anew.

But your gay friends await you ; be gay with the gay :

I speak now in chiding, but purely to warn,

For life's not all spring-time, we know wise men say ;

Prepare for life's night-time while yet it be morn.



LIPPS DAWN.



HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE history of the eighteenth century supplies to the observant student the causes, in a great measure, of the events which belong to the nineteenth. Seed was then planted which has yielded the natural fruit in the present age. In applying this statement we shall confine our attention to the continent of America. It is, doubtless, true that many important events of that time have failed to produce fruit; but others have yielded abundantly. The most important occurrences of the eighteenth century belonging to America were, the conquest of Canada by the British, and the successful revolt of the thirteen British Colonies, whereby the United States was born into the family of nations. Of the causes of that rebellion, and the reasons of success which ultimately crowned the insurgent cause, we do not here speak. One fact, however, must be mentioned—a fact ignored by almost all American writers, overlooked by all English and other European writers upon America, and forgotten by many Canadians. We refer to the fact that at the beginning of the rebellion there was in the thirteen Colonies actually a preponderance of the people in favour of British connection, and against dismemberment of the Empire. Most of these were then called Tories or Loyalists, and, in later years, those who continued true to their British allegiance were known as United Empire Loyalists. When the tide of war flowed in favour of the Rebels, it carried away not only the possessions held by the Loyalists in the States, but the Loyalists themselves. A stream of refugees traversed the Atlantic to the mother country; another to the then uninviting shores of Nova Scotia; and another to French Canada, the inhabitants of which received them with welcome. A recently conquered people, they regarded as their enemy New England rather than old England. The wholesale persecution of the Loyalists by their kinsmen, the triumphant insurgents, and the general confiscation of their estates, was an ungenerous action by a victorious people, such as was practised by the independent States. It was, at the same time, an extremely impolitic course to pursue. It was the sowing of seed which germinated and grew into a thrifty tree, the trunk of which is the Dominion of Canada, the branches, the several Provinces composing it, with the roots deeply fixed in the heart of the British Empire. The United States have vainly essayed to destroy the

seeds thus planted, to uproot the growing plant, to destroy its vitality, to deprive it of nourishment, to prevent the fertilizing showers. They have by specious means, by misrepresentation, by concealment of facts, not to say by falsification, seized portions of the soil in which the tree was growing. They have tried in turn to girdle and cut it down, but, notwithstanding all, the growth has been steady and sure. Many of the Loyalists would have been willing to accept the result of the contest, and to remain faithful to the new order of things, had they been allowed, and their children would have grown up sincere Americans; but a vindictive and mercenary spirit prevailed, and the victors mercilessly claimed all the spoils they could lay hands upon. We will not here recount the hardships which this procedure entailed upon the devoted American Loyalists. Destitute and broken in spirit, they fled, many, as we have said, to Nova Scotia and Canada to begin life anew, and create new homes, or to find a premature grave.

These refugees became the pioneers of Western Canada. It was they who laid the foundation of the wealthy and prosperous province of Ontario. We have said that the course pursued by the Americans was an impolitic one, although we may now regard it as an exceedingly fortunate one, not only for us Canadians, but for all America. Had the United Empire Loyalists been treated honourably, had they been allowed their rights instead of being driven away, the name *British America* would forever have passed away. Had patriotism alone actuated the revolutionary party, they, when successful, would have invited the defeated Loyalists to unite with them in erecting a new-world nation. But they availed themselves to the fullest extent of the terms of the peace insisted upon at the Treaty of Paris. By this treaty the birthright of the American Tory was signed away, and he became forever an alien to the land of his birth. But, in consequence, he became the founder of a new northern nation, which, like a rock, has resisted and ever will resist the northward extension of the United States. The terms of peace gave no security to the American Loyalists. When Cornwallis surrendered, he vainly tried to obtain a promise of protection for the loyal Americans, who in part formed his army, but he had to send them guarded by an armed vessel to Nova Scotia. A good many acknowledged Loyalists were scattered through the States at the close of the war, and wished to remain; not a few who had remained during the struggle conscientiously neutral, who could not rebel, and who would not take side against their countrymen. These all alike became subjects of persecution. Ignoble and vindictive passion swayed the conquerors. The Legislature of each State took early steps to punish the adherents and acquire the property of every one who had not been in active rebellion against the Empire, and to banish them. Massachusetts took the lead.

Hundreds of Loyalists of that State were prohibited from returning on penalty of imprisonment and even death. And other States were active in "attainting" and confiscating, often without the form of trial. New York, on the 12th May, 1784, passed "An Act for the speedy sale of the confiscated and forfeited estates within the State." The conduct of the British Ministry and the Commissioners at Paris, who signed the Treaty without obtaining any security for the American Loyalists, is open to the severest censure. They left their claims to be decided by the American Congress. We may suppose they held the belief that this body would be actuated by feelings of justice and right, but the error was a grave one; the wrong grievous and hard to be borne. The British Government did not escape condemnation by members of Parliament, and a feeling of sympathy was evoked which led to a tardy dispensing of justice. Lord North said "that never was the honour, the principles, the policy of a nation, so grossly abused as in the desertion of those men, who are now exposed to all the punishment that desertion and poverty can inflict, because they were not rebels." Mr. Sheridan "execrated the treatment of those unfortunate men, who without the least notice taken of their civil and religious rights were handed over as subjects to a power that would not fail to take vengeance on them for their zeal to the religion and government of the mother country," "and he called it a crime to deliver them over to confiscation, tyranny, resentment and oppression." Lord Loughborough said "that in ancient nor modern history, had there been so shameful a desertion of men who had sacrificed all to their duty and to their reliance upon British faith." Others in terms of equal severity denounced the Ministry in Parliament for their neglect. The Ministry admitted it all, but excused themselves by the plea that "a part must be wounded, that the whole Empire may not perish."

Unfortunately this was not the only instance in which British subjects in America have had to suffer for the benefit of the Empire. In fact, there has never yet been a dispute between England and the United States, nor an international negotiation, without this part of the Empire having to suffer from cutting wounds. A number of Loyalists ventured to the United States to claim restitution of their estates, but their applications were unheeded, except to imprison and banish them. At this remote day, we can only discern the outlines of this great wrong done to noble men. The particulars are buried in the wreck of their fortunes and of happiness respecting all worldly matters. The after-life of the refugee Loyalists was of too earnest a nature to allow time to place on record their sufferings and wanderings. The lost cause would hardly stimulate men to draw upon imagination, such as may be found in the average stories of American revolutionary

heroes, male and female. But sufficient facts have been transmitted down to us from our sires, upon whose hearts they had been impressed by the iron pen of anguish, to enable us to estimate the character of those who persecuted them under the much abused name of liberty, and to form a true estimate of the patriotism which characterised the refugees who clustered around the border forts, and found homes at Sorel, Lachine, Montreal, Kingston and Niagara, and who, in the course of years, made the wilderness of Western Canada to blossom as the rose.

Beside the Loyalists there were a number of disbanded soldiers of European birth, who became pioneer settlers. Many of these were ill-suited for the work of clearing land and winning bread from the soil. But they proved valuable when the time came to defend their wilderness homes against an invading foe. It is a striking fact, which Canadians should not forget, that the spirit of aggression which has always been manifested by the United States began to exhibit itself immediately after the refugees planted settlements on the frontier of Upper Canada. According to the terms of peace the forts on the frontier within the boundary of the United States should remain in possession of British troops for ten years. And Carleton Island, opposite Kingston, Oswego, Niagara, Detroit and Michilimacinac were garrisoned by a small number of regular troops. With regard to Detroit and Michilimacinac, it is a question whether they should have been relinquished—whether, indeed, the present State of Michigan, then belonging to the Indians, should not have formed part of the domains of Canada. The continued occupation of these forts by the British was a matter of no little importance to the refugees struggling with the forces of nature in the stern wilderness.

The British Government aroused to a sense of the injustice inflicted upon the Loyalists, took steps to aid the settlers, and provide them with food until they had time to prepare the land for cultivation, and reap the products of the soil. The families of the disbanded soldiers and refugees alike received rations for a period of three years. Each of the garrisons was a *dépôt*; and the commissariat department was instructed to have transported by *bateaux* to each township the requisite supplies, according to the number of settlers. A commissary was appointed for each township to deal out to each family. Also a certain number of implements for clearing and agriculture were distributed among the settlers. This procedure did not suit the views of the United States. The possession of these posts could be of no use to the Americans, except for sinister reasons; but they availed themselves of every possible means to secure their evacuation by the British. For this there were two reasons, both, however, having in view the starving out of the refugees and the French of Lower Canada. Had it not been for these

garrisons which fed the settlers, they could not have remained with their families to make effective settlements, to which the Americans were averse. They would fain, with harshness, deprive the refugees of the necessaries of life, and drive them away, with far more than the alleged cruelty practised towards the Acadians. But there was another reason : they wished to secure the traffic with the Indians, and turn the current of the fur trade from the St. Lawrence toward New York. By this means they could also revenge themselves upon the French Canadians, who would take no part in their rebellion, while their own country would be enriched. It was destined, however, that this traffic should never come into the hands of the Americans ; indeed, their treatment of the Indians has ever been such as to prevent a friendly trade between them. It is a matter of history that the treatment of the original owners of the soil of the United States will not bear measurement by the golden rule, and is a sad reflection upon civilization and Christianity. The treaty of Paris, by which the independence of the United States was recognised by England, did not bring peace between them and the Indians of the West. And from that day to this there has been, with occasional intermission, a vain struggle on the part of the Aborigines against a steady and unscrupulous encroachment.

There can exist no doubt that the impelling motive on the part of the United States for declaring war against Great Britain, in 1812, was to acquire possession of British North America. At the same time there prevailed, as there has indeed ever since, throughout the Union, an extreme dislike, if not hatred, toward the mother country. We must, however, state that whatever may have been Washington's desires or belief respecting the future of this continent, no such ungenerous feelings actuated him ; but, rather, he manifested a desire to cultivate friendly relations with the parent country. The accession of Jefferson to the Presidential chair, in March, 1801, was signalized by the most marked antagonism to England. The attitude of the nation was thenceforward unmistakably hostile until it culminated in war. The ostensible causes of the war may now be glanced at. In 1803, war between England and France was re-commenced. The struggle for national life by England against Napoleon is a well known matter of history. In 1806 the French Emperor issued what is known as the Berlin Decree ; dated at that city, immediately after its subjugation. This manifesto was directed against the commerce of Great Britain, although its author was not in a position to enforce its provisions ; yet it was calculated to destroy British trade. The British Islands were declared to be in a state of blockade. Commerce and all communications were prohibited. Every British subject found in those countries occupied by French troops, or by any of her allies, were to be made prisoners of war. Property of

every kind coming from Great Britain, or belonging to British subjects, were declared to be a proper prize. No vessel coming from England, or any of its colonies, or having touched there, should be received into any harbour. Now this decree was of a nature to inflict, and did inflict, most serious injury upon the commerce of the United States, which had for years been most lucrative. And this great advantage, which the Americans had enjoyed, had been due to unwonted leniency on the part of England toward her as a neutral. But notwithstanding this disastrous blow made by Napoleon, and the actual confiscation of American shipping in consequence, the United States raised no immediate voice of protest. The act of Napoleon was unprecedented, and it paralyzed the ocean trade of the Americans ; still it was borne in a spirit of meekness. This decree of the French made it necessary for England, in self-defence, to issue an Order in Council to meet the emergency, which was done in January, 1807. This decree ordered that no vessel should be permitted to trade from one port to another, both which ports should belong to, or be in the possession of France or her allies, or where British vessels may not freely trade. Any vessel after being duly warned, found violating this order, should be condemned as lawful prize with her cargo. "The spirit of this order was to deprive the French and all the nations subject to her control, which had embraced the continental system, of the advantages of the coasting trade in neutral bottoms ; and, considering the much more violent and extensive character of the Berlin Decree, there can be no doubt that it was a very mild and lenient measure of retaliation".—(Alison.) And Mr. Munroe, then the United States Minister to London, communicated this order to his Government in words of satisfaction ; certainly with no words of complaint. These edicts of France and England undoubtedly bore heavily upon the commerce of the United States, but while that enforced by Napoleon was by far the most disastrous, the American Government officially noticed it in the mildest terms ; at the same time addressing the British Government in tones of anger and resentment. Immediately following was an event calculated to increase this feeling of vindictiveness among Americans, and which would have been a just ground of animosity had it not been promptly met on the part of the British Government by an ample *amende*. On the 22nd June, 1807, Captain Humphries, of H. M. Ship, *Leopard*, 74 guns, acting under orders from Admiral Berkeley, followed the United States frigate *Chesapeake* from Hampton Roads, Virginia, and knowing that the *Chesapeake* had on board as seamen a number of deserters, overhauled her, and demanded the men, specifying them by name. The Commander of the *Chesapeake* refused the demand, whereupon the *Leopard* fired a broadside into her, to which the *Chesapeake* feebly replied. A second fire from the *Leopard* caused her to strike her

colours, having had three men killed and eighteen wounded. The deserters were discovered and taken to Halifax and tried, one of which being found guilty of piracy and mutiny, was hanged. England at this time claimed the right of search for deserters on board American vessels, which right she was none the less unwilling to relinquish, from the fact that the United States held out inducements, as she has ever since, to soldiers and seamen to desert her service. The American Government without waiting for any explanation, or asking for satisfaction, immediately issued a proclamation in which it was peremptorily demanded that "all armed vessels bearing Commissions under the Government of Great Britain within the harbours or waters of the United States, immediately and without any delay should depart," and the entrance to the harbours or waters of all armed vessels, and others bearing Commissions was interdicted. This proclamation was written in a manner most calculated to arouse and intensify the public feeling in the States against England. At the same time the fleets of France had free access to the United States. The British Government promptly disowned the act of the Admiral, before receiving a demand from the United States for satisfaction; at the same time declaring "that the right to search when applied to vessels of war, extended only to a requisition, but could not be carried into effect by actual force." Admiral Berkeley was suspended, and Captain Humphries was recalled. It is safe to say that had the Commander of any other power been the offender, the United States would have waited to learn if the act was endorsed by his Government; and when a prompt and ample apology had been made would have been fully satisfied. England despatched a special envoy to Washington to offer reparation, but before he should enter upon negotiations, it was required that the President's Proclamation of embargo should be withdrawn. This the United States refused to do and Mr. Rose, the ambassador, returned home. The utterances of an American official journal, the *Intelligencer*, at this time very clearly reveal the occult cause of the unwillingness to accept the overtures of England. It said, "The national spirit is up. That spirit is invaluable. In case of war it is to lead us to conquest. In such an event *there must cease to be an inch of British ground on this continent.*" This spirit was fostered, the embargo was enforced, although it had a disastrous effect upon the United States commerce. On the First of March a non-intercourse Act was substituted, which applied to both England and France, but the effect fell principally upon England.

Jefferson's second term of office as President had terminated in March, 1809. He was succeeded by Mr. Madison, who brought to his position even a more bitter animosity to England than his predecessor had. Renewed efforts were made by England from time to time to conciliate the United States, but in vain. The same bias remained towards France,

notwithstanding that nation continued to confiscate their vessels ; while there was an ever-increasing war-feeling toward England. Matters had been made worse by Mr. Erskine, who, as the successor of Mr. Rose, had in his endeavour to pacify the Americans overstepped the limits set by the British Government in endeavouring to satisfy them. Relying upon certain verbal promises of the Americans, he in turn made statements and engagements quite outside of his instructions, and which England could not concede. She well understood that Napoleon was intriguing with the President, and had to act accordingly. The non-fulfilment of Mr. Erskine's arrangement, made necessary by the conduct of the French Emperor, as well as because contrary to instructions given to Mr. Erskine, tended to irritate the already inflamed passions of the Americans. Yet meanwhile the French had continued to seize United States' vessels in a very aggravating manner, without exhausting the patience of the Americans. At last, however, Napoleon pretended through his minister to revoke the Berlin decree. His subsequent conduct showed it was only a pretence. Immediately, the United States required England to make concessions equal to those promised by Napoleon. But England refused to do so until Napoleon had issued a Proclamation. Matters were, then, in this shape between the United States and France, and England respectively. Both European nations continued to inflict injury upon American commerce, but more especially France. She had promised to revoke the obnoxious decree, but did not, and continued all the same to seize American vessels. England, willing to do what France did in the matter, was called upon by the United States to do what France had promised to do, but did not do. And it was in consequence of this that Congress at last took the extreme step of declaring war against England. In November, 1811, the President sent a message to Congress, with a warlike spirit, and the Committee on Foreign Affairs recommended the raising of 25,000 regulars and 50,000 militia, and other warlike preparations. And on the 18th June, 1812, war was declared. Let it, however, be said that the bill declaring war was not passed without strong opposition. In the House of Representatives it passed by a vote of 79 to 49, and in the Senate by 19 to 14.

While the United States had resolved to enter upon the path of war, England had been taking important steps to meet their wishes, although so exorbitant and inconsistent, little thinking that so rash a procedure would be adopted by the American Government. It was five days after war had been declared (before England could have become aware of that act) when she officially announced the unequivocal revocation of the Order in Council, so far as America was concerned, and it was with extreme surprise that the news was received that the

United States was already at war with her. It would be regarded by every rational mind, as a natural result of this pacific act of England, that when the United States became aware of it, a declaration of peace would immediately have followed. And it is a matter of wonder to this day how a civilized and Christian nation could excuse any other course of conduct. Hostilities had not yet commenced, and the States were by no means unanimously in favour of war. But the position so ruthlessly and malignantly assumed was maintained. It becomes at once apparent that the pretended reasons for declaring war were not the real ones. Indeed, the true reasons cropped up in the newspapers, and in the inflammatory speeches in and out of Congress. The strongholds of England in America, Quebec and Halifax, were pointed to as easy of conquest, and the British standard was to be for ever banished from the Continent.

The following remarks by a Canadian writer (Auchinleck) are fitting comments upon the character of the United States:—"The war—the grand provocation having been removed—was persisted in, for want of a better excuse, on the ground of the impressment question. But the impressment matter had been actually arranged in the Treaty of 1806—a treaty approved of to the fullest extent, and signed by the negotiators of the United States concerned in framing it, though Mr. Jefferson afterwards, for reasons best known to himself, refused to ratify it. Nobody, therefore, could pretend but that the question of right of search and impressment, as it had once been settled, might be settled again, without recourse to arms, and was still open for amicable adjustment. Besides the moral obligation manifestly resting upon the Government of the United States to abandon, in common honesty and fairness, a war, the alleged provocation to which had been removed, the American Congress were virtually pledged to such an abandonment, their own words witnessing against them. In the report of the Committee (November 29th, 1811) urging preparation for war, it was stated that their intention was, 'as soon as the forces contemplated to be raised should be in any tolerable state of preparation, to recommend the employment of them for the purpose for which they shall have been raised, *unless Great Britain shall, in the meantime, have done us justice.*' Thus the course which they themselves acknowledged would be just, and gave implied promise of adopting, was not adopted when the condition had been fulfilled. The Government of the United States stand, then, self-convicted of wanton aggression on the North American colonies of Great Britain, and of prosecuting the war on grounds different from those which they were accustomed to assign. If to our motherland there attach the reproach of impolitic pertinacity in maintaining so long a system prejudicial to her own commerce, and irritating to a neutral

power, under an impression of necessary self-defence, right in the first instance, but subsequently, by the angry legislation of the United States, rendered delusive ; there is, at least, no moral turpitude in such a charge. The just of conquest, however, involving, as it does, moral guilt, provokes a censure, and fixes a stain which the honour of a nation, and of a Christian nation especially, is deeply concerned in repelling, if it can. For this offence against national integrity and good faith, the Government of the United States are answerable in prosecuting the war from motives clearly distinct from those which they avowed—motives not at all consistent with the position in which they desired to place themselves before the world—that of an aggrieved people contending for rights which have been infringed ; motives, in short, arising wholly from popular feeling at once covetous of the possessions of another nation, and exasperated for the time by passions beyond control. In a word, the war of 1812 was a war of AGGRESSION, and its fate was that with which it is the usual providence of God to visit, sooner or later, all aggressive wars—it was a failure, and a failure, though brightened by occasional triumph, involving, on the whole, a large amount of retributive calamity. It is, too, a remarkable, we might say, providential, circumstance that the failure was mainly brought about through the gallant and the unexpected resistance of the very colony which was regarded by its invaders as likely to prove an easy conquest, in consequence more particularly of the disloyalty to the British Crown vainly imagined to lurk in its heart. That very colony which, to the war-party in Congress, was the object of cupidity, and by a strong delusion afforded them their highest hopes of success, became largely instrumental to their discomfiture. This looks like a judicial disappointment of schemes not merely visionary and inconsiderate, but—what is far worse—violent and unjust.”

The historical fragments hereafter to be given, to which this paper is an introductory, will be derived mainly from those who took part in the war of 1812, containing personal sketches of the veterans, with illustrations ; and the wish is here expressed that those who have not supplied information to the writer, will kindly do so at an early day.

AN ANXIOUS DAY FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY "H. B. K.," AUTHORESS OF "LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

OF all the dull and disagreeable stations to which a marching regimen could be consigned, I can think of none more dreary than the little Town of Fermoy, in the County of Cork, Ireland. What it may be now I cannot tell, but certainly in the year 183— it was worse than any cathedral city in England, and both officers and men in the army proverbially dislike being quartered in cathedral towns. On our arrival from Cork, where we had been stationed for more than a year, we found our barracks dirty, damp and inconvenient, but as there were neither houses to be hired nor lodgings to be let at any price, we had to make the best of our very limited accommodation, two rooms and part of a kitchen being the orthodox allowance.

Almost close together were two barracks and two barrack squares, but one was a desolate and long abandoned spot, condemned by the authorities, but, instead of being pulled down, allowed to fall gradually into decay, and here armies of rats held their revels, undisturbed till the arrival of our regiment, when the deserted square became a happy hunting-ground for our young officers and their well-trained terriers.

The society of Fermoy at this period comprised a very small sprinkling of county families, a few rich retired traders, and the shopkeepers of the place. The country generally was in a most disturbed state, all the better class of landlords were absentees, who left their rights and duties as lords of the soil to be exercised by the agents or middlemen, who, with few exceptions, were specimens of the worst class of low tyrants, and who, detested by the peasantry on account of their grinding executions, went on from day to day, increasing the hatred against themselves, and the poverty of the poor cotters left defenceless in their hands. The ravages of the cholera, two years before, had been followed by famine; political party spirit ran high; religious differences were more embittered than ever; the tithes collected for the maintenance of a Church to which the majority did not belong were rigorously exacted; the search after illicit stills was unceasing, and as the newly organised police of Sir Robert Peel had by no means attained its present efficiency, and were hated by the peasantry, who, from the first, bestowed upon them the contemptuous soubriquet of "peelers," the military were continually called upon for services by no means connected with their profession, and grumbled very much at being associated in the degrading

duties of thief-takers and tithe-proctors. I can only compare the state of the Irish peasantry at the time of which I am writing to the miserable and ground-down condition of the peasants of Lorraine at the time of the French Revolution, so graphically described by the Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian, in their "Story of a Peasant." Coming as our regiment did from the unbounded hospitality of a wealthy city, and the incessant gaiety of a large circle of friends and acquaintances, the change was greatly felt, and, contrary to all regimental precedent, our young officers were quite thankful to be told off for detachment duty, generally considered the dulllest phase of a subaltern's life.

We had been settled at Fermoy for about two months when the affair of the Widow Ryan took place, which, with its tragical consequences, threw upon the military an increased degree of odium, in which our regiment shared, though, happily for our feelings, not mixed up in it. For those of my readers who never heard of the Widow Ryan, it is necessary to explain that she was a poor widow, living with an only son at the foot of the mountain range, a few miles from Fermoy. Her cabin, with its few acres of land for potatoes, and the pasture of her one cow, was placed among a cluster of huts tenanted by people mostly poorer than herself, and forming a rude hamlet. Steadily refusing to pay the tithes, and pleading indeed inability to do so, the officials of the law, a tithe-proctor and a party of "peelers," were sent to seize her goods, and those of other defaulters in her immediate vicinity, and as they were pretty sure of rough treatment from the well-known disaffection of the country round, a party of the military with a magistrate at their head accompanied the civil force. The soldiers were drawn from the regiment quartered in the same barracks with ours, and when the events of the day were over, we were thankful that our men had not been called out. On the combined party arriving at the ground, they found a considerable mob assembled in front of the cabins, armed, Irish fashion, with sticks and stones. At first the opposition was limited to deep muttered curses and threatening gestures, but when the myrmidons of the law began to seize the cows and pigs, and other goods of the defaulters, then the tumult broke forth in all its fury, sticks and stones flew about like hail, and the "peelers," wounded and bruised, were driven back upon the soldiery, who up to this time had remained with grounded arms, quietly looking on. Matters growing worse, the magistrate in command of the party advanced to the front, and, in spite of the missiles flying about, read the Riot Act. After that the soldiers were ordered to fire a volley, which wounded severely two or three peasants, but took fatal effect on young Ryan, a fine, handsome lad of nineteen, who was standing with a pitchfork at the entrance of his mother's "haggard," fiercely opposing the seizure of their one cow. He

fell dead on the spot, and a scene followed which baffles description. The wailing shrieks of the poor bereaved mother, the screams and cries of frightened women and children over the wounded men, the yells and execrations of the men, were, as a bystander described it, appalling. Nevertheless, the tithe-proctor and his assistants completed their seizure, and withdrew, escorted by the military, and driving their prey before them, and in this manner the soldiers returned to the barracks to horrify us with an account of the day's proceedings. For a long time after this, "the Widow Ryan affair" was the general theme of conversation, and became indeed to the British public of that day, what the "Jenkin's Ear" question, so much laughed at by Carlyle, had been in the century before. The benevolent deplored the individual wrong and suffering; the intelligent argued and discussed the "whys" and "wherefores" of the catastrophe; the civilians blamed the military for rashness and cruelty; the military sheltered themselves under the orders of the civil magistrate.

It was about a week after this tragical event that the orderly sergeant brought to our quarters the regimental book with the orders for the following day. Captain K. took the book, and read the orders out loud that I might hear. A large party of our men were to start before daylight the next morning for tithe-collecting in a village not far from the Widow Ryan's neighbourhood. Looking up from the window where I was embroidering, I was quite struck by the wrapt attention with which "Judy," the Roman Catholic wet nurse of our youngest boy, was listening to what passed between her master and the orderly sergeant. Soon after he left, when I had gone into the adjoining bedroom, she followed me, and most urgently asked leave to go to confession to her priest in the town that very evening, alleging, as a reason, that she had not been for some time, owing to "Master Arthur's illness." I at once refused permission, telling her, very truly, that as the soldiers were to start before daylight, and as a few indispensable preparations were necessary for her master's comfort, I could not be left, for some hours probably, with the three babies, the youngest one, only six weeks old, taking up the entire time of my English nurse. Judy appeared very sulky at being refused, and mentioning this to a friend, quartered with her husband in the same house, I found that all the Roman Catholic maidservants had made the same request, doubtless with the intention of giving full information to the priest of the intended movements of the soldiers. The next morning before day-break the party started, and I may truly say that those left behind passed a very anxious and uncomfortable day. We might in fact have considered ourselves prisoners, for we were strongly recommended to keep within the barrack walls during the absence of the troops, and a

strong guard had charge of the barrack gates, but these precautions were more ludicrous than useful, as, in point of fact, there was no part of the low barrack wall that a moderately active man, if so disposed, could not have easily jumped over.

We ladies walked a good deal up and down the barrack square with our nurses and children, talking over the chances of a collision between the peasants and the soldiers, till one became as nervous as the other, nor were we reassured by clearly perceiving that we were under surveillance, as a little army of ragged urchins from the outside were watching our every movement, and telegraphing to older spies in the distance, especially one ragged man on a donkey, who went and returned many times during the day. However, all days must inevitably come to an end, and so did this one, and when, before dark, the absent troops triumphantly re-entered the barrack square and were dismissed to their quarters, I did hope that all doubts and anxieties were over, and that my husband would speedily come in to the nice dinner I had prepared for him. Such was not the case. A message came from the officer who had commanded the party, to beg that I would not alarm myself, but that Captain K. had been unable, from sudden lameness, to keep up with the line of march as the party returned, and had, at his own desire, been left behind on the road—that he was sure to come in soon, &c. I at once surmised the truth, that he had become disabled from the long march and the subsequent standing for hours on the damp ground, and this in consequence of a severe wound in the hip, received in action during the Burmese war, and which, to the end of his life, gave him exquisite pain on any change of weather, or after undue muscular exertion. My terrors were great, and certainly not without some foundation. It could not but be dangerous for a single officer, wearing the detested uniform, to be on a lonely road only traversed by peasants in a state of irritation from real and fancied wrongs. I remembered, too, that he had no arms whatever but the usual “regulation” sword, than which there could hardly be a more inefficient weapon. The *red hot coulter* wielded with such dexterity by “Bailie Nicol Jarvie” at the Clachan of Aberfoil, might be a weapon to rely upon in case of emergency, but a “regulation” sword of former days was hardly equal to a long knitting needle, and in a struggle for life and death would have been quite useless. All these perils, magnified by a vivid imagination, kept me in agonies for more than two hours, and I was on the point of writing to our colonel to implore that at least a corporal’s guard might be sent out to look for my husband, when Captain K. himself, looking dreadfully ill, and in a state of complete exhaustion, limped across the barrack square to our quarters, having been assisted down from a gentleman’s gig, who kindly drew up close to the

barrack gate, and, after a cordial shake of the hand, immediately drove off. Captain K.'s account of his day, after the troops left him, was as follows :—

He managed to limp along the road for a mile or two, soon losing sight of the soldiers, and then tried to rest by sitting down now and then on the road side, but the effort of rising gave him such dreadful pain in the wounded hip, that he thought it wiser to keep upon his feet. Occasionally he passed a cabin, the inmates of which, mostly women and children, came out to stare at him, but, quite contrary to Irish hospitality and kindness, not a soul invited him in to rest and shelter, though a drizzling rain was falling, and his extreme lameness was quite apparent. He began to regret that he had not accepted the kind offer of the major in command of the party, who had offered to mount him on his own horse. He soon noticed that every peasant he met looked at him and his uniform in a scowling, threatening manner, and he felt that his prospects for the next few hours were anything but inviting even supposing that he could continue to walk till he got back into Fermoy. His strength, however, was fast failing, and as he approached the base of a long steep hill, not many miles from the town, he felt how impossible it would be for him to climb it. In this dilemma he considered what was best to be done, and resolved to turn off the main road into a bye lane, which led from it, with a view to lying under the thick hedge for an hour or two of rest, which might enable him to finish his painful journey later, if that should be possible. He was anxious, also, to retire from observation, for he noticed that four or five peasants had joined each other, and were standing full in his path at the foot of the hill, looking in his direction and wildly gesticulating.

At this critical moment Providence sent him most unexpected help. He heard the welcome sound of wheels advancing from the bottom of the lane, at the entrance of which he was standing, and very soon a strong, substantial yellow gig, drawn by a powerful Irish horse, and driven by the celebrated Dr. Roche, rapidly approached. The benevolent but eccentric doctor was well known to my husband by report, and slightly by sight. He was, indeed, one of the best types of a highly gifted Irishman. A distinguished scholar, a finished gentleman, a genial companion, with all the wit and eloquence of the national character, he was courted and welcomed by the few resident gentry scattered about the neighbourhood. By the poor peasants he was perfectly idolized on account of his large-hearted sympathy with their sorrows and wants, his unbounded benevolence in relieving them, and his great skill as a medical man, which was almost gratuitously exercised for their benefit. He was a true patriot, but did not see that sedition and rebellion were fit means to redress the wrongs of his country—he was a staunch Roman

Catholic, but had an enlightened respect for all consistent professors of other creeds. He was now returning from a visit to the poor bereaved Widow Ryan, and when he caught sight of a lame officer and the group of scowling men at a little distance, he took in the situation at a glance, and, drawing up to the side of the road, cordially held out his hand, and with a cheery "Come in, captain, we must get you out of this," made room by his side. Getting in by the aid of the doctor's powerful grasp, my husband seated himself with a full sense of security and thankfulness, and they exchanged very few words before reaching the little knot of loiterers at the foot of the hill, each one looking as if a prey just within his reach had been unjustly snatched from him. The doctor, who evidently knew them all, had a kind word for one, a gay jest for another, a medical inquiry for a third, and, in fact, something to say to all, keeping his horse at the same time to as fast a pace as was possible up a steep hill. The men, however, seemed determined to keep up with him, talking a good deal among themselves, and one stalwart peasant, who rejoiced in the name of "Barney O'Leary," trotted by the doctor's side, keeping his hand on the bar of the gig, and talking wholly at first in Irish, the name of Ryan being often repeated. At length he broke out in English, "Troth, and it's meself, docthor dear, that's fairly kilt wid the wondher to see the likes of yourself with a dirty spalpeen of a soger by your side—och! the murtherin' villain," shaking his fist and scowling angrily at the doctor's companion. To all this the doctor coolly replied, "And is it meself, Barney, my man, that you'd have leaving a poor lame creature on the road, and" (sinking his voice to an audible whisper) "he, too, a blood relation of the mistress at home. Sure! and isn't cousinship a claim?" Barney's brow cleared a little at the mention of this improvised relationship, for no where are the ties of blood more closely drawn than among the warm, impulsive Irish. He still, however, continued to talk to the doctor with a latent suspicion in his tone that all was not quite right, but at length the brow of the hill was reached, and with a cheerful farewell to his unwelcome escort, and a smart touch of the whip to his fast trotting horse, all danger was left behind, and the doctor, (truly a good Samaritan) having fulfilled his mission, safely deposited my husband at the barrack gate.

A three weeks' confinement for Captain K. followed this "anxious day," during which he was not allowed to stir from his sofa, so great was the fear of the re-opening and inflammation of his old wound.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XIX—(*Continued*).

AND, indeed, Ella was looking grave enough. She had not bargained for being lectured on her marriage-day, and there were other reasons that made Mr. Landon's admonition distasteful to her. However, it was no time for discouraging thoughts. The carriage had come to take all four of them to church, where she would require all the presence of mind needed by a bride, and more. The "sacred edifice," as the local newspaper afterwards described it, "was thronged with fashionable spectators," though the marriage party itself, including, as it did, the commissary and Mr. Landon, could hardly have been described as fashionable. The former gentleman had been asked in consideration of his daughter's services, and came in uniform, with white trousers, which some faint recollection of festivities in out-of-the-way climes had caused him to put on in honour of the occasion.

"My good fellow," whispered the colonel grimly, "you have made some mistake; it is only the bride that should appear in white, and you are not the bride, you know, nor anything like it."

It was disagreeable for the commissary to find Mr. Hugh Darall in the post of Cecil's "best man" (though he might have taken as much for granted), since his last interview with that young gentleman had been far from agreeable. But not much regard was paid to the commissary's sour looks, or even his "duck" trousers; all eyes were fixed upon the young couple as they stood in front of the altar rails, a picture "to make old folks young." A handsomer pair it would have been hard to find, or (which is better) a more winsome; for Cecil had such a face as bespeaks for its possessor the good will of the beholder, and Ella had none of that haughtiness which, in women, so often accompanies (and detracts from) exceptional beauty. She held her head high too, and had a certain listening and expectant air, such as the stag assumes when doubtful tidings are borne to him upon the mountain-wind. So marked was this when the priest inquired whether either of them knew of any impediment to their being joined together, that the fancy struck one of the congregation that she looked as if she apprehended interruption, and was prepared to strike it down. No such inauspicious incident, however, marred the ceremony which made Cecil and Ella man and wife. In the vestry a curious circumstance took place; as the bride was about to

sign her name for the last time, her newly-made father-in-law whispered something in her ear. It was only, "Dont you sign the wrong name, my dear."

Yet Ella dropped the pen, and uttered an ejaculation of dismay.

"Why, I surely haven't frightened you," observed the old gentleman. "I meant that you were not to sign your married name, as most girls do in their hurry to show they've caught a husband; it was only my little joke, bless you."

"And it was only that I was a little nervous just at the moment," answered Ella, sweetly; as she wrote her name in the usual quick, bold hand.

The colonel had turned his back upon them both, and became suddenly interested in the long rows of parish account-books which stood over his head; but his face grew crimson, and had not resumed its natural colour—which was that of the best description of parchment—when it came his turn to sign the register.

His guest from the City had certainly not been successful in pleasing him by his conversation during their short acquaintanceship; nor was he more felicitous with the commissary at the marriage-breakfast. He was one of those merry old gentlemen who will have their jokes, and he took upon himself to propose the health of the bridesmaid. There was but one, he said, which he thought hard upon "us gentlemen," and even that one, it was obvious, was bespoken; at the same time giving Mr. Hugh Darall a waggish poke with his elbow. It is probable that no harmless pleasantry had, up to that time, succeeded in making so many persons at once uncomfortable as did that unlucky observation.

Darall, of course, became a peony; Gracie, a rose; and the commissary, no flower at all, but the hue of an inferior silk, shot with green and yellow.

"Now, he has done it," muttered the colonel, as though the worthy merchant had at last arrived at the ne plus ultra of his colloquial offences. But it is doubtful even if he did not cap that, in a certain apparently very innocent remark which he made as he left the house, after the bride and bridegroom had departed.

"You need not trouble yourself to put the little affair that has happened to-day in the newspapers, colonel; that is a business matter which lies more in my way than in yours, and, if you will give me the necessary instructions, I will direct one of my clerks to get it done this afternoon."

"The devil you will!" ejaculated the colonel.

"Well, why not? It is of no great consequence, I suppose, which of us pays the few shillings for the advertisement. You don't think the proposition a liberty, I hope?"

If eyes could speak, the colonel's answer would have been, "I think it a dashed piece of impertinence, sir;" but what his voice said was, "I think it a matter that should be left in my hands, Mr. Landon."

"Very good; then you will see to it."

The merchant's judgment of the colonel's capacity as a man of business was a correct one, as was afterwards effectually demonstrated by the fact, that the marriage of Cecil Landon with Ella Mayne was never recorded in any newspaper, save the local one, or advertised even there

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE ABBEY.

IT is one of the many proofs of the enthusiasm of youth, and of the sanguine ideas that enter into the human breast even at a later period, in connection with the holy estate of matrimony, that so many newly married couples should select the Lake district, as the scene of their honeymoon. For the wet weather so prevalent in that locality, and the absence of all other amusements save that derived from gazing at the scenery, make a honeymoon there less a "trial trip," as Mr. Landon prosaically called it, than a crucial test of companionship, under which more than one happy pair have been known to break down. This, however, let us hasten to declare, was not the case with Cecil and Ella. They were exceptionally fortunate in the weather, and even when they were kept within doors—which was not more than four days out of the seven—their social barometer never sank below Fair. If the cynics should require another reason, the husband had everything his own way; his Ella doted upon him, as is not usual at that early period of matrimony, when the doting is generally on the other side. Whatever excursion he proposed, she always agreed that it would be delightful, and what is better, she found it so. When it rained (for even during the other three days it did that) she made nothing of it, but in the most bewitching of waterproofs defied, or perhaps rejoiced the elements. "It was no wonder," said Cecil, "that the naughty rain should try to come where it shouldn't, and the wicked wind should kiss her;" and as for the aborigines, though they are more accustomed to contemplate young brides than any other people on the face of the earth, they protested that no such beauty had been seen among them for many a summer.

Ella exhibited no will of her own at all (with which, strange to say, before marriage even Cecil had occasionally credited her), and only once a passing whim, or fancy, and for even that there had been a physical cause. The circumstance took place in the fourth week of their tour, when they were returning from the region of mere and mountain, by

the southern route, which had brought them to Furniss Abbey, where they had wisely proposed to stay the night. The spot is familiar to all lovers of the picturesque who are not hopelessly given up to the Continent, in all the length and breadth of which, so fine a ruin is not to be found, associated with so well fitting, and harmonious an hotel. Not that the latter is ruinous, either in its appearance or its charges, but having been an old manor house, and being built of somewhat similar materials to that of the Abbey, there is a congruity between them seldom seen. An antiquary or an archæologist can, at all events, put up at it without any shock to his sensibilities, and as he walks across the ancient garden that separates the two edifices (keeping his eyes tight shut, however—as he can always do when he pleases—against the neighbouring railway), steps from old times to older without a break.

Across this garden, after Cecil had secured their rooms and ordered dinner—for he was never so blinded by romance as not to take those wise precautions—our happy pair had sauntered to the Abbey, the blood-red walls of which were flushing deeper still beneath the evening sun. The ruin was bathed in quiet more complete than when the monks—whom their order bound to silence—had themselves inhabited it: not a sound was heard save that of the cawing rooks, for whom that “Valley of the Nightshade” was a home before a cowl had been seen there. Even to the eyes of Youth and Love there was something solemn and awe-inspiring, as they crossed the threshold of the arched doorway, in the look of that long transept, with grass for floor, and sky for roof. The bliss of that tender time was for the moment shadowed by a sense of sublimity. As for Cecil, indeed, he scarce knew which was transept and which chancel, but Ella had all the requisite knowledge at her fingers’ ends. She pointed out to him where the high altar had once stood, warmed with “gules” from the five wounds of Christ, and the carved canopies of the sedilia, where abbot after abbot had^o listened to the awful tones of the *De Profundis*. Sacristy and chapel, refectory and hospitium, to him would have been undistinguishable ruins, but for the sweet voice that gave to each their uses.

“My darling,” cried he, “you are a perfect guide-book, and as such (as Tom Moore says) must be bound in my arms!”

They were in the cloisters by that time, a spot, in one point of view, opportune enough for an affectionate embrace, since it was lonely, and free from all beholders; but if Cecil had had any regard for the fitness of things, he would surely have hesitated to wake those venerable echoes with a kiss. For the cloisters had been the very place selected by the Cistercians for the meditations of their young monks, after having been admitted into the society, by requesting of the good abbot “the mercy of God, and yours.” The court in the centre was a burial-ground, where

the gravestones were laid level, so that studious walkers should not be impeded, and at the same time might be drawn to serious thought.

Ella gravely pointed out these facts in reproving tones ; but Cecil answered gaily, that he had read so much of the history of the Abbey, as informed him that at the time of its dissolution, Johannes Pele (abbas) had two wives ; and another venerable member of the community, no less than five, so that kissing within the abbey boundaries was not, after all, so very incongruous.

Ella could not but smile at this result of Cecil's archæological reading.

"I had no idea that you were such a student of the literature of the church, my dear."

"Nor I, that I had married such an antiquarian," he rejoined. "How comes it that all these architectural details are like A B C to you?"

"I was brought up among people who took a great interest in such things," replied Ella, carelessly. "Let us climb these stairs, and see the dormitories."

A broad but broken flight of stone steps led to the roofless upper storey, where the very walls had gaps in them, and time had wrought an almost utter ruin.

"The monks must have had plenty of ventilation," observed Cecil, "even when there was a roof to their bedroom."

"Yes, they were no sybarites ; they had straw mattresses, and a bolster that was but a foot and a-half long ; those who attended the choir rose at midnight to sing the divine offices. Their only relaxation was——"

"Hush," said Cecil. "If your head is a pretty steady one, just look down here."

From where they stood the eye could command the roofless chapter-house, the only apartment otherwise in a tolerable state of preservation ; its double row of channelled pillars was yet standing, and the dais, or raised seat, on which the abbot and his monks sat during trials, and on the private business of the monastery, still ran round three of its sides. This historical apartment had now a tenant, in the person of an old gentleman, who was examining with great attention one of its lancet windows. He was a little weasen man, in a long frock-coat, with a wisp of silk round his neck, and a broad-brimmed beaver hat upon his head.

"There's a fellow who might have lived in these old times himself, to look at him," whispered Cecil. "He's an antiquary, I'll bet a sovereign ; perhaps you'd like to cultivate his acquaintance. By jingo ! he would be like your Uncle Gerard, if the colonel got his clothes second-hand from Monmouth-street. What's the matter, my dear?"

"I feel faint, Cecil, and giddy."

Indeed, she looked pale enough, as she clung to his arm, with eyes averted from the scene to which he would have called her attention.

"That comes of looking down from such a height, my dear; I was a fool to suggest it; step carefully down the stairs, darling. You feel better now?"

They had descended to the transept.

"Not much, I am still faint."

"That is my fault; a judgment for eavesdropping that has missed the real offender—as judgments sometimes do—and fallen upon you. Let us get out of this blessed Abbey, which is mouldy enough to make any one feel faint."

"It is not the Abbey, Cecil. To tell you the truth, I have not been well ever since I came into the Valley itself, it is so shut in. They call it 'the Vale of Nightshade;' perhaps it's poisonous to some people."

"My dear Ella, what a horrible notion!"

"I dare say it's all fancy, but then, one can't help fancies."

"But you seemed so particularly well and jolly, my darling, only a few minutes ago."

"I tried to appear so, Cecil; to bear up on your account; but now I find myself quite unequal to it."

"You certainly look very queer, darling," said Cecil with concern.

"But you'll be better for your dinner. I've ordered it in the coffee-room, because I thought it would be more cheerful; and then you can compare notes upon the Abbey with that old Dryasdust. I'll ask the landlord what his name is."

"No, no," exclaimed Ella, hurriedly; "indeed, I could not eat dinner; and certainly not in the public room."

As they crossed the garden, Cecil observed how heavily she leant upon his arm, notwithstanding her evident desire to walk quickly. What struck him as even more significant was, that, when they got within doors, she at once accepted his offer of a glass of sherry, though as a rule she took no wine.

The affair began to seem quite alarming, as sickness always does to one who knows nothing about it, and who is conscious of his incapacity to "do anything."

"I wonder whether you would think me very, very foolish," said Ella, perceiving what was in his mind, "if I were to propose going on to-night—say to Lancaster—I feel as though if we remained here I might be taken ill."

"Of course, we'll go on, if there's a train, love."

A glance at Bradshaw informed him that there was a train, which started within half-an-hour, and by that time they were ready for departure. The very idea of going seemed to have put to flight half

Ella's sudden malady. She still felt "queer," however, she said, and chilly, and wrapped herself about in cloak and shawl, as though it were winter time. As they crossed the hall that led to the railway platform, the old antiquary entered from the garden. He had a note-book in his hand, but did not appear to have made any original discoveries, to judge by his countenance, which was grave, even to melancholy.

"I think that poor old buffer had better come away with us," whispered Cecil, "for the place seems to disagree with him too. You might in charity have shown him your pretty face, my dear, instead of muffling yourself up like a beauty of the harem."

Cecil was different from the majority of bridegrooms in not being jealous of his wife's charms. He took a pride rather in the admiration they extorted from others.

Ella answered nothing, but only moved on more quickly, and as he did so, Cecil felt her tremble on his arm.

Once in the train, however, she soon recovered, and, after passing Ulverstone, became quite herself again. The loveliness of Morecambe Bay, on whose perilous sands so many have taken leave of life with the fairest of earth's prospects spread before them, as though to mock their misery, seemed to kindle her enthusiasm; or was it that she strove by a constant stream of talk to drown her husband's recollection of her recent strange behaviour? If the latter, she was not successful, for at supper that night, seeing her quite well and strong again, he began to rally her upon her mysterious indisposition.

"I don't believe it was the Furness air, my dear, that so affected you. I suspect it was the sight of that old fogey."

"What old fogey?"

"There, now I'm sure of it," answered Cecil, laughing. "The idea of your pretending not to know what I mean; you turned faint when you looked at him, and you trembled when he looked at you. If I were of a jealous disposition, and that respectable antiquary were about three-quarters of a century younger than he looked, I should be really inclined to think that he had been an old love of yours."

"Then you would be very much mistaken, Cecil," returned she, gravely, and with no answering smile; "for I have never had—and never can have while life is left to me—any other love save you."

A reply which would have satisfied the most sceptical of bridegrooms; and scepticism—of that sort at least—was not to be reckoned among the many faults of Cecil Landon.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

CIRCUMSTANCES mould our friendships almost as much as they form them. "Though time may divide us, and oceans may part," is a very pretty sentiment ; but it is also true that when ropes' ends have not met one another for a long time, the old splicing does not come so easy. There are knots and kinks that did not use to be of old—or if they were, for which we could more readily make allowance—which render the strand : of long-parted friendship difficult to renew, as summed up by Colonel Juxon, indeed, thus succinctly : " When a fellow hasn't seen a fellow for a devil of a time, it stands to reason that he can't care twopence about him ? " The statement may be a little exaggerated, but in the rough the colonel was correct. The marriage of Cecil Landon, for example, by separating him from his old companion, Hugh Darall, did, doubtless, weaken the bonds of friendship between them. New associations, new companionships, sprang up around each which the other no longer shared, and to some extent, though unconsciously, estranged them from one another. The vice versâ of this process, it is true, by no means holds good ; you may meet a man every day, as one does meet one's club acquaintances, some of whom one certainly likes no better on that account ; but even these may become more en rapport and sympathetic with one than one's own true friend who remains at a distance. Not, indeed—to revert again to the case in point—that Woolwich was far from London, or that the difficulties of the route between those two localities were very formidable ; but Woolwich is out of the way of a London man, as Cecil had become, and Darall was more or less the slave of duty, and could not run up to town when he pleased.

It was not only business that employed the junior partner of the house of Landon & Son. He attended at the office with punctuality, for he considered himself tacitly pledged to do so ; but the work though light enough—as most business work is which is not absolute drudgery—was distasteful to him. His own apartment was snug enough, and very superior to any barrack-room that would have fallen to his lot had he remained in the army ; but the unaccustomed loneliness affected his spirits. The hours hung heavily on hand with him ; for, though his attention was loyally given to matters of business whenever demanded, no feeling of interest accompanied it. Sometimes the affairs of the firm took him into the country—generally to the West of England—and that was more disagreeable to him than all. When his mission for the day was then accomplished, there was no companionship, no amusement, in which he could lose the recollection of it until the morrow. In London

he erased the memory of the tedious day by pleasures that might almost be termed dissipations.

"Hang it, Ella," he would say, on coming home, in those early days, when discontent was not as yet in the ear, but in the grain, "I have been half bored to death in Weathermill Street; let us have a lark somewhere."

Whereupon they would go to the play. Ella was ready enough for gaiety, but would have been equally ready to spend a quiet evening in her husband's company; her whole aim in life was to please him, and for a time she succeeded—wonderfully. For, though beauty, cleverness, and personal devotion must needs succeed in winning the affections of any man, they cannot always retain them. And herein was manifested what had been really amiss in the union of these two young people; not that they were too young—for that is a matter to be decided upon in each particular case, and does not admit of generalization—but that their engagement had been too short. The gamut of the human mind comprehends other things besides love-notes. These two had interchanged together smiles, kisses, vows, and all the paraphernalia of the most virtuous attachment, but they had not interchanged thoughts; and if they had been a little less precipitate they would have discovered the reason—namely, that they had not a thought in common. In some cases this is of small consequence—we have seen very happy pairs without a thought between them; and again others equally well satisfied with one another, where all the thinking has been upon one side; but in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Landon, junior, there were thoughts on both sides, and unhappily they were antagonistic. Cecil was a clever fellow, genial, and even humorous, and possessed very attractive manners; but his character was essentially conventional, or, lest we should do wrong to the great majority of our fellow creatures in so speaking, let us rather say that his opinions were so. He had never given himself the trouble to form any of his own, but had received them at second hand, from the most commonplace sources. His father had sent him to Eton—curiously enough, as people said who thought themselves acquainted with the elder Landon. He had, indeed, no belief in the virtues of the public-school system; but being told on every side that it was due to his motherless boy, heir as he was to a considerable position in the world, that he should have "all the advantages of education"—by which, as usual, was meant fashionable ones—he had so far given way to the advice of others as to place him at that aristocratic seminary. In doing so, he was only giving a sop to Cerberus, inasmuch as he had determined not to enter the lad at the university, but to transfer him straight from school to the house in Weathermill Street. How that plan ended we are aware. The training at "Henry's darling seat" did not prove favourable to mer-

cantile pursuits, and had also fostered many opinions that were distasteful in his father's eyes.

What was of much more consequence, they were distinctly opposed to those of his wife. Ella was a democrat, and something of an esprit fort. Ladies of the like views are found in plenty nowadays, but at the time of which we are writing, they were so rare as to be by some considered monstrosities. Cecil had a decorous attachment for religious orthodoxy which only stopped at the church door; he did not like attending public worship, and therefore he did not go; but he thought it ill-judged, unfeminine, and what in a word is now called "bad form," that his wife should do the same. In politics and social matters he was well content that things should remain as they were—not that he had studied the matter or even thought about it, but his notion was that radicals were not gentlemen, and should be avoided; as to their being ladies, such an idea had never yet entered his head.

Now Ella was an "advanced thinker," though not exactly of the Manchester type, and, what was worse, she was an advanced speaker. What she thought she had no scruple about putting into words; and not a little had she fluttered the doves of Bayswater—even the male ones—at various dinner-parties by so doing.

"Upon my life, Landon, your wife is a—very remarkable woman," was a confidential observation that had been made to Cecil more than once, when his host had come to his end of the table at dessert, having previously had Ella on his right hand during the repast; and the observation had not been taken as a compliment. She was so beautiful and so intelligent—for intelligence is comparative, and Bayswater dinner-parties are sometimes a little dull—that no man, except her husband, was annoyed by her peculiarities; but they offended the women, who resented them by pitying Cecil, and Cecil did not like to be pitied.

"I cannot think, Ella, where you get hold of such ideas," observed he upon one occasion, when they were, for a wonder, passing the evening alone, and at home. "They are really not becoming; Lady Green was quite shocked by what you said to her last night about the bishops."

"I am sorry for that," said Ella dryly.

"Well of course you are; she is a person of position, and her good opinion is worth having."

"Indeed, that is not my view of it. Why I was sorry was that I failed to convince her. Persons of intelligence I generally find agree with me, but if I could persuade the Lady Greens—that is the million—that would, indeed, be a triumph."

"I beg to state, Ella, so far as the matter in debate between you and her ladyship was concerned, that I also belong to the million."

Ella took no notice of this declaration of faith, but remarked, quietly, "I wish you would'nt say 'your ladyship,' Cecil: it is a term only to be used by servants."

"I think I know how to express myself, thank you, without any Hints on Etiquette," answered Cecil, biting his lip. "The fact is you are jealous of everyone in a position higher than your own."

"Jealous of Lady Green?" inquired Ella contemptuously.

"Yes, because she goes before you down to dinner. There is no limit to the envy of some women."

"There is to their patience," answered Ella, rising from her chair. "I will not listen to such words, Cecil."

"You bring them on yourself, my dear," said he in less antagonistic tones. "It is no pleasure to me to speak them. But I can't help hearing—and feeling—what people say about you, and your opinions."

"What people?"

"Well, very respectable people. It is all very well for a man of genius to set himself up in opposition to established notions—though even he is thought a fool for his pains—but in a woman it is not becoming. A woman ought to be——"

"Pretty and plump," interrupted Ella; "and to have no opinions of her own."

"I was not going to put it that way, but you have described a very nice sort of woman," said Cecil. "You may say, perhaps, that my father holds pretty much the same views as yourself." She shook her head. "Well at all events, something akin to them; but in his mouth one makes allowance for them. He has not been brought up as you have been. You learnt nothing of the kind from your Uncle Gerard, nor at home, as I understand; and indeed I know, from what occurred when we were at Furness, that you were brought up in a very different school."

"How do you mean, 'from what occurred at Furness?'" said Ella, in a tone no longer defiant; the flush of anger too had suddenly faded from her cheek.

"I refer to the knowledge you exhibited with respect to antiquities, and so on, which you said you had been brought up to study; I suppose those who taught you—your father, for example—being themselves attached to that kind of lore, could scarcely have been radicals."

"My father was not a radical," said Ella simply.

"Of course not, he was a gentleman, no doubt, like your uncle—though you never speak about him."

"I thought," she hesitated—her voice was not only gentle now, but conciliatory—"I thought it would not interest you, Cecil."

"Don't say that, dear; anything that interests you would interest me;

but I have never sought to pry into what you wished to be silent about. I have never interfered with you in any way, as you know ; but to-night I have just said a word—not out of season, if that means too early—about the too-open expression of your opinions. They annoy me, Ella.”

“Then I will endeavour to restrain them, darling,” answered she, submissively. “I believe in them, Cecil, as few people do, perhaps, but I hold them as nothing as compared with your affection. You don’t feel angry with me any longer, do you Cecil ?”

“Not a bit, my pet. The tears are in your eyes ; you feel hipped and moped. Let us go to the opera ; we shall be in lots of time for the ballet.”

“Not to-night, dear ; I feel so tired.”

“Very good ; then I think I’ll just take a stroll by myself.”

The quarrels of married folks have not always the effect proverbially attributed to those of lovers. They shake the pillars of domestic peace and loosen them, even though they may not bring them down. The disagreement of the young couple was over for the time, but it left its traces on them both ; and upon Cecil especially. He had conquered in that passage of arms, but the victory had not been obtained so readily as he anticipated, nor in the wished-for manner. He had even a vague impression that his wife had intellectually got the better of him, and had given in from some fanciful scruple ; certainly not from any adhesion to the orthodox doctrine—for wives—of passive obedience.

It is uninteresting, and far from agreeable, to have to describe or peruse domestic quarrels. Let it suffice to say that they became very frequent between our young couple ; and varied from “the tiff” unnecessary, to “the squabble” unavoidable. The system of going out of nights to cure the spleen is not adapted to make home happy. If a married couple love one another, let them rather send in to a friendly neighbour the same message which—as he hopes to be saved—was once sent in to the present writer : “Mr. and Mrs. A.’s compliments, and they would be much obliged if Mr. B. would step in for the evening, as they feel so very dull.”

Moreover, Cecil altered his system for a still worse one ; he remedied the home tedium by going out to enjoy himself alone, leaving Ella behind him. Wives, especially when newly married, object to this. It was a widow that dearly loved her husband, who confessed that there was one comfort that she derived from the very fact of her bereavement. “She always knew now—or thought she knew—where dear John was o’ nights.”

Ella did not always know where dear Cecil was. It is not to be supposed that she loved him less because she was racked by a vague jealousy, but she was angry with him, and showed it. And, alas ! Cecil loved her less in consequence.

"Don't you think it would be pleasant to have Gracie up from Woolwich to stay with us, Ella?" he had once suggested.

"It would be very pleasant for you, no doubt," she answered, with bitter significance.

"Good heavens, what do you mean? do you suppose I want the girl here? Are you jealous?"

He laughed in such a wholesome way that, had Ella entertained any such preposterous idea of the fascinations of her young friend, she would have had the wisdom to dismiss it.

"No, I am not jealous of Gracie, Cecil; you would be glad to have her here on my account, I know, in order that you might go out when you please, without even the slightest scruple that you still sometimes feel at leaving me quite alone."

"You never need be alone, my dear, I'm sure," replied he gently, "for no woman had ever, and deservedly, such troops of friends."

She raised the book she had depressed to look him in the face while she made her last remark, and once more pretended to be interested in its pages; she did not deign to answer him. The suggestion that "troops of friends" could supply his place with her, had cut her to the heart.

"You are determined to misunderstand me," said he in the aggrieved tone that husbands use who know themselves to be in the wrong. "A man can't be tied to his wife's apron-string, especially if he is in business. Do you suppose I like having to run up and down the country away from you and everything pleasant? Next month, for example, I have to go to the West of England. I don't complain; but since it was for your sake that I have been dipped in the same vat as my father, I don't think it becomes you, Ella, of all people, to twit me with my absences from home."

"You know very well that I was not referring to business affairs, Cecil. If you had been a soldier, I should have had to lose you for even longer and more often. It is cruel of you to imagine (as you do) that even Gracie's company would make up to me for the absence of my husband, and still less the society of such friends as you refer to."

"I am sure they are very nice people—some of them, at least—and you seem to me to enjoy yourself when amongst them. I heard you say that you were looking forward to the Groves' picnic at Virginia Water, for instance, with particular pleasure."

"And so I am, Cecil, because, for once, you are going with me."

"My dear Ella, don't say, 'for once,'" answered he tenderly. "You know how busy we have been in the City all the spring, so that I could never get away early. It is only because we had such a long notice from Lady Elizabeth that I was able to promise. Don't be cross with me, darling."

She could not be cross with him when he spoke like that. Even if he did not mean it, if that pleading and affectionate tone—to which her very heart-strings vibrated—was not at all genuine, yet since he gave himself the trouble to use it, she must needs be happy and forgiving.

"And what do you really think about Gracie, darling?" inquired he. "It seems to me it would be a real charity to give her a holiday; I dare say that old commissary has never so much as taken her to the play in her life. We must begin very quietly with her—the Monument and Madame Tussaud's."

"But, dear Cecil, she will never leave her mother. When we last went down to Woolwich—and a long time ago Uncle Gerard complains that was—poor Mrs. Ray was too ill to see even me. She has lived much longer than was expected, but it must all be over soon. Then, indeed, it will be, as you say, a real charity to invite Gracie."

"But then she will not be able to go anywhere, poor girl," said Cecil, sincerely commiserating a calamity which precluded amusements.

"Well, I'll send her an invitation to-morrow, darling, to please you," said Ella, "though I don't think anything will come of it; and suppose we ask Mr. Darall too."

"Just as you like, Ella; only isn't it rather hard lines to ask a fellow to meet a girl he loves, when the affair can't come off; and, besides, are not two people that are spoony on one another rather apt to be bores in a house?"

"What a naughty selfish boy you are, Cecil," said Ella, taking his ear between her finger and thumb and pinching it daintily.

"I never was selfish till I married you, Ella," returned he innocently. "But when you and I became one, I felt myself bound to love, honour, and obey myself, and to look after that personage generally. I have a great weakness for him—I mean for her—I own." And then there was a tender caress. It is certain that Mr. Cecil Landon had a very pleasant way with him—and with others.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELLA SCENTS DANGER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the swiftness of our modern postal system, letters still "cross" one another. Nay, the very rapidity of our means of communication has begotten a new contradiction; for it sometimes happens that one receives a telegram that tells us a sick friend is dead, from whom one afterwards gets a letter. A strange experience it is to take such in one's hands, written but twelve hours ago, perchance, and feel that

the thoughts therein contained the writer can no longer think ; that the plans are valueless, since they were designed for this world ; that one is about to listen to the words of a dead man.

On the very night that Ella dispatched her note to Gracie, expressing the desire of her husband and herself that she should visit them, and painting their little schemes for her amusement in the most seductive terms—albeit she had little expectation that they would move her to leave her mother—Gracie had written to Ella to tell her that her mother was dead. She received the note the next morning at breakfast, and knew at once, by its deep black edging, what had happened.

"See—poor Mrs. Ray is gone at last," said she, holding it up to her husband.

"Poor soul ! it must be a happy release for all parties," observed Cecil. "One cannot but be glad upon Gracie's account, as it will permit her to enjoy life a little ; she has had but a dull time of it hitherto. My dear Ella, how white you look ! I should have thought your young friend had been too sensible to write upon such a matter in a harrowing way."

"I cannot help being touched at Gracie's grief, darling."

"But you don't look touched so much as terrified."

And, indeed, such was the literal fact. There was not a tear in Ella's eyes ; but her face had that frozen look which accompanies excessive fear.

"She writes very sensibly," continued she, taking no notice of her husband's remark ; "you can read it if you please, dear, for yourself."

As she handed him the letter, she dropped a slip of paper it contained into her lap.

"I don't much care," said he, "for reading about this sort of thing, my dear : 'No pain,' 'sensible to the last,' 'love to yourself'—um. Well that is very satisfactory. She will, of course, come up to us as soon as she feels herself equal to going about and enjoying herself."

"That will not be for some time to come, if I know her, dear."

"Well, you ought to know her, if anyone does ; but I should have thought she was not one to 'grizzle' over things that couldn't be helped. The presence of the commissary, too, will hardly be an encouragement to the sentimental emotions. I am quite sorry to see you so cut up, my dear."

"It is so sudden, Cecil ; and just as I had written to her about theatres and amusements too. And the poor old lady was so fond of me."

"And quite right too ; it did credit to her discernment."

There was silence for some minutes, during which Cecil read *The Times*, and Ella turned and twisted the little note that still lay upon her lap a score of different ways.

"By jingo, here's more news from Woolwich!" cried he suddenly.

"What news?" inquired Ella, in faint tones, but with a certain anxiety in them, nevertheless.

"Well, perhaps you don't recollect him; I introduced you to him once, however, upon the Common—one Whymper, a cadet. I remember you thought him rather good-looking, which astonished me. He was a wretched sort of creature, and yet—what luck some people have!—he has come in for fifty thousand pounds. He has only to change his name, it seems, to Hobson. It is not a pretty one; but what signifies about names?"

"They are not of much consequence, indeed," said Ella.

"Ah, that is one of your radical notions. I don't agree with you there; but a fellow like Whymper might change his name for anything—Cavendish, Howard, Plantagenet,—and be no better than he was; and Hobson can't make him any worse. He has done it too, in due form: 'By Her Majesty's Letters Patent,' &c. I'll bet a sovereign he doesn't stop at 'the shop' another week. We shall have him up in London as a 'great catch' this season you may depend upon it. It will be a case of who will be 'Hobson's choice?' If he were a better fellow—and since poor Darall's getting her seems out of the question—we would put him in the way of Gracie. I should like to see the commissary making terms with Whymper—Hobson for the transfer. My young friend used to be a precious screw."

Thus he ran on while Ella listened, or seemed to listen, with a loving smile. She was always amused by Cecil's light, bright talk; but amusement was not now the expression of her face, it was rather conciliation, the expression—if one might say so without offence—which Gentleman cadet Whymper himself had been wont to wear when seeking to gain Landon's favour or mitigate his resentment. And yet, for certain, she had done naught that day to anger him.

With her own hands she helped him with his overcoat as he took his departure, as usual, for the City, and even lit his cigar for him.

"Your taper fingers are just the things, my dear, for that work," said he in gracious acknowledgment.

"I mistrust your compliments," answered she laughing, "though I smile at your wit. Now mind you are to be home to dinner at seven."

"Oh yes, darling—unless I should telegraph. There is just a possibility of my being obliged to ask young Magenta—the governor wishes me to be civil to him, and he may come up to-day from the west on business—to dine at the club."

Ella knew that Cecil would not have been seen entertaining Moses Magenta at his club upon any consideration, but she only smiled still more sweetly.

"Dine abroad, or at home, Cecil, just as you prefer," said she. "Which ever best pleases you will always best please me, darling."

He kissed her and patted her cheek in complacent approval. Almost any other husband would have had his suspicions aroused by having such a license accorded him for the future which seemed to revive the days of Papal indulgence. But Cecil's face only exhibited that gracious serenity which betokens a mind at ease with all things, but especially with itself. If the British nation should have unanimously agreed that, notwithstanding the claims of the reigning family, it would set them aside in order to have the advantage of being governed by Mr. Cecil Landon, it is our belief that that young gentleman would have been in nowise astonished at the selection, but would have calmly and politely declined the designed favour, on account of the trouble to himself involved in such an otherwise reasonable arrangement.

Yet this, perhaps, was the first occasion on which Ella had ever wished her Cecil otherwise than he was in character, for notwithstanding all their disputes, and matters about which, beyond all dispute, she had a right to complain, she loved him still with passionate devotion. His very self-consciousness and confidence in his own attractions were not displeasing to her, since they corroborated her own opinion of his merits; but she did wish, just for once, that he had expressed surprise at her concession about his dining out, and inquired, however jocosely, the reason of such unwifely acquiescence. If he had given her ever so small an opportunity in the way of interrogation, she would have taken advantage of it to tell him things which without inquiry he must needs know some day. But the door had closed upon him, he had not been told, and the telling was yet to come. And it must come soon now. Other people known to themselves had got hold of the scent, and the revelation had surely better be made to her husband by her own lips than by theirs.

The slip of paper which had been enclosed in Gracie's letter had referred to it. "At such a time as this, dearest Ella, it is scarcely fit that I should write upon any subject save one; but if my dear mother could speak she would say, I know, 'the Dead are at peace already; see you to the peace of the Living.' There is some scandalous story afloat here respecting your marriage. Of course, if I could get about, you could rely upon me to deny it; but for the present, as my lips are closed, I think it right you should know—and that Colonel Juxon should know—that things are said about it—I will not sully my pen by saying what things—that ought to be contradicted."

For the last twelve months—that is, for the whole time she had been married, and for weeks before—Ella had been expecting some such announcement as this; had been well persuaded that the blow must fall,

sooner or later, and yet had gone on buoyed up by a baseless hope. Every day that passed without discovery had swelled that hope until she had almost believed it possible that discovery might not take place at all. It is the way of all people who trust to the chapter of accidents to conceal a matter—the murder that they know must out. At first they feel that there is no escape; then, as time passes, they begin to flatter themselves that the peril is growing less; and when a long period has elapsed they become secure, and sometimes audacious. To this last state of misplaced confidence Ella had never attained; but she had reached the intermediate condition, and this sudden blow was therefore a severe one.

"I was wrong, I was wrong," she moaned, "to listen to my uncle, and not to tell all to Cecil before I became his wife. He loved me then—nay, God help me if he does not love me now—but he was full of passion and devotion; that was the time to tell him. He would have married me all the same, and in the way I wished. If he be so fond of truth he would have respected my oath, and not compelled me to break it. Why, why did I not tell him?" She put the question as though to another person, and leaning her forehead on her hands, seemed to await the reply. "I remember now," she went on, after a pause, "Uncle Gerard said that it would invalidate the marriage. How could my telling Cecil beforehand have done that? I was deceived most cruelly. My uncle said that out of spite and hate; I ought to have known him better. But stay, there was the lawyer's opinion! Perhaps, if I tell Cecil now, our marriage is invalid?"

She started up as though she had been stung. Her face was for the moment no longer beautiful; despair and rage had transformed it. "No," she cried, putting her hair back from her face with a passionate gesture, "if there is justice in heaven such things can never be. Even a fiend—and Uncle Gerard is not a fiend—would never have permitted me to run that risk. 'Perhaps, if another told him, it would be no matter,' says the law, but only I. Yet it is clear I must tell him. Someone will do it, if I do not, and that soon; will it be to-day, or to-morrow, or the next day? Whom can I consult without committing myself? The old man is my friend; I will tell him all, and ask him to break it to his son. And yet how can I, when he himself advised me, while there was yet time, to have no secrets from Cecil. And yet Cecil has secrets from me."

Here the mobile face changed once again, and became hard and resolute.

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.

THE American edition* of Kingsley's life is somewhat abridged from the original work. Whether this condensation of the book be an advantage to the reader or not may be doubted. The American editor states that this has been thought wise, where especially extracts from his published works have been given, or "his own record of the conclusions at which he arrived, upon the many important problems that occupied his active mind" have been recorded. It seems to us probable, for we have not seen the original work, that they are likely to want in clearness in so far as they have gained in brevity. Charles Kingsley was an active man certainly; yet his work was so distinctly the outcome of his thoughts, that the one can be interpreted only by a full and comprehensive exposition, by himself, of the other. Moreover his published works are not few, and inasmuch as a biography ought to be a reflex of its subject, it is to some extent maimed and imperfect, in seeming, to those who have not access to them.

Mrs. Kingsley's dedication is a very full appreciative sketch of the Canon's character. To those who have not carefully read this record of his life, there may seem to be an excess of eulogy; others who carefully study him as his entire being is unfolded in these pages will cheerfully admit that there is not a word of praise which an affectionate wife, to whom he admitted his success in life was mainly due, should have omitted.

Charles Kingsley was a clergyman's son, born at Dartmoor, Devonshire, and in the Vicarage, in 1816. He appears to have come of a stalwart stock on both sides. Speaking of them to Mr. Francis Galton, who had mentioned the Kingsleys in his work on "Hereditary Descent,"—"We are but the *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl." The result is best given in Mrs. Kingsley's words:—"From his father's side he inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood—the members of his family having been soldiers for generations, some of them having led troops to battle at Naseby, Minden, and elsewhere. And from his mother's side, came, not only his love of travel, science, and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humour and a force and originality which characterized the women of her family of a still older generation." It is not by any means an idle work this of tracing a man's lineage previous to examining his character and work. Those who desire to scan the record of this inherited character, unfolding itself at school and out of it, should carefully peruse the record in the preliminary chapters.

* *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memoirs of His Life.* Edited by his wife. Abridged from the London Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1877.

In 1836, when his father was transferred to St. Luke's, Chelsea, he felt himself deprived of the free air of the moors, where the wild scenery and the play of a romantic imagination had been all in all to him. Writing to a schoolfellow at Helston, where he had spent many happy days under the tuition of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, the son of the great Samuel Taylor, he has many complaints to make of London :—"I find a doleful difference in the society here and at Helston, paradoxical as it may appear. . . .

We have nothing but clergymen, (very good and sensible men) but talking of nothing but parochial schools, and duties, and vestries, and curates, &c.

. . . . As you may suppose, all this clerical conversation (to which I am obliged to listen) has had the effect of settling my opinion on these subjects, and I begin to hate these dapper young ladies' preachers like the devil, I am sickened and enraged to see 'silly women blown about by every wind,' falling in love with the preacher instead of his sermon, and with his sermon instead of the Bible." Here are the first symptoms of a certain impatience of temperament which in later days made itself felt against cant and oppression ; but we want that higher activity which made afterwards an energetic worker in parochial work at Eversley.

Next in order, for our views must be necessarily abrupt and isolated, we find Charles Kingsley at Cambridge. It was here that his activity of intellect began to lead or drive him into doubt. His first difficulty was the Athanasian Creed—"which was in after years his stronghold," as Mrs. Kingsley puts it. The "bigotry, cruelty and quibbling" of it were revolting to him. On this subject an interesting series of letters is given. His future wife appears to have sent him books in his perplexities on many occasions. There were Carlyle's works, Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," and, what perhaps influenced him more than all, Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ." His doubts had melted away under the influence of the Broad Churchman of the Coleridge school, never to assert full mastery over him, although, once and again, new difficulties sprang up.

Having taken orders, he was made curate of Eversley, in Hampshire, which he was not destined to leave long, as curate and vicar for thirty-three years. In 1844, he was married and began in stern earnest the parochial work he had despised when seventeen. With the poor his was always a welcome face because he sympathized with them and, if need be, could aid them with muscle as well as prayers and alms. "He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the hay-makers in the pasture. From knowing every fox earth on the mow, the 'ready hover' of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he always had a kind word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the labourer the science of hedging and ditching, and yet, while he seemed to ask for information, he unconsciously gave more than he received." The parish had long been neglected. Instantly this active spirit organized schools, regular house to house visitations, brighter services and all other methods of well-doing. In 1844, he made the acquaintance of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, which perhaps was the turning point of his life, and directing his aims and providing a wider channel or his exertions. Never, after they were on intimate terms, did Kingsley address Maurice otherwise than his "dear old master." Recognizing the

weak point in the King's College Professor—his subtle intellectuality—the only exclamation of the pupil, as he sent "Yeast" to press was, "I think that I have now explained Maurice to the people." Long before he had known Carlyle, again, he wrote, "More and more I find that these writings of Carlyle's do not lead to gloomy discontent—that theirs is not a dark, but a bright view of life; in reality, more evil speaking against the age and its inhabitants is thundered by the pulpit daily, both Evangelical and Tractarian than Carlyle has been guilty of in all his works." In fact, he liked neither of these parties—the Evangelical was distasteful, because he thought its system cramped, narrow and unscriptural, and the Tractarian, because he believed them to be paltering with the articles and thus trifling with all moral distinctions.

It is necessary now to pass over much interesting matter, and take our stand on the eventful years 1849–50. The "Saint's Tragedy" had been published, but it was rather a *dilletanti* bit of work. The time had arrived when he had a hard struggle before him, and was not to emerge from it, without receiving some heavy blows or being pelted with names hard enough, but not harder than they were to bear. To understand Kingsley's position aright when he attempted to Christianize and humanize the Chartism which was set afloat by the French Revolution of 1848, it is necessary to read not only "Yeast," "Alton Locke," and other elaborate works, but his fugitive writings, some extracts from which are to be found in this volume. Firmly believing that something ought to be done for the working classes—something which would bridge the gulf between the different strata of society—he was yet quite aware that they were blind to their true interests, and were led by honest, but yet blind, leaders. In 1877, we are accustomed to hear pleas for the workmen; people are now willing to listen to rational arguments on the subject, but they were not so thirty years ago. Kingsley, with his *collaborateurs*, Maurice, Hare, Froude, Hullah, Hughes, and many more, had to bear the brunt of the battle, of which this generation has reaped the fruit. There was nothing of the Communist, or even of the Democrat, about Kingsley whatever; yet when he saw a social disease he believed that a remedy ought to be, and must be, found, and set about it with all the enthusiasm of a warm-hearted nature. What he desired was not the levelling principles in vogue amongst the lower classes, but a moral and spiritual elevation. What he indicated in his papers on "Politics for the People" was their material up-bringing, and an effort on their part to raise themselves by co-operative exertion. On the other hand, those on "Christian Socialism" were an attempt to secure the recognition, not of a common right to property, but of the universal brotherhood of man. Take one brief sentence from the placard headed "Workingmen of England!"—"You think the Charter would make you free—would to God it would! The Charter is not bad—if the men who use it are not bad. But will the Charter make you free? Will it free you from ten pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every spouter who flatters your self-conceit and stirs up bitterness and headlong rage in you? That, I guess, is real slavery; to be a slave to one's stomach, one's pocket, one's own temper. Will the Charter cure that? Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give." That is certainly not the language of a demagogue, and what follows, if we could spare space to quote it, is still less

so. But yet, all the same, when he saw the hand of evil rising, he was impelled to aim a blow at it. As Tom Hughes observes, "The fact is, that Charles Kingsley was born a fighting man, and believed in bold attack." When a correspondent of the *Guardian* made him utter the very opposite of his opinions, he disproved the criticism, and then offered three times the answer of Father Valerian in Pascal—*mentiris impudentissime*.

His *quasi* alliance with working-men soon made him the confidant of many who were discontented, doubting, or altogether sceptical. With such men he was eminently successful. Thomas Cooper, who composed "The Purgatory of Suicides," while in gaol for sedition, was one of these, and he was afterwards made a believer. On the theology of Kingsley it is not our purpose to enter at length. In this volume will be found a series of letters elaborately discussing the question of endless punishment from all points of view, philological, dogmatic, scriptural and otherwise. He deeply sympathized with Maurice in his ejection from King's College, for expressing his doubts on that dogma. He insisted that "his master ought not to be called upon to adhere to any views or proclaim anything not plainly taught in the Liturgy and Articles of his Church." He hated Calvinism as bitterly as he did Tractarianism, and thus speaks of it in one letter:—"If I wanted a proof of the corruption of human nature, I could find no plainer than the way in which really amiable and thoughtful people take up with doctrines which outrage their own reason and morality, simply because they find them ready-made to their hands. . . . The influence of Calvinism abroad seems to me to have been uniformly ruinous, destructive equally of political and moral life, a blot and a scandal upon the Reformation; and now that it has at last got the upper hand in England, can we say much more of it?"

So much has been said about the belligerent part of his career that Kingsley does not stand out in this review as he should do in fact, and does very prominently, as a thoroughly good, humane, Christian man in his biography. By his exertions, literary and other, he had established his fame, and the remaining twenty years of his life glided peacefully onward to the great sea, with increasing reputation and in deeper repose. He was not the man to spare himself in well-doing, and he early suffered in consequence. These temporary attacks of illness only served to nerve him for greater effort, and he remained in harness to the last. No man ever laboured so ungrudgingly as he for his fellows, without regard to himself. Wherever his services or his counsel were sought, he gave both freely. Whether in his parish or in the Cathedral stalls, with his pen, through the press, or in private letters, he was always willing to spend and be spent for others. In the smallest matters he had consideration for the feelings and weaknesses of his fellows, even the lowliest and the depraved. With all he was gentle, and for all he was thoughtful. When he entered upon his duties at Eversley, although he was fond of shooting, he laid aside his gun, lest he should lead some of his poor parishioners to poach; and he never would permit himself to be placed upon the Commission of the Peace, lest he might be called on to try any of them. It is in his home, of which we are afforded a few bright and beautiful glimpses, that his affectionate spirit displayed itself to best advantage. Every one who knew him cherished a deep and abiding love for Charles Kingsley, the husband, father, or friend.

It was only when his soul was fired by wrong-doing that he was angry, and did battle for the weak or the oppressed. As Professor Forbes put it, "I never saw in any man such fearlessness in the path of duty. The one question with him was, 'Is it right?' No dread of consequences, and consequences often bitterly felt by him, and wounding his sensitive nature, ever prevented him from doing that to which his conscience prompted. His sense of right amounted to chivalry." He was a nervous, forcible writer, who aimed directly at the point, regardless of whether he provoked hostility or no. When the crusade, if it may so be called, of natural science against religion, and *vice versa*, began, he immediately endeavoured to equip himself for a thorough understanding of the bearings of the controversy, by study. He had no notion, as he himself said, of "subterfuges instead of fact, or of resorting to the *odium theologicum*;" he therefore corresponded with Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, instead of pelting them with stones, or with hard names which are often harder to bear. Yet occasionally that delicate humour of his sometimes broke loose, when some scientific men left the limits and wandered in conjecture. His speech of Lord Dundreary on the Hippocampus is excellent, and yet there is not a spice of ill humour about it. How he contrived to do so much work, to write so much, including some beautiful lyrics which will live, and yet carry on so humorous a correspondence, it is difficult to guess; and yet all was thoroughly and conscientiously done until the end. No book more effective to stir up young men to active exertion, as well as kindle in them love for God, for mankind, and for the lower creatures, could be named than this loving tribute to the memory of Charles Kingsley.

He finally laid down to rest on the 23rd of January, 1875, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Nothing could have been more simple in its calm dignity than his death. There was no agony, there was no perturbation of mind, no fear. The last words uttered to his fellows was a whispered message to his nurse as the twilight was shaking loose the garments of the night—his last on earth: "Ah, dear nurse, and I too am come to an end; it is all right—all as it should be." His last audible words were those solemn petitions in the English burial service on behalf of those who stand about the grave. His body rests where he desired it should lie, in Eversley churchyard, and a bust has been erected in the great abbey of which he died a Canon. As his intimate friend Max Müller finely says:—"Fame, for which he cared so little, has come to him. His bust stands in Westminster Abbey, by the side of his friend Frederick Maurice, and in the temple of fame, which will be consecrated to the period of Victoria and Albert, there will be a niche for Charles Kingsley, the author of 'Alton Locke' and 'Hypatia.'"

Mr. C. D. Warner has written some pleasant books of travel, including "Saunterings," principally devoted to Germany and Italy, and "Mummies and Moslems," the record of a Nile voyage. The one before us, "In the Levant," completes the Orient by adding the entire Levantine coast to the Egyptian voyage.* Now, in the first place, something must be said in dispraise of the writer, and that it goes somewhat against the grain to do so will

* *In the Levant*, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, author of "Mummies and Moslems;" "My Summer in a Garden," &c., &c. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

be evident from our anxiety to leave it at the threshold. There is a growing inclination amongst Americans who go abroad to write little or nothing but what may be made good for satire or ridicule. This becomes doubly offensive, when the tawdry humour of exaggeration and far-fetched allusion is employed on scenes about which cling sacred or classical associations. It is ill-jesting, in a flippant way, with the hoary head of antiquity. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies" are in the spiteful mood, and Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" is a type of the painfully ludicrous. Now, that a travel book may be appreciative and also humorous may be seen in Kinglake's "Eothen." But the school of which we are speaking forgets to observe the limits of good taste, and after drawing, liberally and sometimes credulously, upon their guide-book erudition, make up a piquant dish from an inner consciousness which is often coarse and vulgar to a degree. They seem to have no respect for the *genius loci* where they may be, when a bad joke is possible, at the expense of anything or everything men have agreed to reverence.

Now it is only just to Mr. Warner to state that he is not so bad in this respect as some of his New England friends; and this volume is not so flippant as some others of his works. Still there is more false humour than is agreeable to those who do not like their books of travel flavoured with extracts from the comic columns of American journals. Our author goes over a large extent of ground, as will be seen presently, and therefore, it was hardly to be expected that he could add much to his reader's knowledge. Indeed he wisely avows his determination not to attempt it. The principal merit of the book consists in its very lively pictures of men, women and manners; and, for a picturesque view of these, "In the Levant" may be profitably used by way of supplement to more important works. In short, wherever Mr. Warner trusts to his vivid powers of observation he is exceedingly interesting; where he dives into history or guide-book he only escapes from dryness by becoming funny and flippant. Landing at Jaffa, he proceeded to Ramleh and thence to Jerusalem, whence he made excursions to Bethany, Bethlehem, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Returning to Jaffa, he took ship to Beyrout and made a trip from there to Damascus and Baalbec. The next sea-journey finds him at Cyprus, in the antiquities of which he manifests great interest. Then to Rhodes, the old home of the Knights of St. John; so, through the isles of Chios and Smyrna. Here the party land and make a short railway journey to Ephesus; and from Smyrna again through the innumerable islands to the Dardanelles to Constantinople. From the Golden Horn across the *Ægean* to Salonica, Athens, Marathon, Salamis, Corinth, and to Italy at Brindisi.

The most valuable and instructive portions of the volume are those relating to Jerusalem and Constantinople, with their surroundings. At Jerusalem, in spite of its squalour, Mr. Warner appears to have been fairly overcome by the memories of the place; and he explores the Holy City with a pious energy worthy of any of the motley pilgrims he so inimitably describes. These descriptions, in fact, constitute the charm of the book, and reconcile us to some blemishes of taste and style. Bethlehem, again, is entirely to his taste; for it is exceedingly clean and lovely in its situation. At the *khan*, or inn, on the Jericho road, our author grows facetious over the two-pence paid

by the good Samaritan, but at Carmel and the brook Cherith he makes amends by entering *ex animo* into the stories of Elijah and Elisha—the localities mentioned in Scripture being carefully traced. The Jordan appears to have disgusted him by the rapidity of its stream and the dirtiness of its water; but it must be remembered that he only saw it near the Dead Sea, and never penetrated through Samaria and Galilee to the Lake of Gennessareth. The Dead Sea was an agreeable surprise to him from the entire absence of any signs of desolation about it, save drift-wood brought down by the Jordan. "The Dead Sea," he says, "is the least dead of any sheet of water I know. When we first arrived the waters were a lovely blue, which changed to green in the shifting light, but they were always animated and sparkling. It has a sloping sandy beach, strewn with pebbles, up which the waves come with a pleasant murmur. The plain is hot; here we find a cool breeze. The lovely plain of water stretches away to the south between blue and purple ranges of mountains, which thrust occasionally bold promontories into it and a charm to the prospective. The sea is not inimical either to animal or vegetable life on its borders." Mr. Warner then goes on to relate that they heard song-birds and saw gulls and rabbits, and plenty of vegetation in thick blossoms. There are no fish in the sea, certainly, but that is because the water is so dense with salt. His description of a bath, or rather a float there, is very good.

Mr. Warner's account of Constantinople and its surroundings is animated; but we forebear to attempt the injustice of condensing it. He has plenty of denunciations of the Moslems, yet he does not believe the East is ripe for their expulsion. Oriental monarchies live long in a state of decay, as the Greek Empire did on the Bosphorus; or so may that of the Ottoman Turks. At the same time there is an abiding belief among them that their departure cannot be far distant; and they have established a noble cemetery on the Asiatic shore, which they fondly imagine will still be theirs. The descriptions of Greece are brief, although there is much to be commended in Mr. Warner's account of Athens. We close the volume, with our best thanks for what, on the whole, is a live and instructive book.

Musical.

MUSICAL PARTIES.

W once heard a professional musician shock some amateur friends by saying that he hated musical parties, and would infinitely rather be asked to a dance, on which he was immediately put down by one as a very frivolous individual, and by another as a man who merely used music as a trade, without having any real interest for it in him.

Both were wrong; he really loved his art, and this was just the reason he objected to being present where it was so debased as in an ordinary musical party.

These social abuses are usually perpetrated by one of two classes, either by really musical people who are under the sad delusion that they are giving a treat to their musical friends and educating the taste of the unmusical, or by

people who for some reason object to dancing and so give a "talking" party with a little music to cover the conversation. It does not matter by which of these classes the party is given; in the latter case much bad music is mercifully hidden by the conversation, in the former some really good music may be provided, but it shares the same fate; on the whole, this is of the two the most to be lamented.

At parties given by the unmusical class you always hear two young ladies with the weakest of voices essay some elaborate Italian Duett, probably written in the first instance for Tenor and Bass. One of them, probably the Alto, plays the accompaniment, and performs marvellous feats in the way of merging her own part in the piano part; they become weaker and shakier as the Duett progresses, and finally end with what the composer had the audacity to mark *ff* *con fuoco*, in the feeblest whisper, and some one (compelled through being near the piano to say something), remarks "how very pretty; who is it by?"

Next we have the young man who "has a fine ear for music." He does not know a note, but is unfortunately the possessor of a fine voice, with which he presents to his audience an imitation of some great singer he has lately heard. This young man's repertoire is limited. He sings "My Pretty Jane," if a Tenor, or "The Village Blacksmith," if a Bass. You may find "Across the Far Blue Hill" in his portfolio, or "Come into the Garden, Maud," and be sure he sings "M'appari" or "A che la morte." He is a young man of considerable coolness and self-possession, and shows by his singing that if he knew anything about it he would achieve something above the average, but unfortunately his "fine ear" is the be-all and end-all to him, and he will never do any more than he does at present.

Then there is the man who has no voice; he produces sounds somewhat similar to an active nutmeg grater; it is hard to see why he sings at all, except that he has admiring sisters who play his accompaniments, and always insist on his singing "that lovely thing Fessenden sung when he was here." The young lady who plays florid variations on—nothing, and a young man who plays the flute, with a few nondescript performers (we have seen a man sit down and whistle to his own accompaniment), make up this kind of "musical." The other is more pretentious, and in reality is often given in real love for music, but the result is much the same. You usually hear, or try to, some good singing, and a professional pianist may be there, but he fares no better than the rest, worse indeed, for whilst it is the fashion for the company to listen more or less attentively to a singer, the moment the piano is touched it acts as a signal for a perfect rush of conversation as though everyone had been wanting to say something all the evening and had suddenly remembered it all at the same time.

We would like to know why people think politeness necessitates their listening to a song, and yet do not conceive that it is any insult to a pianist to talk right through his piece, and say to him at the end, "What! have you done already? we were just beginning to listen." We have heard a person express an opinion that it improved instrumental music to talk whilst it was being performed, but this insane idea cannot be shared in by many, so that it is difficult to see how this distinction has arisen between singing and playing. Pianists themselves might check this nuisance by treating conversation during their performance

as an insult, and invariably rising from the instrument. Many, however, hesitate to do this, as it would lay them open to the charge of rudeness to the hostess who has asked them to play ; therefore it devolves on the latter to see that the more gifted portion of their guests are not annoyed by the rest. We know a few ladies who do insist firmly that there shall be no talking at their parties whilst a piece of music is being performed, but those who do this should be particular about two things ; first, that they have no music that is not worth listening to ; second, that the programme is not too long or too heavy. We have heard a pianist play the whole of a sonata of Bethoven at a musical party, the effect of which was to disgust and weary the unmusical, and even the musical portion could not but feel that it was out of place. Deep classical music, like deep reading, requires a suitable state of mind to receive it, and the attempt to appreciate the Sonata Passionata, for instance, in the middle of a miscellaneous concert or party programme, is as hopeless as would be the attempt to read a theological treatise whilst some one else was reading "Lady Audley's Secret" aloud.

The question of who to invite to a musical party is a great, but not an insoluble, problem. Our friends may be broadly divided into three classes : those who love and understand music, those who like it "in moderation," and those devoid of music. The latter we will eliminate from our guests altogether, and in making up a programme (which we hold should be done beforehand), let us choose music good enough to please the first class, and yet not so deep that the second shall fail to understand and be interested. Let us be careful that the programme is not too long, but whilst it does last let perfect silence be insisted on ; after it is over, the conversation will flow the more freely for its temporary check, and the time after supper can be occupied by music, not previously arranged, or a dance, as the case may be. The great desideratum is to make a musical party thoroughly musical, and yet to stop short of the point at which it becomes to many tedious and wearisome. Once let it be understood, that at a musical party you will hear good music, hear it without interruption, and that you will afterwards be able to enjoy pleasant, social intercourse, and it will then become an artistic pleasure, a means of musical improvement, and will be a powerful auxiliary to the Concert Room as a means of spreading a true love for, and more thorough knowledge of music.

Colonists in the days when colonists were more sentimental than they are now, would, on leaving their mother country, take with them a handful of earth from their native village. This they did for the sake only of early associations ; but the act had a meaning beyond what they supposed. They carried with them, unconsciously perhaps, a pledge that they would continue in their new country the principles of the old one. Thus it was proposed some time ago, on the Thames Embankment to carry on the history commenced a century and a-half ago at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. To be exact, it is just one hundred and sixty-six years since Handel produced *Rinaldo*, the first opera he gave in England at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket. The Royal Italian Opera has now been established nearly thirty years at Covent Garden, but though its history during that time has been creditable and even brilliant, its list of achievements is naturally not to be compared

with that of the much more ancient Opera House. There is probably not another lyrical theatre in Europe which has witnessed so many fine operatic performances during so long a period as the "Queen's Theatre" of 1711, which, after being called for a time the "Royal Academy of Music," became the "King's Theatre" on the accession of George I., and retained that name until another alteration of title became necessary when Her Majesty Queen Victoria ascended the throne. In 1710 when Handel arrived in England, the Académie Royale of Paris, at that time under the direction of Rameau, was held in very little esteem, and Italian music was never performed there at all. Indeed, for some sixty or seventy years afterwards, and until the arrival of Gluck in Paris, to be quickly followed by Piccini, the French had the worst opinion of Italian music, which they despised or perhaps affected to despise. The Queen's Theatre, as directed by Handel, at least during the first years of his management, was doubtless not to be compared with the great operatic theatres of Italy. But it soon became the custom to engage for London all the Italian singers of the highest repute; and scarcely an Italian vocalist of real celebrity appeared from the beginning to the end of the eighteenth century without sooner or later visiting England. Handel, like Shakespeare, was not only a great inventor, but an excellent man of business; and though he did not actually introduce Italian Opera into England (a few experiments in that line having been made during the five or six years preceding his arrival in London), he it was who first brought out a series of Italian operas, and who organized Italian Opera in England on a permanent basis. To his labours as composer, Handel soon added the functions of a manager; and from the early part of the seventeenth century to quite recent times, it may be safely said that Handel was the only manager who ever made Italian Opera in England a paying speculation. Besides the thirty-five operas from his own pen, Handel, during his connection with English Italian Opera, produced works by Buononcini, Scarlatti, Hasse, Porpora, and all the most distinguished composers of the time. At a later period when the management had passed from Handel to the Earl of Middlesex, the operas of Galuppi, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Gluck and Piccini were represented, and all the most eminent vocalists of Europe continued to appear at our London Opera House. After various adventures at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, Covent Garden, the Pavilion, and the King's Theatre, Italian Opera found itself once more, towards the end of the century, established at the last of these theatres, which, until Covent Garden was made into an opera house, did indeed seem to be its natural home. In 1789 the King's Theatre was burned down. It was rebuilt from Novosielski's designs in 1790; and from 1790 until some eight or nine years ago, Her Majesty's—formerly the "King's"—Theatre witnessed the production of a long list of works by the most eminent Italian, German, French, and even English composers; for at least two operas by Balfe, *Falstaff* and the *Bohemian Girl*, one by Macfarren, *Robin Hood*, and one by Wallace, the *Amber Witch*, were played at Her Majesty's Theatre during the period either of Mr. Lumley's or of Mr. Mapleson's management. From Handel to Gluck, from Rossini to Verdi, almost every composer of European renown, since the first invention of Opera, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre; and certainly with the exception of Madame Patti and perhaps another *prima*

donna of these latter days, every vocalist who has gained an historic name has at some time or other been heard at the Haymarket. It will be well, therefore, if the associations of Her Majesty's Theatre can be transferred to the Opera House now in course of erection. Mr. Mapleson proposed, we remember, to take a stone from Her Majesty's with which to commence operations for the new house, but we think Lord Dudley refused the request. For the present season, however, at Her Majesty's the improvements and decorations have been on a most remarkable scale. The scenery, by-the-way, has been constructed with a view to serving in the National Opera House whenever it may be finished.

The Wagner Festival is in full play now in London. At Covent Garden, Signor Gayarre, Gayarré as he is now to be called, is the reigning novelty. There remain Rubinstein and Albani to share the admiration of the "season."

Arabella Goddard is playing in Paris. Von Bulow contemplates a visit to London, and Charles Hallé has commenced his seventeenth series of piano-forte recitals at St. James' Hall.

A memorial to the late John Oxenford is on foot. A stained glass window was proposed, but it is thought that a statue will be erected in Drury Lane Theatre.

Speaking of Mad. Catalini in connection with a concert given by her at Liverpool in 1822, the critic of a local paper says: "Such was the torrent of sound she emitted at one moment that the glass globules pendant from the central chandelier were powerfully agitated and struck against each other."

The Emperor of Germany has received as a present from some well-meaning amateur, a collection of autograph MSS., comprising, among other things, the four volumes of sketches made by Beethoven for his symphony in F (No. 8); a symphony by Schubert (who seldom made sketches); two quintets by Spohr, and pieces by Weber and Thalberg. As the Emperor lays no pretension whatever to a knowledge of music, it is hard to guess why the well-meaning amateur should have confided such treasures to His Majesty, instead of to some public library or museum. Possibly that may be their ultimate destination.

Not long ago, a lady and gentleman were listening attentively to Hector Berlioz's music at one of M. Colonne's Chatelet concerts. "That is fine," remarked the lady; "what is it?" "My dear," replied the gentleman, after a glance at his bill, "it is *La Damnation de Faust*." Then, assuming the air of a connoisseur, he added: "Like Gounod's *Faust*, it is taken from a novel by Werther, a German writer, with whom you are acquainted."

The above is almost as good as the story which was told of a French lady of distinction some time ago, who, on being presented to Mr. Shakspeare, a rising young tenor, exclaimed in surprise at his *being so young a man*.

We hear that Mr. Rudolph Aronson, the young American composer, is writing a grand concert march ("Lafayette") for the Paris Exhibition. It may be remembered that Mr. Aronson composed "The Washington March" for the Centennial, which, it is to be hoped, had more merit in it than that monstrosity by Richard Wagner, for which the Americans paid so largely.

MY LOVE LOVES ME!

Song for Contralto or Mezzo Soprano.

Words by K. C.

Music by FRANK A. HOWSON.

Moderato con espress. *p*

My love loves me!..... How

p

poco a poco. *p*

much I cannot say; I can - not say, I cannot

mf *p*

con anima.

say. He told me by a glance, a touch, and

con anima.

p teneramente

hands held fain ;..... And hands held

mf *p*

rall.

fain ;..... I can - not tell a -

mf *dim.*

p *rall.*

- gain that ten - der way,..... I can - not tell a - gain..... that

p *colla voce.*

ten - der way.....

mf *p*

MY LOVE LOVES ME !

p

My love loves me!..... How

p

poco a poco
p

this You cannot know, You can - not know, You cannot

mf *p*

con anima.

know. He taught me by a word, a kiss and

con anima.

p teneramente

face held fast;..... and face held

mf *p*

rall. *a tempo.*

fain; That ten - der way a

mf *dim.*

p *rall.*

- gain I can - not show,..... That ten - der way a - gain,..... I

p *colla voce.*

poco meno. *p* *ad lib.*

can - not show. My love loves me, my love loves me,.....

p *poco meno*

..... my love loves me.....

pp

Ped. *

Humorous Department.

WILLIAM TELL.



A MAN of mark was William ell,
Among his fellow Swiss,
His aim was true, his name a spell,
He never did amiss.

No Austrian rowdy bent him low,
Thus 'came he an offender,
Quoth he, "I'm fairish at a bow,
But not much on a bender."

"Bring me," quoth tyrant, "an
apple green,
Hither the braggart's brat,
At splitting hairs, my man, you're
keen,
I'll give you tit for th' hat."

The son stood firm against a tree,
The vegetable bearing,
Looking so arch, that archery
Seemed less of skill than daring.

But yet the archer's heart was
wrung,
—He chewed his arrow root!
With quivering lips and nerves un-
strung,
He looked unfit to shoot.

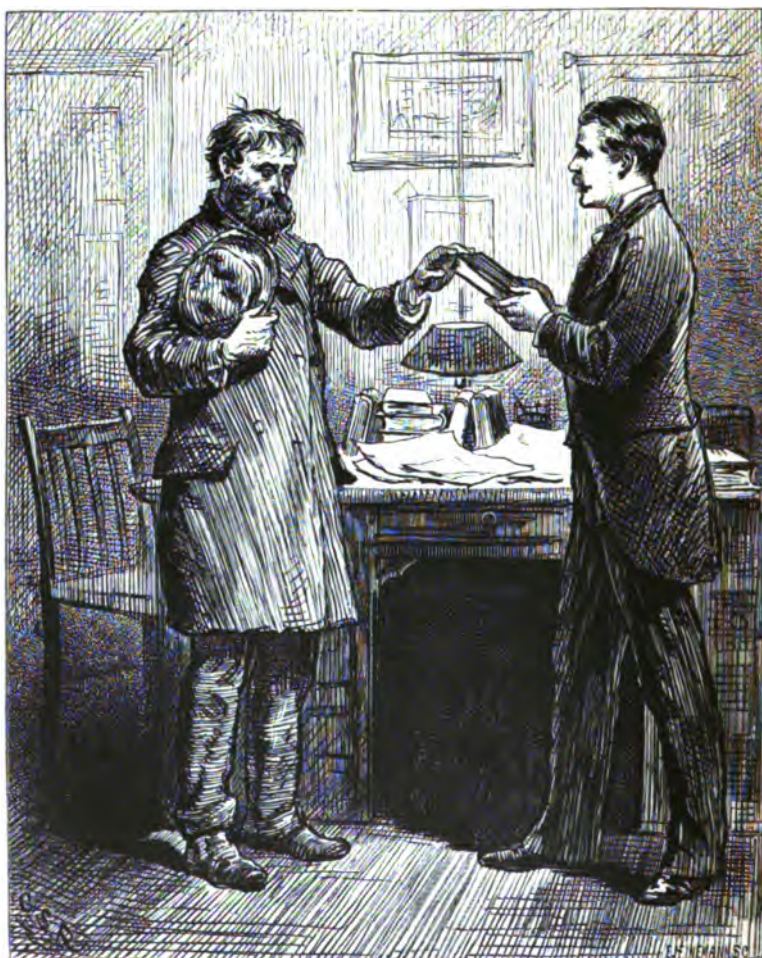
At last he drew his longest bow,
And twanged its tensioned tother,
Then struck an attitude to show
The colour of his feather.

A second afterwards, or more,
An arrow flashed apace,
An instant, and an apple core
Splashed in the Austrian's face.

The tyrant tumbled on the heath,
The boy upraised a shout.
The people all gave lusty breath,
The hero—stood in doubt.

"Why gaze so fierce," whined Austrian prone,
What for 's that pocket arrow?"
Thus W. T., in hoarsest tone,
"Twas kept there for your marrow!"

The air by Alpine horns was torn,
And hurdy-gurdies madly turning,
While homeward was the hero borne,
Hand-organs, meanwhile, rapture-churning.



"BILL SANDERS GETS HIS HAND ONTO A BIBLE."

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

NICHOLAS visited his protégés every evening for a week after he had procured places and employment for them. He carried them newspapers and books, read to them, discussed business and the affairs of the nation, and heard the stories of their experience in their new spheres of life. It would be hard to tell whether he or they learned the more, or enjoyed the more, in these reunions. That they missed their old excitements and their vagrant liberty, was very evident ; but no one seemed so far to regret the change as to be tempted to return to his old life. Every day placed them further from danger, and all of them had conceived a hearty respect and friendship for their benefactor. Nicholas was very much gratified that, at the end of the first week, they paid their board-bills, though they must have been sorely tempted to use the money in their hands for the improvement of their wardrobe. For this, Nicholas and they were indebted to Glezen, who had had a long talk with Cavendish, and placed upon him the responsibility of seeing that his companions did their duty.

The result of many discussions, in which the reclaimed vagrants gave Nicholas some valuable lessons in human nature and philosophical policy, appeared at the end of the week, in an announcement which threw one of the worst and poorest neighbourhoods of the city into a fever of curious excitement. "The Beggars' Paradise," as the neighbourhood was familiarly called, had something new to think of and talk about.

Nicholas, in his conversations with Cavendish, found that he was a man of very fair education, and exceptionally versatile gifts. He had

been the inventor of a thousand schemes for winning money without work ; his wits had been sharpened in all directions ; he was familiar with every phase of pauper life ; he knew thoroughly the kind of demoralization which it engendered, and he possessed not only a facile tongue, but an illimitable impudence, which a worthy motive could readily soften into self-respectful courage and ingenious address.

On the border of "The Beggars' Paradise," at the corner of a street devoted mainly to the purchase and sale of old clothes, many of which were collected and pawned by the beggars themselves, there was a dilapidated assembly-room, called by the ambitious proprietor "The Athenæum." In earlier days it had been the scene of sundry cheap shows and low theatrical exhibitions. During one whole season a quartette of negro minstrels, with very large posters and very small jokes, had occupied "The Athenæum." This was in its "palmiest days." But the minstrels and the glory departed together. The grime of years had clothed itself upon the bare arms and legs of Melpomene and Terpsichore, which illuminated the drop-scene of the little stage ; many of the seats were broken ; the spiders had woven their gray webs across the angles and corners ; boys had scrawled the walls with rude effigies of the proprietor, and legends not altogether complimentary to his sense of decency and habits of cleanliness, and everything betrayed not only the degeneracy of the hall itself, but that of the neighbourhood on which it had originally depended for support.

Nicholas, for a very modest sum, secured a lease of "The Athenæum" for six months. He caused the shutters to be opened one bright morning, started the fires, put a little army of labouring men and women into the room with brooms and scrubbing-brushes, rolled the presiding muses out of sight, and before night had a clean little theatre that would comfortably seat five hundred people.

In the meantime he had informed his friends and associates of what he was doing, and the greatest curiosity and interest prevailed throughout the little group. Ways and means were discussed, prophecies were indulged in, and all looked forward to the night of the opening with keenly delightful anticipations.

The announcement of the first performance at "The Athenæum" was composed by the "Larkin Bureau," and revised and modified under the suggestions of Mr. Jonas Cavendish and his friends ; and "The Beggars' Paradise" awoke one morning to the surprise of the flaming poster, on every convenient dead-wall of the region, to which allusion has already been made. It read as follows :

GREAT BREAD MEETING !

Every Ticket a Loaf of Bread, wrapped neatly in brown paper !

Good news to "The Beggars' Paradise" !

Re-opening of The Atheneum ! On Thursday evening, January 10th, at 8 o'clock, The Atheneum will be re-opened for a lecture on Bread.

HOW TO GET IT AND HOW TO MAKE IT !

The tickets, each of which will be a loaf of the best bread, are placed at the low price of one dime. Just five hundred loaves will be packed in the box-office, and every member of the audience, on payment of the admission fee, will receive a loaf, and be admitted to the door on showing the same.

The audience are particularly requested not to break the papers and eat the contents during the exercises !

The amusements of "The Beggars' Paradise" were few ; and as every attendant upon the performance was promised an equivalent for his money in bread, men and women alike were more than ready to avail themselves of the opportunity to enjoy a social evening in comfortable quarters.

During the afternoon of the opening day, a huge load of bread was drawn to the door of "The Atheneum," and carried upstairs in the sight of an admiring crowd of boys and idle men. So there was no longer any doubt about the bread. A competent force of police was secured for the preservation of order, and for the sifting out and sending from the building such drunken applicants for tickets as would be likely to make disturbance.

At half-past seven o'clock, Nicholas stationed himself in the box-office, with Talking Tim at his side. The former was to take the money, and the latter was to pass out the bread, which so filled the little office that they had hardly sufficient room to stand. Their friends had previously been admitted to the hall by a private door, and had found places for themselves upon the stage, within sight of the rostrum, though hidden from the auditorium.

Already there was a crowd at the door, covering the sidewalk for several rods, and clustering upon the steps like a swarm of bees upon an orchard limb, with a buzz that might furnish a new force to the figure.

At last the door was opened, and the crowd surged up the stair-way in wild disorder, and with cries and shouts and oaths that made their entrance more like that of a mixed herd of cattle and swine and sheep than like that of human beings.

At the end of the passage leading to the hall they encountered a force of police, standing opposite the box-office in quiet dignity, and every man, as he caught sight of the officers of the law, subsided into silence. Here and there one stopped and hugged the wall, waiting for his chance

to turn back—men who did not wish to be recognised, or to come too near to those who might remember a claim upon their persons.

Nicholas had but little difficulty in making change, as nearly every man and woman had brought only the dime that would secure admittance ; so that the hall filled rapidly, and Tim, with his one hand, had all he could do to pass out the huge ticket, whose possession gave admission. Before the hour for the beginning of the exercises arrived, the last loaf of the five hundred had been passed out, the box-office was closed, and the remainder of the still-coming crowd was turned back, because there was no more room.

Within there was a scene of confusion, such as the worst theatres have rarely witnessed. Some of the more reckless had broken their loaves, and were throwing them at each other. It was a remarkable-looking crowd. Pale women sat holding their loaves in their laps, as if they were afraid their treasures would be snatched away. There was a great rustling of paper, there was merry chaffing on every hand, there was impatient stamping of feet, and the little knot of philanthropists behind the wing of the stage, who from sundry peep-holes could see everything, were in a fever of excitement.

One among them was pale and uneasy. The success of the evening depended upon him, and, bold as he was, confident as he was in his own resources, he was humble and fearful. At last, when the clamour was at its height, Mr. Jonas Cavendish stepped out upon the stage, and advanced to a little desk near the footlights.

Twenty men recognised him in an instant.

"O Jonas! Jonas!" went up from all parts of the hall.

"Who made your boots?"

"Where did you get your pretty coat?"

"Who suffered for the bread?"

"Where did you sleep last night?"

Cavendish stood and received these blows in silence. At last he saw a brutal fellow rise in the middle of the hall, and lift his loaf of bread to hurl it toward the stage, himself being the special target. He raised his hand deprecatingly, and some neighbour pulled the ruffian back into his seat.

"Boys," said Cavendish, "do you believe in fair play?"

"Yes!" "yes!" "yes!" from all parts of the hall.

"Have you had anything but fair play here to-night, so far?"

"No, no, it's all right."

"Very well; you will have nothing but fair play for the rest of the evening. And now, will you hear what I have to say?"

"Yes, yes! go on! go on!"

Cavendish with one trembling hand upon the desk, and leaning appealingly and deprecatingly forward, began :

" You are all poor people here to-night. Some of you are very poor. Some of you do not know where your food for to-morrow is coming from, but all of you know that you have a breakfast in your hands, and that you have honestly paid for it."

" That's so."

" Well, boys, I see that some of you know me."

" A good many of us know you, Jonas," was the response.

" I am glad of it, for, if you do, you know that I have been as poor as any of you, that I know what hard times you have, and that I am acquainted with every disreputable trick by which a dead-beat manages to keep body and soul together."

" You can swear to that, Jonas."

" Now," said Cavendish, " I want to tell you a little story, and, if you will hear it through, perhaps you will hear the rest that I have to say."

" Go on, we'll hear you."

" I was a rich man's son—the son of a man who was fond of me, and gave me every advantage—and I was foolish and wild. I squandered the money that was left to me, after I had broken the hearts of my father and mother."

" Oh, none of that ! none of that, Jonas ! Don't come the pathetic."

" Ah, but I am telling you the truth. I say that I broke the hearts of my father and mother, and after that I broke the heart of as good a wife as a man ever had. I went from bad to worse, until the time you first knew me. I borrowed money to spend upon my vices, until I could borrow no longer, and then, dead-beaten, I resorted to every scheme that my ingenuity could devise to get the money that I would not undertake to earn."

" You were an ornament to the profession, Jonas. Don't cry about it"—from the audience.

" I am not going to cry, but I'll make you cry before I get through with you : see if I don't."

" Pump away, Jonas !"

" Well, I played at last a shabby trick upon a gentleman. I'm not going to tell you what it was, but I got the money I went for, and then he got me. [A general laugh.] But he bore no grudge against me, and had a hearty wish to help me. He found a place for me to work. He gave me good companionship and books. He gave me his own society, and treated me as a man and an equal. Since I started in my place, I have earned my daily bread, and more ; and I have found and proved that there is no man so low, so beaten by the world, that he cannot rise and be a man again. There is not a man or woman in this hall, who begs from

day to day, who cannot by industry and good habits place himself or herself above want, and become something better than a mere swallower of the earnings of other people.

"Now, mark you, I did not intend to tell you this when I came here. I'm no preacher, but you have compelled me to explain my presence here to-night.

"Will you let me go back a little now, in your own lives? Let us go back to the time when you married that pretty girl. How pretty she was! Do you remember her rosy cheeks, her bright eyes, her quick and elastic step, her pleasant ways, the trust she had in you? Do you remember how fond you were of her? Do you remember how you promised to work for her, and take care of her? Do you remember how proud you felt with her hand upon your arm, and how you prized her more than all the world besides? Where is she now? In her coffin? I do not see her in this hall. I see women here, care-worn, pale, weary, with no smiles on their faces. These are not the girls you married. Where are they? Ah, boys! you have killed some of them, and some of them you have beaten. You have made beggars of them and their children. You have disgraced them and done them a thousand wrongs. Isn't it so, boys? Haven't I told you the truth?"

"What's the use o' rakin' it up?" exclaimed a rough fellow, wiping his eyes, while a dozen women were sobbing around him.

"You drove me to it," said Cavendish, "and I told you I would make you try, and I have done it. But I haven't told you the whole of my story yet. The man who helped me to my place has hired this hall for your amusement and your help, and I have promised to stand by him. I'm going to do it. You will always have your money's worth in your ticket, as you have had it to-night. If you know me at all, you know I can teach you, and if I know you, I can tell you a thousand things that it will be useful for you to learn. I would like to see "The Beggars' Paradise" something better than a beggars' hell, and if you will join hands with me we'll revolutionize this part of the town, and get the name changed. I will work every day for myself for the sake of working with you at night."

"Bully for you, Jonas!"

"We'll think about it."

"Where's the boss?"

After these expressions, coming from different parts of the hall, had died away, Cavendish proceeded:

"I was to speak about bread to-night. This preliminary talk that we have had is more than I bargained for.

"I want you now to follow me as I try to show you the region where the bread begins its life. Let us take the cars and travel westward.

We go one, three, five, seven, ten, twelve hundred miles. We pass through a great many thriving cities, we cross many wonderful rivers, we skirt the shores of broad lakes, for a day and a night, and a day and a night, and on a bright and dewy morning we stand upon a broad prairie. It has been a tedious journey, but what we open our eyes upon now is so great, so sweet, so wonderful, that we are repaid for our fatigues. The ocean itself does not seem more illimitable than this expanse of land, all turned over and harrowed to receive the seed. Before, endless prairie; behind, endless prairie; at the right and left, nothing but prairie,—sometimes level like the sleeping sea, sometimes rolling like the ocean after a storm.

“The little seed-wheat which the thousands of workmen are scattering has been brought, perhaps, from long distances, but every kernel cost the farmer money. The labour that sows it costs the farmer money. All the preparation of the ground costs the farmer money, or his own hard labour. The cattle and the horses used cost him labour or money.

“Go to the same prairie in the early autumn. The black earth has turned into gold, and the prairie is a yellow sea, as mobile and as beautiful as if it were water. Every ear of grain that helps to constitute that palpitating, rippling ocean of beauty, over which the shadows of the clouds are chasing one another, is bending with bread. Then come the reapers who do their work, and get their pay, and then come the threshers, and the money that their labour commands is added to the aggregate of cost. Then the kernels, every one as exquisite as a pearl, are prisoned in sacks, bursting with fulness, are loaded upon wains that drag them to the rail, and then they begin the journey eastward which we passed over when we started to see the prairie. They ride on the rail to the lake. They are hoisted into huge elevators. They descend in streams into ships. They toss upon the waters. Steam propels them, or the winds drive them eastward. For long days and nights they journey over the water and over the land, until they reach their destination. They find the miller at last, and are ground into the finest flour. They are barrelled and shipped to the city. From the warehouse they go to the baker, and from the baker they come here, and here you have them in your laps.

“Now mark the process, and see how every grain of these beautiful loaves has been paid for. The seed cost money, and the man who received the money fed himself with it, and thus secured pay for his labour. The ploughing and pulverizing of the soil, the covering of the seed, the reaping, the threshing, the transportation by sea and land, the grinding, the baking, have all been giving people bread. Every little kernel of wheat in these loaves has had a blessing in it for every hand

that has touched it ; and the money that you have paid for this bread to-night goes back through a thousand hands. Bakers, and millers, and railroad men, and sailors, and labourers of all sorts, teamsters and farmers, are helped by the little dimes that you have brought here to-night. All these men depend upon you, and the rest of us, to pay them for the work they have done, and all they ask is that you shall work as hard for them as they have worked for you. Is there anything unreasonable about this ? Don't you all feel better for having paid for your loaf of bread, and will not the bread taste the sweeter for it ? ”

When Cavendish had concluded this part of the address, the house was perfectly still. The listeners had made an excursion into the great country, had caught a glimpse of its industries, and they were thinking how many loaves of bread they had eaten without making any return for them. He was a graphic speaker, and having fairly got the audience into his hands, he had won back all his self-possession and was master of the situation. Dull as the minds of his audience were, they had followed him, and saw dimly what he had been driving at.

“ No man is a real man who is not willing to do a man's work, and contribute his share to the making of the bread he eats,” said Cavendish. “ I confess myself to have been a mean apology for a man—a skulk, a shirk, a leech.”

“ No doubt about that, Jonas,” from the audience.

“ What are you ? ” said Cavendish.

As the owner of the responding voice was a notorious dead-beat, and well known to those about him, a laugh of derision went up at his expense.

“ I propose to be a leech no longer. I am ashamed of myself,” said Cavendish ; “ but I must not waste your time in personal matters. It has been promised that I should tell you how to make bread.”

Then he went into a long and interesting dissertation on the chemical processes involved in the making of the loaves that the audience held in their hands. He broke open a loaf that lay upon the table at his side, and compared it with the miserable stuff they were in the habit of preparing for themselves. Then he told them that lest they should forget the various formulas that he had described to them, he had brought some printed recipes, which he would distribute among them.

Forthwith there appeared from the wing of the stage, and descended into the auditorium, a lad dressed like a page, in a blue roundabout with brass buttons—no less a personage than Bob Spencer, Glezen's new boy, in the regalia of his high office.

“ Hullo, Bob ! ” rose from every part of the hall, and Bob was as proud of his dignity as if he had been a prince. He passed among the seats, distributing his bundle of recipes right and left. Every woman

took one, and laid it away in her pocket or her bosom. Then the boy ran swiftly upstairs and disappeared.

It looked as if the exercises were closing, when a voice called out :

"How are we to get the bread ? You promised to tell us how to get it."

"Thank you," said Cavendish. "I came near forgetting that, I have had so many other things to talk about. Now, as I have dealt very frankly with you to-night, and acknowledged my own sins and short-comings, I have a right to ask you to treat me in the same way. How many in this audience intend to go to an ale-house, or a gin-shop, on their way home, and get something to drink ? Up with you ! Be fair now ! No skulking !"

Cavendish was laughing, and the laugh was contagious. The atmosphere was favourable to candour and frankness. One lathy, long fellow rose, amid universal merriment, then another and another, until a hundred men were on their feet.

"That's right," said Cavendish. "Now please to sit down."

All resumed their seats, and then Cavendish said :

"I calculate that this audience propose to spend at least ten dollars on the way home for drink. There, you see, are a hundred loaves of good honest bread that you propose to throw away. And what will you get for it ? An unhappy home, a drunken sleep, a headache to-morrow morning, unfitness for work, and the necessity of driving your poor wives and wretched children out to beg for the bread that will be necessary to hold your souls within your miserable carcasses. Isn't that true ? You know it is. One way, then, to get your bread is to save your money for it. The other way is to get something to do, at any wages, and do it, and get your money for that."

It was evident that the audience had risen to no such determination as this. They had been interested and amused, but every man had come to the hall with a scent of benevolence in his nostrils. They knew that somebody, somewhere, had money ; and when they arrived at the hall Cavendish had told them that somebody had money. They wanted money. Their self-respect had been ministered to, but their wants were open, and the habit of their lives—the habit of living and desiring to live on the money of others—was not broken.

"Where's the boss ?" they cried.

"Trot him out."

"We want to see him."

"Show us the elephant."

They clapped their hands and stamped their feet, and were about breaking up in a great tumult, when Nicholas appeared at the wing

of the stage, advanced rapidly to the foot-lights, and bowed to the audience.

"Boys," said he, "I am the boss, and I mean well toward you all. I wanted to do something for you. I knew your evenings must be rather dull, and that even those among you who have homes are not very comfortable in them. I thought it would be a good thing for you to have a warm, well-lighted hall, such as the rich people have to meet in, and that you could be interested here. I have been very much instructed and interested to-night, myself, by one from your own ranks, and I am sure that there are hundreds of well-educated people in New York who would have been willing to give five or ten times the sum your bread has cost you for the privilege you have enjoyed. All I have to say is, that they cannot have it at any price. [Cheers, and 'bully for you!'] Is there anything that I can do for you?"

If he had asked this question earlier, there would have been a call for money from every part of the house, but the speaker's respectful tone, and his evident good-will, shamed them all into silence, except one brutal fellow, who said loudly:

"Ye!! shell out!"

A hiss was started, and a cry of "shame, shame," went up from every part of the hall.

When the tumult subsided, Nicholas said:

"I may as well answer this man, for myself and for you. I never gave a cent of money to a man in my life—to a man, I mean, who was able to earn it and had not earned it—that I was not ashamed of myself and ashamed of him and for him; and I promise you and pledge you that I will never give you a penny so long as I live. I would not insult a man who was capable of earning his own bread by offering him money. I would not do anything for any man that I would not permit him to do for me. I have a reasonable amount of money now, but I may lose it, as multitudes have lost theirs. If I am unfortunate, I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll beg."

"Good! Good! You're all right," resounded on every hand, and Nicholas was about retiring from his first public effort when a man rose in the middle of the hall and expressed the hope that he would remain a moment.

Nicholas recognised Mr. Lansing Minturn, who, with Yankton, or "Twitchell," had taken a seat in the audience, in order to be ready for any emergency. Both these men were known, and both knew that their recent history had come to the ears of their old associates. It was Lansing Minturn's hand that, in the early part of the evening, had prevented the loaf from being hurled at the head of Cavendish. They had led in

the cheers, and had controlled and guided, as well as they could, the demonstrations of the audience.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, "that this audience owes to the gentleman who has just spoken, and to our old friend Cavendish, a vote of thanks for our entertainment here to-night. I therefore propose that the thanks of the audience be presented to them for the use of the hall that we have enjoyed, and the very instructive and interesting address that we have listened to."

"I second the proposition," said Mr. Yankton, promptly.

The propounder of the motion put it to vote, and it was carried *nem. con.* Nicholas, with a smile of acknowledgment on his face, bowed to the audience and retired, while Cavendish raised his hand and said:

"One word more."

The audience paused—some standing, some sitting.

"One week from to-night there will be a lecture in this hall on 'Soap.'"

The announcement was greeted with the wildest merriment and applause.

"How to make it and how to use it!" shouted Cavendish.

This addition excited loud laughter and cheers, as the grand joke of the evening.

"Every attendant paying his dime at the box-office, will be presented with a cake of good soap, which will serve as his ticket of admission to the hall."

"We'll all come," said Lansing Minturn.

"Every man and woman of us," shouted Yankton.

The hall was quickly emptied of as merry an audience as any New York theatre sent into the street that night. They had been interested, they had been instructed, they had forgotten for more than an hour the low motives of their lives. The passengers upon the sidewalks stopped and watched the bread-bearing crowd, and wondered what had been done; and many men went straight home who had intended to waste the scanty contents of their pockets in drink.

Nicholas and Cavendish, on rejoining the little circle of friends behind the wing of the stage, were the recipients of quite an ovation. Both were heartily congratulated. Mr. and Mrs. Coates were there, having been attracted partly by curiosity, and partly by the enthusiasm of their daughter. Mrs. Coates only, of all the company, withheld her approval.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Coates, "that this meetin' ought to have been opened with prayer. I may seem to be a strange woman, but I like the good old ways."

"Y—yes," said Mr. Coates, who saw that he was the only proper person to make a response to the suggestion, "b—bait your t—trap with a

ch-icken, c-catch your fox, and then b-brush the flies off his face, and t-teach him the c-catechism."

It would have been too much to expect of the excited and happy group that they should receive this illustration of Mr. Coates's idea of the situation without laughter; but there was not one of them—there was not one of the most reverent of them—who did not apprehend the unfairness of imprisoning a collection of five hundred people for a special object, and then taking an advantage of their helplessness to secure another. They had seen it tried, again and again, and they did not believe in it. They did believe, however, that God likes work better than words, that those who honestly labour for His children have His blessing in advance, without those phrases of public petition which are uttered mainly for their moral effect.

From the hall the young people went directly to Miss Larkin, who awaited their return and report in a fever of excitement. She had asked of Nicholas the privilege of sharing in his expenses, so that she might be reckoned among the agents of the reform he had undertaken, and he could not refuse her request.

The meetings at the "Athenaeum" went on during the winter. The lecture upon soap was as great a success as that on bread. New seats were put into the hall. The audience went from five hundred up to six hundred. The "Athenaeum" had never enjoyed such a season. The lecture on soap was followed by one on carbon in all its forms, from graphite to the diamond. The ticket for this lecture was a little inkstand, made from coal like that which they burned upon their hearths. Cavendish was furnished with books for cramming purposes, and was particularly brilliant and graphic in his representation of the age when the world's fuel and light were deposited in their rocky store-houses. From useful things the lectures went to ornamental. The ticket to the first of these was a chromo, and in this lecture upon art, Cavendish told with thrilling effect the story of the morning which he and two of his companions spent with Nicholas in his room. The hurling of the Laocoön from its bracket, on that eventful morning, was made to do double duty, and the audience had been so far educated by the exercises of the winter, that they could receive and carry away the lesson.

There was new life in hundreds of homes. Other philanthropists became interested in the remarkable experiment, and the appearance of a number of gentlemen and ladies upon the stage, with the permission of the audience, came to be a regular and expected affair. Of course, those who were poor were poor still, but something had come into their lives to give them meaning. Their common needs lost their vulgarity, and gradually clothed themselves with beauty and even romance. A degree of self-respect came back to them. They were more industrious,

more frugal, less intemperate. They paid more attention to their persons. They were better dressed and cleaner.

While this was going on, other events were in progress among those with whom our story has brought us into association, and to these we must return for a while, to come back to "The Atheneum" experiment when it takes on a new character and develops a new phase of interest. It is sufficient to say now, in regard to this experiment, that its course, though always progressive, met with many drawbacks and difficulties, which taxed to their utmost the time and ingenuity of those who carried it on. Nicholas was the busiest man in New York. He made all the purchases, and became a personal adviser—almost a father confessor—to many poor men and poor women, who were struggling to better their low conditions. He had a great deal of earnest help, but he was the readiest man of them all—always bold and quick in expedients, and never failing of his ends, because he would not fail.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE may not swear that a river is pure because heaven is to be seen in it. Reflection is an office of the surface. Many a stream with an under-tide of turbid waters and a muddy bottom mirrors back the courtesies of the trees upon its banks, but never shows them a pebble.

Mr. Benson's life seemed pure. It reflected the atmosphere above him and the things around him. There was not a bird that crossed it without seeing its double in an inverted sky. It gave back what it received. It entertained the clouds and the stars; and men did not pause to think that they were only looking into a mirror. Indeed, they flattered the fact in supposing that the difficulty in seeing into this life was attributable to its depth rather than its density.

It often happens, however, in the clearest streams that a confluent may receive an independent freshet, and carry out into the broad river its burden of suspended uncleanness. Mr. Benson's financial troubles, and the means he adopted to meet and master them, were defacing the mirror of his life. The surface was growing dull and perturbed. Midway it showed a separation; and side by side, with only an imaginary or indistinct division, there flowed a river that seemed clear as of old, and one that was dirty and dull. If careless people did not see this, Mr. Benson himself was conscious of it. He was in grave trouble—trouble not only with his affairs, but with himself. He had arrived at a point where he could apprehend the fact that a fatal gap yawned between his religion and his morality. He was inexpressibly pained by

this apprehension, and profoundly puzzled by it. He could not see that his religion and his morality had the same selfish basis. He could not comprehend the fact that his morality had not grown out of his religion—that they had no common root in love to God and love to man.

He was sure that he enjoyed his religious exercises. He did not see that he enjoyed them because they had no connection with his moralities. The services of his church on Sunday, the attendance upon, and the active participation in, the social religious gatherings of the week, personal devotions, the reading of his Bible—all these were sources of comfort to him. The faithful discharge of what he regarded as his religious duties gave him his best consolations.

It has been said that there was no vital relation between his morality and his religion, yet in his own mind there was a relation, so far that he was puzzled to understand why a man who discharged his religious duties with such careful punctilio should not receive his reward in greater prosperity. He was a friend of religion—a friend of God: why was not God a more helpful friend to him? Still, the fact that God was no more helpful did not tempt him to relinquish his religious duties. Indeed, the circumstance that he was doing doubtful things in the realm of his moralities, stimulated him in what he regarded as other good directions. He was dimly conscious, perhaps, that he was trying to blind the eyes of others to his immoral doings and conditions, and that he was apparently more religious because he was consciously more immoral, but this did not affect his action.

Mr. Benson was sound in his beliefs, and this fact, in such a mind as his, went a long way in the conservation of his self-complacency. To these he clung with almost affectionate pertinacity. Whatever changes might happen to his earthly fortune, his heavenly inheritance should be secure. Concerning the duties in this department of his life he had no doubt, even if the circumstances of the time and the infirmities of his will under temptation, should warp or degrade his action in his practical dealings with the world. He was at least no heretic, and the truth should always find in him a bulwark and a defence.

The real trouble with Mr. Benson was that he was obliged to take care of Mr. Benson and Mr. Benson's reputation. He had been a wise and prosperous man. The community had looked up to him and trusted him. He had nursed his reputation with a degree of self-love of which he was entirely unconscious. To be greeted, and spoken of, and pointed at, as a man of probity, as an eminent citizen, as a person supremely trustworthy, was the sweetest gratification of his life. Under the inspiration of his own self-love, rather than that of any higher love, he had been a moral man. When he saw this successful and moral man about

to tumble from his height of prosperity and good repute, the same self-love sprang to save him by such means as seemed necessary.

The first duty, then, that appealed to Mr. Benson, outside of that which he owed to his religion, was that of taking care of himself. He justified himself in this by the fact that if he could take care of himself, he could take care of all whose affairs he held in his hands. His work was therefore very simple. How to get through the crisis and save his reputation was the great question which covered all other questions.

He was already conscious, however, as has been intimated, that a freshet had occurred in the principal confluent of his life, which had betrayed itself upon the surface to a few eyes besides his own. He knew that his reputation was suffering already. He was at least so conscious that it ought to suffer, that he became painfully alert and suspicious. He had carried through all his business life so confident a feeling and so confident a front, based upon conscious fair dealing and assured popularity, that a suspicion of himself made him suspicious of the public. He had noticed, first, that the tide of private deposits, of which he had been the recipient, had reached its flood. Whether this was attributable to the growing poverty of the people, or to a general subsidence of confidence in moneyed men, or to a special waning of faith in him, he could not tell, but he suspected the last.

It is curious how keen the public scent of private difficulty is—how quickly suspicion gathers around a man who, however faithfully he may have discharged all his business obligations, has done it with trouble to himself and fears for the future. There was no doubt that, for some reason, the public confidence in Mr. Benson was waning. His affairs had been quietly canvassed in business circles, and wise heads had been shaken over them. Nothing had been spoken of them outside—no whisper of warning had been breathed among the poor—yet sharp instincts apprehended the tottering of his strength, and a certain indefinable change in himself. The man who had had a courteous word for everybody, now passed his best friends in the street without knowing them. He was absorbed, preoccupied. He found it more difficult from day to day to obtain accommodations. Some of his recent depositors called, under various excuses, to withdraw their loans. Men bowed to him in the street in a different manner from that to which he had been accustomed. Money-lenders gave him short greetings or a wide berth.

He was unspeakably vexed and distressed with the change, and it did not work well with him. It maddened him and made him desperate, yet still he could not only blame their selfishness, but take refuge in his own superior motives. These motives hardened, however, from day to day, into a determination to save himself at any risk—almost at any price.

Did he mean to wrong anybody? No. He fully intended to pay every dollar of his debts. That, at least, would be necessary to save his reputation, and he sincerely desired to do this, with as little wrongdoing as possible.

It was in this mood and in this condition that Nicholas would have found him on the night on which he received the letter from the burglar concerning the stolen bonds, had he persisted in his determination to call upon him and read the letter to him. At that moment he was closeted with one of his largest and most importunate creditors—one who, on the brink of failure, was telling him that he must and would have his money. It was in vain that Mr. Benson assured him that the debt could not be paid without distressing others, and involving a ruinous sacrifice of property. Necessity could take no counsel of generosity. Ruin was not in the mood to consider ruin; and Mr. Benson was obliged to submit to the rule of business which circumstances had compelled him to enforce upon others.

So, before the creditor left the house that evening, he secured a promise from Mr. Benson that the debt should be paid on the following day.

This was the hardest emergency that Mr. Benson had ever experienced. He had made a desperate promise under desperate pressure, and must keep it or go to protest, and acknowledge himself beaten. He had nothing to keep his promise with. No sale of property could be made in the brief hours at his command. He could not borrow on the securities he held, save at rates that would disgrace him and hasten his ruin.

His mind trod the weary round of possibilities again and again, and at every revolution it paused before the safe that held the stolen bonds. He did not wish to touch them. Why had he held them? Why had he not placed himself beyond the temptation to use them? Could it be that Providence had withheld his hand from restoration? Could it be that the God he had prayed to so earnestly intended that these bonds should come into his hands for temporary use, in the most cruel exigency of his life? It seemed so. He could see no other way out of his trouble. There were the bonds, lying idly in his safe. There was in them all the help he needed, and more. They were doing good to nobody. At the very moment he contemplated theft, his heart went up with an emotion of gratitude!

The devil had come to him as an angel of light, with the blasphemous message that Providence was dealing with him,—that a miracle had been wrought for him,—that a man who held him in his hands and held him in contempt had been made unwillingly tributary to his safety. The devil did not need to tell him that he had paid for the bonds a

certain sum in money, that he had taken them from the hands of a robber, that he was ready to give them up to any man who could prove them to be his, that he had kept them safely for the owner, and that he only wanted a temporary use of them.

What should he do? What would any man do with ruin staring him in the face, the means of avoiding it in his hands, and a message more than half believed to be from heaven in his heart, bidding him use the means?

Still, if Nicholas had told him of his letter, the message from heaven in answer to prayer would not have come to Mr. Benson. He might even have informed Nicholas of his possession of the bonds, and insisted on putting them out of his hands. He had gradually approached, and finally reached a determination, and found his heart lighter and his path brighter. Was this heaven's own smile of approval? It seemed to be.

But here another difficulty arose. Where should he use the bonds? He found that however divinely sanctioned his use of them might seem to be, he was not ready to use them in the open market. It would not be safe to place them where he could not at once lay his hands upon them.

So he was shut up to a single resort. It was against the law for an officer of the Poor Man's Savings Bank to use its funds for his personal purposes. But he would use them for a few days, and no harm could come to the bank, with such security as he had it in his power to offer. He had become so blinded and benumbed in his apprehensions, that he did not see that his one illegal or irregular act would demoralize every officer of the bank associated with him, and that he would lose all power to control them. He did not see that every man of them would demand a loan for himself, as a bribe to secrecy, and that he would by his act inaugurate a confederacy of crime that would endanger or destroy the institution in which he had taken so much pride.

Before noon on the following day the bonds were in the vault of the savings bank, Mr. Benson's creditor was paid, and he had a surplus fund on hand which would give him room and leisure to work for the redemption of his pledged securities.

The first effect was great mental relief to Mr. Benson. The second was an organized demand, on the part of the other officers of the bank, for accommodations for themselves. They gave him plainly to understand that they were in as great trouble as himself; that their right to borrow of the bank was equal to his own, and that if their demand was not acceded to they would endeavour, in the proper quarters, to ascertain why he was to be made an exception to the rule.

Mr. Benson was in their hands. Practically he was under the threat of exposure, if he refused to honour their wishes. There was but one

thing for him to do, and he discovered too late that the devil, who had assumed the semblance and the prerogatives of Providence, had led him into a trap, from which there was no way of escape. He saw before him the ruin of the bank. He saw that he had demoralized his own officers, and that not one of them could be dismissed.

Sometimes the whole chain of events which had led him into his present desperate perplexities was unrolled before him. Oh that he could go back! Oh that he could recall the first mistake, the initial act, of his supreme selfishness, which had placed him on this declining and tortuous road!

He prayed, but he had no relief. He was in a land of shadows. He was fighting with monsters. The heavens were brass, the earth was iron. His divinity was the Virgin of the medieval chamber of torture, who opened her thorny arms and pressed him to a breast of spikes, that quenched his breath and drew his blood and racked him with insufferable pain.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN the meantime, Nicholas had taken the burglar's letter to Glezen's office, and they had looked over it together. Nicholas had not the slightest doubt that the note was from the man whom he had chased from "The Crown and Crust"—his keeper on the night of the Otter-cliff robbery—the beggar whom he had violently ejected from his house. Every circumstance connected with it assured its genuineness, but whether Bill Sanders knew where the bonds were, or was only trying to secure money for information which he did not possess, was a question that could only be doubtfully answered.

Glezen had considerable faith in the genuineness of the letter, but none at all in its author's proposition. He had had a little experience, and a good deal of observation, in such cases, and he had learned that very little dependence was to be placed upon letters of that character. It was possible, however, that the burglars had quarrelled over their booty, and that Bill Sanders would be ready to play a game of revenge, if he could be assured of his own safety.

After a long consultation, Nicholas left the letter in Glezen's possession, with the permission to take such steps with regard to it as might seem to be the most judicious.

From all that Glezen could learn or guess about Bill Sanders, he had been a subordinate in the crime—a cat's-paw in the hands of abler and worse men; and he cared a good deal more about getting back the bonds for Nicholas than he did about securing the person of such a man. Besides, a man who would be willing to act as a tool for a greater

rogue, might the more easily be induced to act as his own tool. So he sat down and carefully wrote a reply to the burglar's letter, telling him that the matter had been placed in his hands, and proposing an interview, with a pledge of personal safety.

The night fixed upon for the interview was one which Nicholas and Cavendish would spend at "The Atheneum," so that, without exciting suspicion, or being under the danger of intrusion, he might have the rogue in his office and examine him at his leisure.

The reply to his note reached him with unexpected promptness, and, somewhat to his surprise, his proposition was accepted. The man made his conditions in detail. The main point seemed to be personal safety during the visit. He even indulged in threats, in the name of his gang, if anything should happen to him contrary to the construction he had placed upon Glezen's letter, and the conditions named in his own.

Glezen was in his office at nine o'clock, the place and hour specified in his own letter, though he had but little faith that the visitor he had invited would appear.

The clock of Trinity had hardly completed its own tale of the hour, however, when Glezen heard steps slowly ascending the stairs. They paused at the landing, and the man who had made them seemed to be trying to read the signs on the various doors. At last there came a hesitating knock, which Glezen answered in person.

"Is this Bill Sanders?" inquired Glezen, opening the door upon him.

"I'm the man as writ the letter," was the reply, in a voice which Nicholas, had he been present, would have recognised at the antipodes.

"Come in out of the draught," said Glezen.

"Is it all clear?"

"Yes."

"Honour bright?"

"Without a stain," said Glezen, while the man glanced into his quizzical eyes.

Bill Sanders stepped inside, and looked around him, as the lawyer turned the key in the door.

"Be you a jokin' man?" inquired Bill Sanders.

Glezen laughed, and said:

"Why do you ask?"

"I reckoned you was by what you said, and how you looked," was the reply.

"I am serious enough for our business," said Glezen.

"I always trust a jokin' man," said Bill, flatteringly, with his husky voice. "'Does he joke?'" says I. That settles it. 'There's a good spot in 'im,' says I. 'What he says he'll do, he will do. When he

says he'll perfect ye, he'll do it. When he says he'll plank down money, he'll plank down money, and he won't stand no small change.' That's what I say."

Bill took the chair that was offered him, tucking his hat under his left arm, as if that disposition of it were an act of courtesy towards his host. He wore a cunning, depreciative, deferential air, most unlike the ordinary bully, and a pale, creamy smile, under which it was difficult to tell whether the milk was sweet or sour.

"I know ye mean to deal squar'," said Bill, to break the uncomfortable silence in which Glezen was regarding him. "I knowed it as quick as I seed ye leave the key into the door."

"I think I understand you, Bill," said Glezen, at length; "and before you start, I want you to hear a little that I have to say. You needn't tell me your real name, because you'll lie about it, and that will be a bad beginning. What I want is the truth. I have promised that you shall come and go this time in safety, and I will keep my promise. But you must remember that I have promised nothing beyond this evening. If you tell me the truth, I can probably save you from harm. If you lie to me I shall feel at perfect liberty to do anything that seems desirable. You are undoubtedly one of the robbers of my friend Minturn's bonds. Now what you do know about them?"

"Swear me! Let me git my hand onto a Bible," said Bill.

"No, I don't want you to swear," said Glezen. "I'll take your word of honour, if such a man as you has any honour."

"Then I'll swear myself," said Bill. "May God ——"

"Stop!" said Glezen. "Not another word! If you wish to have me believe you, drop your oaths."

Bill's programme for the evening was broken up, and it bothered him. He had actually come to tell the truth; he had been confirmed in his determination to tell it by Glezen's words; but he somehow thought it would be truer if he could "git his hand onto a Bible."

"Begin," said Glezen.

"There was three men as went a-foragin'," said Bill Sanders—"as went a-foragin' up the river. Two of 'em was old hands, that was used to large business, and one of 'em was a new hand as was used to small business. They cracked a house as wasn't fur from the river, and got away with a stack o' plunder, an' nobody hurt. Lawyer, stick a pin in that—nobody was hurt. A kid was skewered temperary, but there wasn't no murder—a kid as had no good will a-owin' to 'im, but there wasn't no harm done."

"No," said Glezen, impatiently, "you only bound and gagged him. Go on. I've heard all this before."

"As I was a sayin'," pursued the narrator, "the men got away with

a stack o' plunder—some on it silver, and some on it bonds. Now, s'pose we call the head man Captain Hank. That wasn't his name, but suppose we call it Captain Hank, to make it easy. Captain Hank says: 'Boys, we'll divide the silver, but I'll keep the bonds, and sell 'em when the time comes. They must be kep' together, an' I'm goin' to keep 'em,' says 'e, an' when I get rid of 'em then we'll divide squar,' says 'e. Well, the men was free spendin,' and they run through the silver afore they knowed it, and then Captain Hank went to raise the needful on the bonds."

Up to this point, Glezen had sat back in his chair with half shut eyes, listening to the old story, but now he opened them and became alert.

"Did he get any money on them?" inquired Glezen.

"I'm a-comin' to it, careful," said Bill. "Two of the fellers waited for Captain Hank, an' they waited till he come back, the wust beat man you ever see. He went to a high party as deals extensive, and the high party knowed about the bonds, an' come down on 'im with a barker an' a telegraph, an' was too many for 'im. Leastways, that's Captain Hank's story. Captain Hank gave both of his pardners an X, an' that's all they ever see of the bonds, an' then he broke with 'em. An' here you sets an' asks me if he got money on 'em. In course he got money on 'em, an' he got more'n he give account fer. That's what's the matter. You don't s'pose I'd come here an' give him up if he'd dealt fair, do ye?"

"Who's the high party as deals extensive?" inquired Glezen, adopting a phrase which Bill seemed to have used with considerable pride.

"He's a party as gobbled the whole pile, an' we've watched the papers to see if the bonds ever got back to the man as owns 'em, but the old cock hasn't peeped. He's got 'em now. I've seen 'im sence in the street, and butter wouldn't melt in 'is mouth."

"But you haven't told me his name," said Glezen.

Bill drew his chair nearer to Glezen, and began to tremble and grow white-lipped. His voice became more husky, and came down to a wheezy whisper, as he said:

"Lawyer, you won't believe me. Swear me as a pertickler favour. Let me get my hand onto a Bible."

Glezen was impressed with the man's sincerity. He was evidently under great excitement, and felt that the secret he had determined to divulge would be regarded as incredible. Knowing that his word was valueless, he seemed to feel that an auxiliary oath might stiffen it for use.

"I don't want any oaths," exclaimed Glezen impatiently. "If your word isn't good for anything your oath isn't good for anything. Out with it."

"But you won't believe it," said Bill.

"You don't believe it yourself, perhaps."

"I do. I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"I went with 'im to the door."

Bill fell back in his chair, and drew a long breath.

"What door? Whose door?"

"Old Benson's!" in a whisper.

It was Glezen's time to be excited now.

"I have a good mind to tell you that you lie, and to kick you out of my office," said he.

"I knowed you wouldn't believe it," said Bill, deprecatingly. "I wanted to get my hand onto a Bible, and you wouldn't let me."

"Very well," said Glezen, trembling with excitement, "you shall have your hand on a Bible. Here it is. Stand up, and put your hand on it." The rogue staggered to his feet, and placed his hand boldly on the book.

"I'm ready," said he.

"You solemnly swear, that you honestly and firmly believe, that a man whom you know as Captain Hank, and as the robber who stole a package of bonds from Nicholas Minturn at Ottercliff, disposed of those bonds to, or had them taken from him by, Benjamin Benson, in this city, God Almighty being your witness, and your avenger if you swear falsely."

Glezen administered the oath with profound solemnity.

"I do," said Bill, "an' that's what I call business. You might as well have come to it afore, an' it wasn't my fault that you didn't."

"Now, if you've lied to me, Bill Sanders, I'll make this place too hot to hold you."

"If I've lied to you I hope I'll go to a hotter place than you can make this into," said Bill, firmly.

"Don't you tell this to anybody else," said Glezen. "If it's true, I'll take care of the matter; if it is false, as it probably is, whatever your belief may be, it will be a cruel thing against an innocent man to say anything about it. Captain Hank has probably lied to you. He may have gone to Mr. Benson to sell the bonds, but he probably did not sell them. And now," said Glezen, rising, "I want nothing more of you to-night."

"What are you going to give me?" inquired Bill.

"For what you've told me, nothing," said Glezen, "until I am convinced that you have told me the truth. For your trouble in coming here to-night, this——," and he handed him a bank-note of small denomination. Bill was disappointed.

"I'll make it right if I am convinced that you have not tried to deceive me. There's no use in talking about the matter. No words, Bill, no words! Good night!" and he almost crowded him out of the door of his office, and locked himself in. Passing swiftly to his window, he saw his visitor cross Broadway, and disappear down one of the side streets.

It was already late, but he knew, with this secret in his possession, he could not sleep. He paced his room for a few minutes, then, seized with a sudden determination, he hurried on his overcoat and hat, locked his office, ran down stairs, and hailing and leaping into a passing cab, ordered the driver to take him to the rooms of Nicholas, and not to lose time on the way.

The revelations of the robber had profoundly impressed him, however incredulously he may have appeared to receive them. He was certainly more than half convinced that Bill Sanders believed the statement he had sworn to. If he had not been measurably convinced of this, he would not have been so much excited.

He found himself sitting lightly on his seat, and leaning forward, with the strange, involuntary fancy that he was lightening the burden of the horse, or imparting something of the haste he felt to the brute that dragged him. Every muscle was tense, and, at last, became so painful that he was obliged to lean back for rest. Although the night was cold, the cab seemed close, he put down the windows, that he might catch the sharp air on his feverish cheeks. Then came a flood of doubts whether he had a right to plant suspicions in the mind of Nicholas, which, in all probability, were groundless. He had a dozen impulses to stop the driver and walk back to his own rooms.

But the cab rolled on over the stony streets, past the theatres as they were disgorging themselves, past the saloons ablaze with light, past the long rows of dark warehouses, and the unending lines of flickering street-lamps, and he held to his seat as if by some fatal necessity. Crowded and violently exercised as his mind had been, he was at his destination before he could realize that the long distance had been measured. The cabman was royally paid for his service and dismissed; but even then Glezen hesitated.

In vain. He could not go away. He rang the bell, and on reaching the room he sought he found Nicholas preparing to retire for the night.

"What! This you?" exclaimed Nicholas.

"Even so."

"What is the matter? You are pale. Are you ill?"

"I have heard the devil's own story to-night," said Glezen, sinking into a chair, "but I am not ill—only a little excited. Put on your coat,

Nicholas. We must have a talk. I don't know that I ought to tell you this story, but it's in me, and I don't seem to be able to hold it."

Nicholas sat down near his friend very much puzzled, and heard in profound amazement every incident of the interview that had occurred at Glezen's office.

"Now, mark you, Nicholas," said Glezen, interrupting the latter in his attempt to speak. "I give but little credence to this story. On one side of it, there is a set of desperate rogues—men known to be thieves—men who would perjure their souls for money just as readily as they would break into a house, or cut a throat if they had occasion for violence. On the other, there is a man more conspicuous for his probity than for anything else—with all the dissuasives against crooked courses that can be gathered round a man, or gathered into him. It is not fair to pit one of these parties against the other, even before the bar of one's private judgment. We must keep this to ourselves. I am glad to have a partner in the possession of the story, because it is an ugly thing for one man to carry, but it cannot be true. You know it cannot be true."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Nicholas. "You lawyers are always looking after evidence that will be good in a court of justice. There are circumstances in my mind which have fitted themselves into, and illuminated every passage of, the story. I shall surprise you if I say that I not only believe that this story is true, but that my belief amounts almost to knowledge."

"You surprise me," said Glezen. "What do you mean?"

"I know the very night on which the transaction took place," said Nicholas. "Why, the man almost revealed himself. The secret was as hard for him to hold as it has been for you; and if he had had no greater motive for keeping it than you have had, I should have received it then. My interview with him came next after that of Captain Hank. He was pale and excited when I entered. He questioned me about the bonds. He told me he believed, or felt, somehow, that I should get them again. He went so far as to say that he had just had a call from a man who was as likely to have been the robber as any man he had ever seen. I see it all. He had my bonds in his safe at that moment. He asked me if I had yet discovered the record of the numbers, and I can see now—I saw it then, without understanding it—his look of satisfaction when I answered in the negative. It's true, Glezen, it's true! I see it more plainly every moment, as our conversation comes back to me. I see the strange malignity with which he undertook to play upon my hopes, and the blinds which he wove before my eyes. I tell you it's true."

Nicholas grew more nervous and emphatic as he talked. Every

word and circumstance of the interview which he recalled fitted so naturally into, or grew out of, the consciousness of guilt on Mr. Benson's part, that he could find no place for them in any substituted theory.

Then he rose and walked the room in wild excitement. He clenched his hands as if he were in pain. Then gesticulating furiously, he said :

"I see it! I see it! I know it is true!"

"You forget, Nicholas, that Benson is not a fool," said Glezen. "He couldn't afford to risk his reputation for the money."

"He doesn't love me, Glezen."

"Very well, he cannot afford to risk his position for the gratification of a private enmity. You must give me a better reason than these."

"Wouldn't he commit crime for the sake of saving his position?" inquired Nicholas.

"My boy," said Glezen, "that's deeper down into motives than I've been. If he is in any such strait as that, it is time our friend Miss Larkin were placed on her guard."

"She shall be placed on her guard the next time I see her. If he can steal from me he can defraud her."

The excitement of Nicholas had had the effect to cool Glezen, and the latter at last said quietly:

"Well, Nicholas, what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to give Mr. Benson an opportunity to deny the story."

"You cannot do that you know."

"I can do it, and I will do it."

"You will only get yourself into difficulty."

"What do I care about that? I have had him on his knees more than once, and he has more than one reason to be afraid of me. You talk about keeping this matter to ourselves. I cannot carry it even with your help. Why, the man has almost shaken my bonds in my face. He has gloated over their possession in my presence. Leave me alone. I shall not mention your name, and I assume all the responsibility."

Glezen saw it was useless to argue with Nicholas in his excited and confident mood, and securing a promise from him that he would not move in the affair until further consultation, bade him good night and sought his lodgings.

He left his friend to a night of sleeplessness. A danger to Miss Larkin had been opened to the latter in the conversation. His own instinct or insight had discovered it. It assumed the front of reality, and he could not put it out of his mind. Any selfish consideration was nothing compared with his sympathy for her, and the motive that sprung within him to shield and defend her. He would warn her of

her danger. She was a lamb in the den of a wolf, and he would be her protector. He tossed all night, and went through every imaginable encounter and conflict with his foe, but rose in the morning with his purpose unshaken.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MEETING AT MARATHON.

BY S. J. WATSON.

Author of "Ravlan" and "Legend of the Roses."

[“WHILE the army (of Athens) were mustered on the ground sacred to Heraklēs, near Marathon, with the Persians and their fleet occupying the plain and shore beneath, and in preparation for immediate action, they were joined by the whole force of the little town of Platæa, consisting of about one thousand hoplites. . . . Many a Grecian town would have disregarded both generous impulse and rational calculation, in the fear of provoking a new and terrific enemy. . . . If we summon up to our imaginations all the circumstances of the case . . . we shall be sensible that this volunteer march of the whole Platæan force to Marathon is one of the most affecting incidents of all Grecian history.”]—*Grote's History of Greece.*

From Persia's plains, like locusts, her legions westward swarm,
Then darkening the seas of Greece, sweep on her like a storm;
And hour by hour pale messengers to Athens tidings bear
Of war-ships, clangorous with mail, these Eastern myriads wear;
Countless the spears as reeds of Nile—their gleam for leagues is seen,
Save where the smoke of cities, like a death-cloud, drops between.
While brave men doubt, and women weep, priests sacrifice and pray
That Heaven stretch forth its hand this curse of war and waste to stay,
Ere dread Darius shall have crushed the only land that flings
Defiance against Asia's lord, and spurns the rule of kings.

All hail the grand Democracy! Athens will raise alone
A barrier of death and deeds 'twixt Greece and Persia's throne:
One city but frail bulwark is, 'gainst such gigantic wave,
But freemen never count the odds, they leave that for the slave.
And so, from heroic Athens file her gallant burghers fast,
The look they cast behind them tells they think that look their last;
But now the hands that clasped "Farewell," draw the good sword-belt tight,
The eyes that felt a home-tear burn, from the blue steel catch light;
And Battle's lion springs to fill the hearts whence Doubt hath flown,
And thus the sons whom Athens bore take march for Marathon.

Far as sight flies, o'er Marathon, the spoilers' host appears,
 And distance seems to die away 'mid groves of Persian spears;
 Darius ten-score thousand hath, Athens can only send
 Ten thousand; but, the noblest pledge Earth could to Freedom lend.
 So the heroic handful form their battle's meagre line,
 The People's infant Majesty bearding the Right Divine.
 Athens against all Asia—Athens for Europe stands,
 Is there no sister State in Greece to help with words or hands?
 Sparta is absent—she hath kings, hath nobles not a few,
 But, in the strife with king and caste, would these prove allies true?

Lo! there draw nigh a thousand men, and sons of Greece they be;
 Come they as foes? Come they to fight to keep their mother free?
 But there is nought of slavish port in these new warriors' tread,
 Gallant their step, their swords unsheathed, haughty and high each head;
 Straight on, like to an eagle's flight, the stately column sweeps,
 Now Hope flames up in Athens' host; now Doubt upon it creeps,
 Whisp'ring "'tis aid for Persia." No! see the battalion wheels,
 A moment more of dread suspense, its grand design reveals;
 And into line with Athens fall, 'mid shouts and joyful tears,
 The thousand sons Plataea sends to give to Greece their spears.

Like tempest born on Winter-morn 'mongst sky-crowned Ida's pines,
 Like famished eagles swooping down on serpents 'mid her vines,
 So Athens and Plataea burst upon the Persian foe,
 The Eastern legions bowed and broke, crests filled the air like snow,
 As Grecian swords for God and man shore down through helms and plumes,
 Through mail from Media's anvils, and through silks from Susa's looms.
 Europe is saved! the glittering slaves ship-wards in myriads flee,
 Crimsoning, ere they reach their decks, the violated sea.

* * * * *

The Athenian people make decree that, till the end of days,
 Their herald shall, in public prayers, Plataea's warriors praise.
 Athens is dead; but, from her grave she calls with trumpet tone,
 "Honour the thousand men whose swords joined mine at Marathon!"

SHAKSPEARIAN STUDIES.

MACBETH.—THE SUPERNATURAL.

BY RICHARD LEWIS.

HE who reads Shakspeare by the laws of literary criticism only will have his taste and his judgment incessantly offended. Shakspeare did not write to gratify the scholar, but to delight and instruct the man; and if we change scholar into scientist the difficulty is enhanced, for the greatest of his dramas owe their deepest interest to principles and beliefs which are in deep antagonism with modern science. As he paid little regard to the unities, so he violates with equal indifference the rules of the rhetorician and the grammarian; and, as his province is that of the

imagination, he justly subordinates the physical world to the spiritual. In this view, it would be wise in all who would profit by his works to follow the counsel of Dr. Johnson. "Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with the utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope, [or of Tyndall or of Darwin]. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable, and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators."

In the spirit of this counsel ought we enter upon the dread scenes of the second and third acts of *Macbeth*. And if we would fully conceive the nature and purpose of this tragedy, and profit by its solemn instructions, we must admit the power and necessity, even if we doubt or deny the truth, of the supernatural. For Shakspeare revels in the supernatural. When he would charm the fancy he makes the air musical with the songs of Ariel, and leads the mind captive with the phantasies of Titania and Oberon and Puck; and when he would awake remorse and horror in guilty souls he summons the dead from their graves, and makes night hideous with the ghastly spectres of murdered victims.

He has introduced this element of the supernatural especially into *Tragedy*, because he believed in it himself. The age in which he lived, with all its great religious and intellectual revolutions, could not fail to influence and leave its impress on his genius. The Reformation gave a new fervency to Faith, and the Inauguration of Science strengthened the alliance between the spiritual and material conceptions of men, without awakening the scepticism which, in assailing Faith, clips imagination of her wings and poetry and art of their glories. But while Shakspeare manifests a deep faith in the supernatural world, he never forgets to make it consistent with the characters of his drama. It is thus that the sublimest effects of his tragic creation are due to the supernatural, because those characters have implicit faith in the doctrine. The profoundest interest associated with *Hamlet*, and the finest sentiments he utters, are due to this influence. But in *Macbeth* it becomes the instrument of his torture; and while he boasts defiance of "the life to come," it is the faith in the realities of that life which impels him to consult the weird sisters, which makes him the victim of their delusions, and which unmans and prostrates him with frenzied terror in the banquet scene, before his nobles and his queen. Whoever con-

ceives Macbeth to be a rude and brutal murderer has not rightly studied his character, nor the design of the poet. His utterances give evidence often of deep thought and faith in divine government; but that faith, while it is marked by all the superstition of the age in which he lived, is wanting in the reverence for holiness which exalts and sanctifies religion. Like Satan, he believed and trembled. In him judgment is not weak; but imagination is strong, and the lust of power is supreme; and while that imagination, corrupted and perverted by evil desires, hurries him along into crime, it inflicts its heaviest penalties upon him by the terrors which it creates and exaggerates.

It is under the influence of that corrupted imagination, that he appears before us in the second act. It is impossible to realize the awful nature of the scene, unless we give ourselves utterly up the possibilities of the supernatural. It is a glance into hell. For a period we are shut out from the world, to behold—not the revolting details of a common murder, for that would have no influence on the imagination or the conscience—but the soul in its deepest tortures laid bare; and we look into that hell of conscience which the affliction of guilt and the unutterable agony of remorse create and make incalculably more awful than the hell of penal flames. And as we listen to the whispers of crime and the compunctions of guilt, we then realize the nature and the power of that splendid genius which fashioned so wonderful and so awful a production.

With admirable skill the poet has prepared us to detect the crime by exalting the virtues of the victim. There is a royal grandeur in the simplicity, the confidence, and the generosity of the venerable Duncan; and the guilt of Macbeth is not only magnified in our estimation by his ingratitude, but the sense of that ingratitude is made to aggravate the tortures of conscience on the chief criminal, to the last act of his life. He feels that there is nothing but "vaulting ambition" to justify the murder he is about to commit, and it is the struggle of this sense of duty ever in conflict with criminal ambition that gives an apparent inconsistency to his actions and utterances. The more exquisite the tortures of remorse, the more excited his imagination, until the air becomes peopled and dark with fantasies of his terrors. It is the fever of remorse that pictures to his eyes the air-drawn dagger wet with the blood of his victim, and while his reason tells him that it is

"A false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,"

yet he struggles in vain to dispel the dread vision from his eyes. There is the deepest pathos—as if the doomed man, dragged onward by

a destiny which he could not resist, is yet conscious of the crime to which he is urged by overmastering passion—in the words—

" Mine eyes are made the fools
O' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest."

That is, my fears and excited imagination have invoked this unsubstantial dagger, or else—and here is the evidence that religion and conscience are active in his breast—this ghastly apparition is sent by Heaven to warn and to save me from this great sin.

It is difficult to conceive the awful terrors of this scene, until the imagination has been aided by the vivid conception of the great actor ; but its impersonation by dramatic genius never fails to impress the spectators with a sense of the supernatural and the guilt of the murder.

But in antagonism with these supernatural terrors there arises the strength of intellect, unrestrained by conscience, to dissolve the creations of the fevered brain. There is that in the silent contemplation of the bloody tragedy in which Macbeth is engaged, which makes the mind shudder ; and the stealthy approach of Lady Macbeth—the master spirit who might have saved him, and whose fierce eloquence of scorn had determined his destiny—only adds to the horrors of the scene. In her imagination is weak, save when she contemplates the golden diadem and the "hereafter" of "sovereign sway and masterdom." Principle is weak, but intellect is powerful, and will is supreme for evil. "That which had made them drunk," which had darkened the moral vision and fired as to madness the too susceptible imagination of her husband, had only made her "bold," and swept away whatever "compunctious visitings of nature" had moved her in a holier season. As she listens at the door of the chamber of death, there is something painfully awful in that brief expression that drops in broken whispers from her lips—

" He is—about—it."

A writer of inferior power would probably have made her picture the details of the crime at that moment being committed ; and yet—I know not how Mrs. Siddons uttered these words so full of meaning—yet to me so dreadful is their import, so marvellously do they realize all that the mind shrinks from contemplating and shudders to conceive, that only an imagination kindred with that of the poet could give them their just expression.

Mrs. Jameson has with great force and beauty asserted the humane characteristics of Lady Macbeth, and shown from this scene how the

gentler memories of childhood were not dead in her nature, when she utters the well known words—

“ Had he not resembled
My father as he slept. I had done it.”

Yet, when, in the very words that follow, as Macbeth re-appears with the bloody daggers in his hand, and the bloodier deed on his soul, she exclaims—

“ My husband !”

there appears to me as deep a tenderness as in the remembrance of her father. For she had pondered and measured to the full the peril and the trial through which he had passed, and as she looks upon his haggard and terrified face I conceive she must utter those simple words with all the tenderness of the woman, and the sympathy of the wife, with him who had passed through the dreadful ordeal for their mutual advantage. But in all that follows she crushes down all womanly emotion, and in the strength of a master intellect rises to sustain and strengthen her wretched partner ; and although we may abhor her heartlessness and want of remorse, yet she commands our respect in the sublime grandeur of her fortitude, and the firmness with which she conceals her own terrors and anxieties.

But again, it is the supernatural sentiment that gives the terrible interest to this scene. It is this sentiment that kindles the unquenchable fires of remorse in his soul. There Shakspeare, prophet-like, asserts and interprets the universal faith of man. The further we fling ourselves away from God and duty, the more we feel the necessity for holiness and that peace which passeth understanding. This is the lesson the great poet would impress upon us, and this is the human characteristic of Macbeth. He is committing the deed which cannot be revoked, when the prayers of the sleeping attendants break across the silence, not to arrest the crime, but to rebuke the criminal, and we hear the wail of the lost soul in the words of Macbeth :

“ *Macb.*—One cried, *God bless us !* and *Amen*, the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say *Amen*.
When they did say *God bless us*.

Lady M.—Consider it not so deeply.”

Macb.—But wherefore could not *I* pronounce *Amen* ?
*I had most blessing, and *Amen* stuck in my throat.*”

It is then that the poet invokes the supernatural to crown the horrors of the “ deed,” with the rebuke and judgment of Heaven. For it is this sentiment, that the sword of Divine vengeance is drawn against the murderer, that at once exalts the man, and gives the most solemn import to the crime :

"Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep !* The innocent sleep ;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care ;
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

The views of mere scholars upon this passage present another evidence of the weakness of literary criticism when it is not guided by the spirit of the passage. In the printing of the early folios, there was no mark to indicate when the words of the "voice" ended, and even Pope and Rowe left the passage uncertain. Dr. Johnson, however, with the true perception of the poet most correctly made them end as quoted above. The very brevity of the sentence adds to its solemnity. All that follows, though of the highest order of poetry, would have weakened the awful import of the judgment pronounced in that brief passage ; and from the very improbability that Macbeth could in those moments of terror, compunction, and confusion have remembered the passage that follows, would have marred the effect on the mind of the spectator. But regarded as the comment of Macbeth on the first and surest issues of his crime, the passage is as natural as it is full of touching beauty. It is said that when men are drowning, the events of a life—of all they are losing—pass in swift and dreadful review before their mental vision. Thus, too, Macbeth, as he hears the solemn doom of the accusing conscience, feels the inestimable value of the innocent sleep which he is destroying, and which shall never again visit his eyes.

"Glamis hath murdered sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more."

The horrors of this scene are magnified by the callous indifference of Lady Macbeth. There is every reason, however, to believe that the indifference is forced and assumed. The wail of the stricken conscience in the sleep-walking scene of the last act gives proof that even in her, remorse and anguish for crime are not dead. But in this hour of guilt and horror her mental energy, which had urged him to the murder, supports his fortitude, though it cannot rekindle his courage. But the contrasts of character are full of the highest dramatic power. When she suggests that he should take back the bloody dagger, which in the terror and confusion of guilt he had brought away with him, we may conceive how, with appalled look and outstretched hands, as if to repel the dread spectacle, he replies :

"I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't, I dare not."

Then that knocking without, breaking upon the silence of that terrible night, and which De Quincey has so beautifully interpreted as by its

very familiarity awakening the guilty actors in this scene to the consciousness and realities of life and humanity, from which their sin had for so brief and awful a space shut them out—how, as it is repeated, it brings him back to life, and rends his nature with the agony of despair, we may understand, as he sends forth that cry of the hope-abandoned heart :

“Wake Duncan with thy knocking : Oh, would thou couldst !”

The banquet scene is another appeal to the supernatural, more powerful because more real in its ghostly phantoms and effects. In this awful scene, when wielding the “sole sovereign sway and masterdom” for which he had given his “eternal jewel to the enemy of mankind,” the ghost of the murdered Banquo rises before Macbeth “with twenty trenched gashes on his head,” Shakspeare displays the loftiest powers of his imagination. Yet in the overwhelming horrors of that scene there is nothing extravagant nor inconsistent with our conceptions of the possibilities of the spiritual faith of man, nor the character of the crime. It is the expression, realized by the vividness of genius, of a belief, as universal as man, that the innocent blood cries to heaven for vengeance, and is heard ; and no conception of divine vengeance can assume a more dreadful form than that which summons the spirits of the murdered from their graves, and sends them forth as the instruments of heaven to rebuke and terrify the murderer. It has become a question with some whether the ghost is a phantom of the imagination or a substantial and real appearance. Whatever views Mr. Irving and others may entertain on the subject, there is nothing opposed to the belief of Shakspeare in making the ghost of Banquo a visible and bodily presence. In Julius Cæsar, the ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus, and warns him that he shall again “see him at Philippi.” In Hamlet the ghost plays a part next in importance to that of Hamlet himself ; is seen and heard by the officers of the watch as a visible and substantial being, necessary to the interest and general effect of the play. Mrs. Siddons believed that the appearance of Banquo’s ghost “became no less visible to the eyes of Lady Macbeth than to her husband.” If this was the design of the poet, the courage and fortitude of the woman approach heroism. This, indeed, is her redeeming quality, that, having urged her husband to crime, she faithfully and bravely clings to him and sustains him with tender solicitude and affection through all his trials of guilt, remorse, and terror. It is true that in the scene under review she pours a flood of scorn upon him as he gives utterance to his horror. But she knows his nature, and fears he may betray the dread secret to the assembled nobles, and her reproaches of scorn and contempt are designed to rouse him to a sense of his danger by appeals to his pride ; and bitter as are

her rebukes, they are only heard by him, while the calmness and courtesy she incessantly assumes as she addresses the guests prove the magnanimity which Shakspeare stamps upon her character. But the instant the guests are dismissed she ceases her reproaches, soothes the agonies of his guilty conscience, addresses him with the respect and submission of a subject, as if to restore to him the consciousness and sense of his power—made doubtful and shattered by the frenzy of his terrors—and entreats him to seek repose. "There is something of pathos and tenderness," writes Mrs. Jameson, "in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression; it is one of the most masterly and most beautiful traits of character in the whole play."

It is impossible for the student of Shakspeare to appreciate the solemnity and high purpose of this great tragedy unless he gives himself up to this faith in the Supernatural, and in the intention of Shakspeare to make it a supreme agent in the great moral of the drama. Banquo anticipates the dread events that occur, and with a devoutness that marks his character throughout offers up his prayer for defence.

"Merciful powers
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
 Gives way to in repose."

When the murder of Duncan is discovered, he cries—

"In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
 Against the undivulged pretence I fight
 Of treasonous notice."

Just before the murder is discovered, *Lennox* says—

"The night has been unruly; where we lay
 Our chimneys were blown down; and as they say,
Lamentings heard 't the air, strange screams of death
 And prophesying, with accents terrible,
 Of dire combustion, and confused events
 New hatched the woeful time."

Thus to the end of the awful drama, the poet makes us feel that there is a world beyond the material, and that human actions, good and evil, are linked with a higher spiritual life, and with beings whose sympathies break through the boundaries of a spiritual world,—that they govern, and direct the destinies of this. Material science may smile at these "conceits" as the wild dreams of the imagination; but Shakspeare and poetry have the sanction of Holy Writ and the universal aspirations of human hopes to support these conceits of the imagination.

THE FISHERY COMMISSION.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, HALIFAX.

THE meeting of the Fishery Commission, which was appointed to take place at Halifax in June, gives new interest to one of the oldest and most interesting of international "questions," short of the Eastern Question. I think it would be found that no public international discussion had ever been carried on at such length and under such varying conditions as the North American Fishery Question. The discussions began almost with the first fishing fleets that sought our waters in the sixteenth century, and the merchants of Bristol and Brest had their quarrels over the waters. In the seventeenth century we find that France and England began to make treaties regarding the right to the fishery grounds, particularly with reference to Newfoundland, which was at that time insisting on becoming an established colony, though the Royal will was that it should continue to be a mere fishing station. In the eighteenth century the United States came, in their usual piratical but very practical way, into the discussion, and added a third factor to the sum of discussion and dispute. A long line of illustrious men have been connected with the negotiations concerning the fishing grounds. Edmund Burke's name is connected forever with the most magnificent tribute ever paid to maritime and fishing industry. Daniel Webster deserves the equivocal gratitude of his countrymen for having obtained for them concessions and privileges which they ought never to have enjoyed. Lord Castlereagh, Lord Bathurst, and Messrs. Rush and Gallatin all had an active part in the discussion. They all died without seeing the end. The war of 1812 was waged and concluded; the convention of 1818 was fixed upon; and

All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill,

or as the mists of the misty Bay of Fundy in May; till one day an English vessel, acting under instructions, captured an American schooner for violation of the convention, and then uprose the old Fishery Question that diplomatists had considered dead and buried.

It proved too much for Webster, Everett, Lord Stanley, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Elgin, who all appear to have been killed by the oppressive debate on the Fishery Question. A great effort was at last made in 1871 by the Washington Treaty, and to Sir John A. MacDonald his friends give the credit of having temporarily settled the

question by that treaty which provided for a commission to finally determine the matters in dispute between ourselves and the United States. Having thus brought the reader down to the present time, and given him an idea of the greatness of the abstract Fishery Question, which, like the giant released from the jar in the Arabian Nights, threatens the existence of all who touch it, let us proceed to answer the very natural question, What is the Fishery Question? There are two men in Canada pre-eminently fit and able to answer that question. One is Hon. Peter Mitchell, whose ex-official rank demands the earliest mention, who has devoted much time and thought to this question, and whose fulness of knowledge is dangerous for those who either speak or write on the question without agreeing with him. The other is Mr. W. F. Whitcher, the Commissioner of Fisheries. Perhaps no man in the public service has so complete a command of the details of his department as Mr. Whitcher. He has laboured with a strenuousness, activity and forethought on this great question, as well as on the minor, though still great, question of internal or river fisheries, which, in the imperial service would long ago have been rewarded with a titular distinction, and in the United States might have been rewarded with an embassy. To him above all others is due the importance which the Fishery Question has assumed of late years; to him is due the fulness of information which the Government must possess now, as it possessed it in 1873; and to him will be due in great part the success of the Canadian claims, if, indeed, the traditional ill-success of British diplomacy with Americans does not pursue us here.

Before the rebellion of the thirteen colonies, which deprived Great Britain of a large part of the continent and robbed her of the millions that had been spent in its defence, the inhabitants of the new world on either side of the St. Lawrence were accustomed, and had naturally the right, to fish at will in all British waters. That the New Englanders pursued the avocation with enormous industry we know, and Burke was not far wrong when he declaimed, "No sea that is not vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils." After the rebellion had succeeded, and Canada, remaining loyal to the Crown, had become a foreign country to the Americans, these latter were slow to find out or to be convinced that the political change had altered their territorial as well as their diplomatic relations, and that they had no longer either the natural or international right to fish in the bays, seas, gulfs, coasts, and shores under British jurisdiction. They could not understand that being no longer British subjects they had not the privileges of British subjects; nor that in renouncing their allegiance to their lawful sovereign they had renounced their right to any share in the national inheritance. But this fact was brought home to them

forcibly in a variety of ways, and at the Treaty of Paris in 1783, the American minister pressed for the concession of some of their ancient privileges ; and in that spirit of generosity, which seems to have lost nothing because it has been unrequited at all times, Great Britain consented to the fishery article of the Treaty of 1782. It was as follows :

“ ART III.—It is agreed that the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy unmolested, the RIGHT to take fish of every kind on the grand bank and on all the other banks of Newfoundland ; also in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish. And also that the inhabitants of the United States shall have liberty to take fish of every kind on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use (but not to dry or cure the same on that Island), and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other of His Majesty's dominions in America ; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands, and Labrador, so long as the same, or either of them, shall remain unsettled ; but so soon as the same, or either of them, shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to cure or dry fish at such settlement without a previous agreement for that purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground.”

It is necessary for the student of this question to mark the carefully guarded language of the above article. It concedes to the Americans the *right* to fish in the Gulf and on the Grand Bank, and all other banks in the sea,—that is, at such places where, by the general law of nations, as we understand it, though the understanding at that date was much more limited, they had a natural right to fish, the sea being the common property of all who may choose it, for any purpose consistent with the law of nations and the peace of the world. But it only concedes the *liberty* to fish on certain British coasts and in certain waters over which Britain, as a matter of course, maintained, as she still maintains (spite of the misinterpreted and misunderstood judgment in the *Franconia* case), a territorial jurisdiction ; and a still more restricted and guarded liberty to use British coasts, still unsettled, for the purpose of drying and curing. It was still a generous concession under the circumstances. In a moment of colonial petulance we might say that it was weak ; but we must never allow ourselves to blame too much the “weakness” of British diplomacy for ill results which arise, not from the generosity of England, but from the historic dishonesty and persistent trickery of our neighbours, who will fairly interpret no treaty, and whom no convention can bind to honourable fulfilment.

From the signing of this Treaty down to the troubles of 1812 we hear little of the Fishery Question. The Americans pursued their avocation with industry and success, reaping rich harvests from concessions

of England, and they were content. Colonial fishermen were few in number, and pursued chiefly their shore fisheries, which the Americans had not yet learned how to destroy. The British Government took no further notice of the fish fields, and indeed, I suppose, looked upon them as practically inexhaustible, and perpetually renewed by the enormous productive capacity of the finny tribe. But on and after 1812 another phase of the question presented itself. In that year war arose. The Americans, as Howe once said, fell upon the rear of England when her front was engaged in Europe in a struggle against a despot for the liberties of the world, and planned that invasion of Canada which was repelled in due time, and for their bravery in which we are now giving certain late gratuities to the survivors. When the war was over and done, and the Treaty of Peace came to be negotiated, the Fishery Question again stalked into the council chamber of the Commissioners, and imperatively demanded a settlement. The British Commissioners claimed that the war had destroyed the fishery clauses of the Treaty of 1783, though the rest of that Treaty, so far as it recognized the independence of the United States, was still in full force and virtue. On the other hand, the Americans claimed that the Treaty of 1783 was one and indivisible; that as war had not abrogated one part of the Treaty, it could not abrogate another, and that therefore the fishery clauses of the Treaty were just as binding on England as the clauses recognizing the independence of the United States. They claimed that the "rights" acknowledged by the Treaty were irrecoverable and inalienable, and that no war, not ending in absolute conquest, could deprive them of such rights. This, we may say, is their contention still. They ignored the distinction between the *rights* acknowledged and the *liberties* conceded. Now, as this is an important question, and as it will not unlikely be discussed in some shape at Halifax, let us see what the law of nations has to say about it.

There are two questions which arise in this connection: 1st, Are treaties generally abrogated by war? and 2nd, Was the Treaty of 1783 such a treaty as, in whole or in part, might have been abrogated by the war of 1812?

Both of these questions have been ably, and almost exhaustively, treated by Mr. Whitcher in his remarkably able and conclusive pamphlets on the Fishery Question; by Hon. Peter Mitchell, in a speech delivered by him in the session of 1875; and the letters of Lord Bathurst, in 1815 (*see State Papers in Ottawa Library*), contain a fine presentment of the claims made by Great Britain, and of the law and arguments by which it was supported. I shall make extensive use of all these authorities, adding somewhat to their labours with the view of

giving a more distinctively *American* colour to the authorities by which the British claim is strengthened.

As to the effect of war on treaties generally, Sir Travers Twiss says:—

“Great Britain in practice admits of no exception to the rule that all treaties, as such, are put an end to by a subsequent war between the contracting parties.”—*Law of Nations*, 1861, p. 377.

On the same subject, an American work of considerable authority, “*Upton's Maritime Warfare*,” New York, 1861, says:—

“By war all treaties, all civil contracts, all rights of property, are terminated or suspended.”

Again, on this subject, Professor J. D. Woolsey, of Yale College, an American authority of undoubted ability and learning, in his “*Introduction to International Law*,” New York, 1872, says:—

“A war puts an end to all treaties, except so far as they restrict the action of the war itself. Stipulations which contemplate a state of war are evidently not annulled by a state of war. . . . But all other arrangements (save those which relate to war) formerly existing, especially of the nature of *privileges conceded* by either party to the other, it is optional to resume or not.

If nothing is said in the treaty about them they are understood to have expired. Thus our former privilege of using certain coasts of Great Britain for the purpose of drying fish *was cut off by the war of 1812*, and as no notice was taken of it in the Treaty of Ghent (1814), it had no existence.”

If a statement so decided, so definite, so bearing out in every particular the claims of Canada and England, had been made by a British writer, it might have been open to the charge of national prejudice; but, coming from an American, it cannot have that objection urged against it.

Another American authority of weight and ability, “Halleck's *International Law*,” says:—

“As a general rule the obligations of treaties are dissipated by war, and they are regarded as extinguished and gone for ever, *unless expressly revived by the Treaty of Peace*.”

And as to the claim made by the United States, that the Treaty of 1783 was one and indivisible, and that no particular part of it could be abrogated without abrogating all; or that, to put it the other way, that one part standing would make it all to stand good, let us turn to an authority, still American, in which we will find the following remarks:—

“Neither party was stopped by this action (*the silence of the Treaty of Ghent with regard to the fisheries*). We think that the American Ministers at Ghent,

and Mr. Adams at London, did not present the strong points of their case, and that Lord Bathurst had decidedly the best of the argument. It is certain that a treaty recognizing independence *need not necessarily be taken as a unit*, to stand or fall together; it may well contain executory clauses temporary in their nature. That treaty (1783) *created and conferred a liberty*, and did not merely recognize a subsisting right to fish in Canadian territorial waters."—*Am. Law Review*, Vol. V.

The Commissioners at Ghent could not, certainly did not, settle the Fishery Question. The Treaty of Ghent took no notice of it; and there it was left, the Americans claiming a right to fish, as they had fished since the Treaty of 1783, on British coasts and in British waters, and the British claiming that the war of 1812 had abrogated the fishery clauses of 1783, and that the Americans therefore had *not* their old "privileges" or liberties, however secure they might be in their old "rights."

Of course the matter could not be long left in this condition. Nor did the British and colonial authorities mean that it should so continue. The colonial authorities began to take rather more interest in the question at this period, and being ably and firmly seconded by the Imperial Government, the Americans were soon brought into treaty again. Orders were issued to seize all American fishing vessels found trespassing on British waters for the purpose of fishing. In 1815, Vice-Admiral Keats was ordered by Lord Bathurst, as follows:—

"I am commanded by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to instruct you to abstain most carefully from any interference with the fishery in which the subjects of the United States may be engaged, either on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or other places on the sea."

This was clearly recognizing the "rights," which the Americans had, to fish in the open sea over which Britain claimed no exclusive jurisdiction; but the despatch goes on to show the claim of England as to the "liberties."

"At the same time you will prevent them, except under the circumstances hereinafter mentioned, from *using the British territory* for purposes connected with the fishery, and will exclude their fishing vessels from the bays, rivers, harbours, creeks, and inlets of *all His Majesty's possessions*."

The circumstances hereinafter mentioned, were these, that if the Americans had actually begun to fish, and if their being ordered off would do them any serious injury, then they might be allowed to continue for that year, with a warning against further encroachments.

A long discussion ensued, which ended at last in the Convention of 1818. The first article of this Convention thus provides :—

“ART. I.—Whereas differences have arisen respecting the *liberty* claimed by the United States for the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, and cure fish on certain coasts, bays, harbours, and creeks of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, it is agreed between the high contracting parties that the inhabitants of the said United States shall have for ever, in common with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Rameau Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland from the said Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, and also on the coasts, bays, harbours, and creeks, from Mount Joly, on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belle Isle, and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast, without prejudice, however, to any of the exclusive rights of the Hudson's Bay Company ; and that the American fishermen shall also have liberty for ever to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours, and creeks of the southern part of the coast of Newfoundland here above described, and of the coast of Labrador ; but so soon as the same or any portion thereof shall be settled it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry and cure fish at such portion so settled without previous agreement for such purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground. And the United States hereby renounce for ever any *liberty* heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish on or within *three marine miles* of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included within the above-mentioned limits, provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbours for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damage therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for *no other purpose whatever*. But they shall be under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying, or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privilege hereby reserved to them.”

We now arrive at the point where the disputes that have disturbed the minds of the statesmen of three countries rise up to confront us. It will be seen that, by the article I have quoted, the Americans are still permitted to enjoy their rights of fishing in the deep sea, and are given enlarged facilities for drying and curing fish ; but they renounce forever the claim they had previously urged, of being entitled to fish within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of British territory ; and are content with the privilege of entering these bays, harbours, creeks, &c., for the purpose of repairing damages, of getting shelter from danger, and of obtaining wood and water ; but “for no other purpose whatever.” If the Americans had acted honestly in carrying out the national engagements entered into by this Treaty, all would have gone right. But dishonesty is the note of American diplo-

macy and American national conduct ; at least Great Britain has generally found it so ; so also has Canada. The language of this above-quoted article is perfectly plain ; it is based upon the immemorial usage and the settled law of nations, as well as upon the mutual agreement of the two high contracting parties. And yet it is in the interpretation of this language that a whole series of disputes have arisen, resulting in *quasi* war and vexatious legal proceedings, accompanied by long and by no means friendly discussions.

The enforcement of the provisions of that Treaty cost Canada half a million of dollars annually for several successive years. It ought never to have cost a dollar if we had been dealing with a nation jealous of its honour and careful of fulfilling its obligations.

The first question or difficulty that arose under the Treaty of 1818 resulted from the unfair and improper advantage taken by the Americans of their privilege of entering British creeks and harbours. They were not content with going in for the legitimate purposes set forth in the Treaty ; they made a practice of catching and purchasing bait, of obtaining supplies, and of exchanging and transshipping cargoes at the same time. And these proceedings were often accompanied by the selling of rum and the drinking of it, riotous conduct, and other injuries inflicted on the people of the shores. Within six years after the signing of the Treaty, the Colonial governments, particularly that of Nova Scotia, had made serious complaints, and it was found necessary to enforce the provisions of the Treaty by practical measures. Between the years 1817 and 1854 (see "Review of President's Message," supposed to have been written by Mr. Whitcher, and published some years ago), there were many seizures of American vessels for the following causes : 1st. For fishing within prescribed limits ; 2nd. For anchoring having aboard ample supplies of wood and water ; 3rd. For lying at anchor and remaining inside of the bays to clean and pack fish ; 4th. For purchasing and bartering bait and preparing to fish ; 5th. For selling goods and buying supplies ; 6th. For landing and transshipping cargoes of fish.

One would think that the formal notification of the interpretation put upon the Treaty by Great Britain, and the frequent seizures of American fishing vessels for the reasons above named, would have given the British Government a right, at least, to claim beyond doubt that such was and had always been their interpretation of the Treaty. Nevertheless, in the face of these things, the Americans have insisted that the interpretation of the Treaty in that rigid sense is a modern innovation, an afterthought as it were ; and that they had under the Treaty the right to do those things for which their vessels were seized by Great Britain, President Grant insisted in the Message to which reference

has been made, and in which he raised a whole host of questions regarding the use of the fisheries. It would take a whole number of the magazine to go fully into the propositions he propounded, and the replies that were made, or might have been made to them. Suffice it for the present to quote the language of the *American Law Review*, in commenting on the said message. "These acts," says the Review (meaning six violations of Treaty set out above, for which seizures were made), "are PLAINLY UNLAWFUL, and would be good ground for confiscation of the vessel and the infliction of pecuniary penalties." And again, in the same article, the writer, a distinguished American judge, says, in reference to President Grant's claims in his message, "all this is clearly a mistake, and if the claims of American fishermen rest upon no better foundation, they must be abandoned."

The next question that arose was on the claim of the Americans to navigate the Strait of Canso. The Americans had the right to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Strait afforded them an easy and safe passage, but not the only one. The Legislature of Nova Scotia passed an Act imposing light duties on *all* vessels using the Strait: and the Americans raised a "question," of course, and claimed the right of passage through the Strait as incidental to the use of the Gulf fishing. This "question" was submitted, in 1841, to Messrs. Dodson and Wyld, the Crown officers, and their opinion was given as follows. (See N. S. Journals and "Review of Message," before quoted.)

"We are of opinion that, independently of Treaty, no foreign country has the right to use or navigate the passage of Canso; and attending to the terms of the Convention relating to the liberty of fishing to be enjoyed by the American citizens, we are also of opinion that the Convention did not, either expressly or by implication, concede any such right of using or navigating the passage in question." 4

This opinion, supported as it is by the general law of nations and by the practice regarding Bristol and St. George's Channel, the Baltic Straits, the Straits of Messina and the Dardanelles, has pretty well settled that "question."

The Headland Question next comes up for review. It is, of course, the most important of all, but it is also one of the most familiar and best understood, and need not, therefore, be discussed at any length. This question has gone through several stages. First the Americans claimed that the word "bays," in the Treaty of 1818, did not include such bays as the Bay of Fundy and Bay Chaleur. The Gulf has been given up to them, though no doubt it would still be held territorial to the extent of prohibiting belligerent acts on its neutral waters. The Bay of Fundy next came up for dispute, and in the case of the "Washington," which

was referred to arbitration, the umpire decided that the Bay of Fundy was not a territorial bay within the meaning of the Treaty. This was not satisfactory, especially as it induced the Americans to widen their interpretation of the Treaty, and in effect insist that it meant nothing at all, and that they had the right to fish anywhere within three miles of the coast, basing the line of measurement from the original coast line, and not on the traditional HEADLAND LINE for which the British and Colonial statesmen contended. A few authorities on this point will be in order here, before we come to the Washington Treaty and the Fishery Commission. Chancellor Kent, in his "Commentaries," (Vol. I., pp. 29, 30), says that the Americans claim—

"The control of the waters on our coasts, though included *within lines stretching from quite distant headlands*, as, for instance, from Cape Ann to Cape Cod, and from Nantucket to Mountank Point, and from that point to the Capes of the Delaware, and from the south of Cape Florida to the Mississippi."

Puffendorf says :—

"Gulfs and channels, or arms of the sea, are, according to the regular course, supposed to belong to the people with whose lands they are encompassed."

Wheaton says (p. 320, Ed. 1864) :—

"The maritime territory of every State extends to the ports, harbours, bays, mouths of rivers, and adjacent ports of the sea enclosed by headlands."

Phillimore says (p. 239, late ed.) :—

"There are certain portions of the sea which, though they exceed this usage (of three miles from the shore), may, under special circumstances, be prescribed, for Maritime territorial rights extend, as a general rule, over arms of the sea, bays, gulfs, estuaries, which are enclosed, but not entirely surrounded by lands belonging to one and the same State."

But from American authorities, contemporary with the seizures that were made, we have equally strong evidence in support of the British claim. The writer in the "Cyclopedia of Commerce," (New York, vol. I., p. 665) says :—

"I cannot forbear to add that, had our statesmen stood by the doctrines which were asserted and maintained at Ghent by the American Commissioners, one source of calamity at least would have been spared to our Fisheries..... The first Article of the Convention of 1818 should never have been agreed to by our Government. The third Article of the Treaty of 1783 ought never to have been stricken from that instrument. *It is now too late to correct the mistake.*"

On the same topic, Daniel Webster, writing on the Headland Ques-

tion, on the 6th July, 1852, after stating the British claim to draw the base line of measurement from headland to headland, said :—

“ It was undoubtedly an oversight in the Convention of 1818 *to make so large a concession to England.*”

And on the same subject, referring to Mr. Everett's letter to Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Sabine makes the following very significant admission:—

“ It is the *only one* which we can cite to show our dissent to the British claim to the Bay of Fundy as a bay within the meaning of the Treaty of 1818.”

And after thus admitting that there was but *one* letter that he could cite from an American source to show that the American interpretation had been seriously contended for, he makes a further admission in his reports to Congress, p. 436 :—

“ It is of consequence to remark that, as far as there is evidence before the public, the Fisheries were never once mentioned by Mr. McLean (who succeeded Mr. Everett) in his correspondence with the British Government. Nothing, in fact, seems to have passed between the two Cabinets relative to the subject for more than six years, *though England retraced no step after opening the Bay of Fundy.*”

And Mr. Everett, writing to Lord Aberdeen in 1845, had said, with reference to the alleged advantages had by the British fisherman over the American :—

“ He is able to use the net and seine to great advantage in the *small bays and inlets* along the coast, from which the fishermen of the United States, *under any construction of the Treaty, are excluded.*”

All these extracts make the case in favour of the British interpretation of the Treaty overwhelmingly strong.

The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 of course put an end to disputes for a time, by giving the American fishermen the liberty of fishing anywhere in our waters. In 1866 that Treaty was abrogated after due notice, with the very friendly notion of “starving” Canada into annexation. The temptation to dwell for a little while on the results of the “loss” of the Treaty to Canada is strong ; but we have only to do with the matter so far as the fisheries are concerned. With the abrogation of the Treaty the liberty of American fishermen to fish in our territorial waters expired. On the 20th February, 1866 (see speech of Hon. Peter Mitchell), the Governor-General of Canada published a notification to the Americans that their privileges had ceased. Of course the Americans were indignant, and protested in angry tones. Yielding to the wishes of the Imperial Government, the Canadian Government tried from 1866 to 1869 a

system of licenses to the Americans. In 1866 there were 354 licenses issued ; though probably 1,200 vessels fished in our waters. In 1869 only 25 licenses were taken out ; though no doubt as many vessels fished as before. Clearly the license system was a failure. In 1870 when Mr. Mitchell was Minister of Marine and Fisheries, his energetic spirit prevailed in a more spirited national policy ; and a Marine Police was established, which, aided by the British war vessels, did all that could be done to free our waters from poachers, and preserve at once our fisheries from injury and our rights from usurpation. In this year the license system was abolished, and Hon. Mr. Campbell was sent as a delegate to England to press upon the Government the necessity of stringent measures. In the meantime the Marine Police had been at work. American vessels were seized and condemned. And in the Lower Provinces some of those journals that had called most loudly for the protection of the fisheries when they imagined that the subject was one with which the Government would find it difficult to deal, now complained most bitterly that " Peter Mitchell's fast sailing schooner would drive us into a war with the United States." Nevertheless no war ensued ; but our fishery grounds were fairly well protected. Complaints regarding the Government policy did indeed arise ; but the reader will not give them much weight when he knows that they proceeded chiefly from those who wished to embarrass the Government by intimidation, and from others who, at a few points on the coast where the presence of American fishermen had given an opportunity for an illicit and probably profitable traffic in—the curse of the fishing, as it is the curse of all other districts, —Rum. The mission of Mr. Campbell to England resulted in the negotiations which were opened at Washington concerning the Fisheries, and which after a time came to include the Alabama claims and the San Juan boundary question. This brings us to the Washington Treaty.

In the Treaty known by this name which, as times go so fast now, has become almost historical, though it is yet incomplete, there were the following provisions :—

ARTICLE XXII.

" Inasmuch as it is asserted by the Government of Her Britannic Majesty that the privileges accorded to the citizens of the United States under Article XVIII. of this Treaty are of greater value than those accorded by Articles XIX. and XXI. of this Treaty to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, and this assertion is not admitted by the Government of the United States, it is further agreed that Commissioners shall be appointed to determine, having regard to the privileges accorded by the United States to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, as stated in Articles XIX. and XXI. of this Treaty, the amount of any compensation which, in their opinion, ought to be paid by the Government of the United States to the Government of Her Britannic Majes-

ty in return for the privileges accorded to the citizens of the United States under Article XVIII. of this Treaty : and that any sum of money which the said Commissioners may so award shall be paid by the United States Government, in a gross sum, within twelve months after such award shall have been given."

ARTICLE XXIII.

"The Commissioners referred to in the preceding Article shall be appointed in the following manner, that is to say : One Commissioner shall be named by Her Britannic Majesty, one by the President of the United States and a third by Her Britannic Majesty and the President of the United States conjointly ; and in case the third Commissioner shall not have been so named within a period of three months from the date when this article shall take effect, then the third Commissioner shall be named by the Representative at London of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of any Commissioner, or in the event of any Commissioner omitting or ceasing to act, the vacancy shall be filled in the manner hereinbefore provided for making the original appointment, the period of three months in the case of such substitution being calculated from the date of the happening of the vacancy.

"The Commissioners so named shall meet in the City of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, at the earliest convenient period, after they have been respectively named, and shall, before proceeding to any business, make and subscribe a solemn declaration that they will impartially and carefully examine and decide the matters referred to them to the best of their judgment, and according to justice and equity ; and such declaration shall be entered in the record of their proceedings.

"Each of the High Contracting Parties shall also name one person to attend the Commission as its agent, to represent it generally in all matters connected with the Commission."

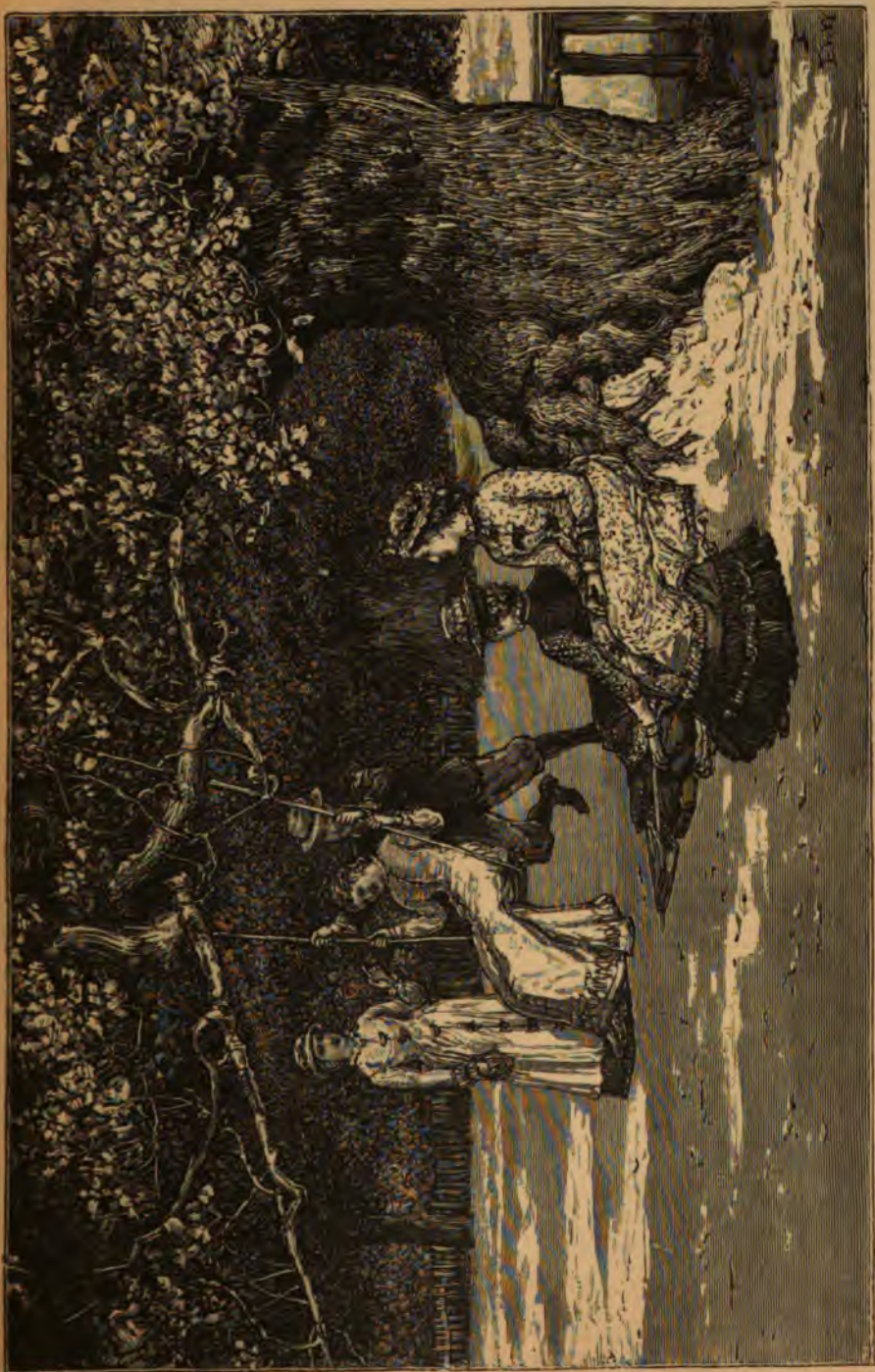
This was in 1871. Some delay was of course inevitable, both in the appointment of Commissioners and in the collection of information. The other portion of the Treaty, too, the Alabama business and the San Juan business, took precedence. And it was not till 1873 that the Imperial Government sent out Mr. Rothery to Canada to investigate the conditions under which the Commission would be held. The Marine and Fishery Department under the direction of Mr. Mitchell, aided by the restless and almost fiery activity and intelligence of Mr. Whitcher, has prepared a considerable mass of information to lay before the Commission. The proceedings would probably have been urged on that year ; but well-known political events supervened, and in the fall of 1873, the Ministry of Sir John A. Macdonald resigned. Of course for a time the Fishery Commission had to remain in abeyance. The tumult of a general election and the pressing necessities of meeting Parliament for the first time in office, prevented the new men from doing anything for one

year. As this is not a political article, it is not for the writer to enquire into the reasons which have caused the long postponement of the meeting at Halifax. There is reason to believe that the United States government threw every possible obstacle in the way. At last, however, here in July, 1877, the work of investigation is going on, and will result either fortunately or unfortunately for Canada.

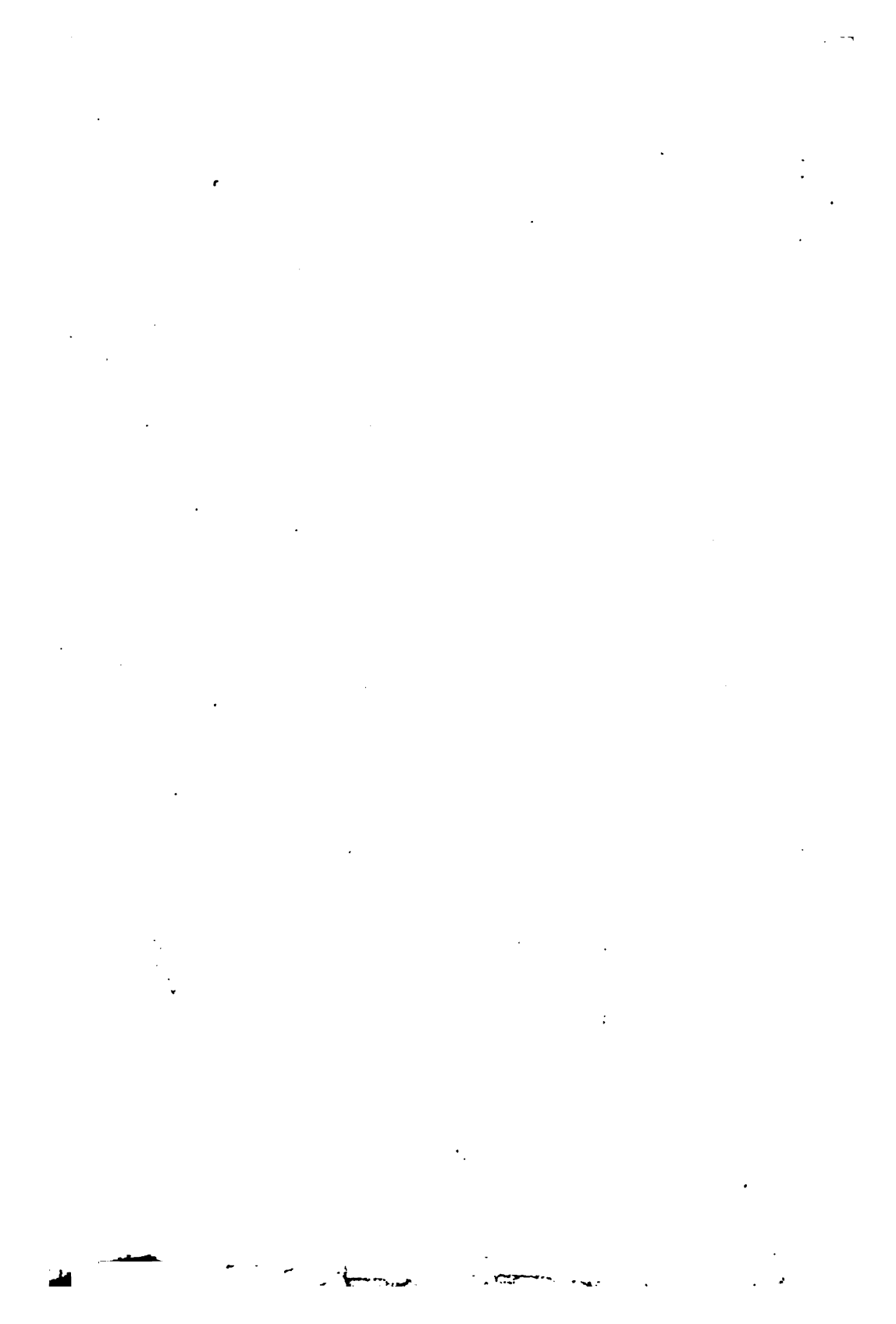
It would, perhaps, be a little out of place to go into the details of the statistics by which the claim of Canada to compensation will be supported. The Americans have greatly injured our shore fisheries, and during their twelve years' use of them they will injure them still more, by their peculiar and mischievous methods of trawl fishery, and other ingenious means of increasing their catch. This will, no doubt, be an element in the calculation of damages. The privilege of purchasing bait and supplies, and landing and transshipping cargoes, is also one that may fairly claim large compensation, since it enables the Americans to greatly extend the period of their stay on the fishing grounds, to the extent, indeed, of an additional trip.

The permission to navigate the Strait of Canso is a privilege that also saves a great deal of time, and is worth a round sum in itself. The right to participate in our valuable shore fisheries, when often the catch is most rich and marketable, is one that is approximately estimable in money. The competition to which they will subject our fishermen is also a matter for which compensation may be demanded, and to which consideration will doubtless be given. But the great centre ground of compensation is, the value to the United States fishermen of the privileges for which they have so bitterly contended, and the loss of which would be the ruin of large numbers of them, as the possession will give wealth to them all. The fish they catch in British waters equal in value at least two-thirds of their whole catch. To put it at ten millions of dollars per annum would not be too high an estimate.

During the discussion of the "Reciprocity Treaty" of 1874, all the American papers favourable to the Treaty looked upon the fishery concessions as the most valuable proposal of Canada; and some very influential journals admitted that Canada might have a good claim to at least three millions of dollars per annum rental for the fisheries. What the actual claim of our Government is, it is not possible at this date of writing to know. But it is greatly to be hoped that whatever claim is made will be made with firmness, and supported with the fullest information, and that the traditional ill luck of British negotiations with the United States will not attend on this Commission.



THE SWING.



THE SWING.

Now in the sun and now in the shade,
Floats fair Adelaide, smiling and swinging ;
While we lie in the cool green glade,
Filling the air with our laughter ringing.

Up in the sky and down to the earth,
Backward and forward the swing is glancing ;
All is sunshine and joy and mirth,
While gaily the rosy hours are dancing.

Ah, fair Adelaide ; so in life,
Up and down and from joy to sorrow ;
The world looks on with envy rife,
Nor dreams that the swing may break to-morrow.

From life to death the pendulum swings,
Time with his scythe the flowerets mowing ;
Enjoy the day while youth's laughter rings,
And be gay while yet the swing is going.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

I.

"If you tell me," he said gravely, but kindly, "if you truly tell me that you are tired of our engagement, and wish it to cease——"

"I tell you nothing of the kind," she replied, by no means either so gently or so affectionately as he had spoken. "I am trying to make you understand the exact opposite, but you either cannot or will not comprehend what I mean."

"No," he said, "I do not exactly know what you mean. You say you desire our engagement to continue, but it has already lasted a long time and there is no real reason——" he paused.

"In waiting any longer? Suppose I think there is every reason? Did not you think there was sufficient reason six months ago? In what respect is there any change either in your circumstances or mine? Have I any more prospect of a large inheritance, or are you any nearer that problematical partnership? No, John; let us continue the prudent course we have laid out, and pursued so far; and not rush into married life with insufficient means, to repent it by and by."

"You were not always so prudent, Gertrude," he said, and this time there was a tinge of bitterness in his tone, and a slight frown upon his broad brow. "I do not think we could be said to 'rush' into married life after two years of consideration; and as for insufficient means, if you do not so consider them I promise you that I will not."

"I do so consider them," said Miss Constable, "I am not afraid to say so. I earn now what is amply sufficient for my own needs, and am not at all ashamed to do so; but it would not be fitting that I should continue to do it as your wife; and I will never have to reflect that I am a drag on my husband. You shall never have my needs to think of until I know that you will not be hampered to supply them."

To the wise of this world these words would probably have sounded very noble, and the sentiments therein expressed lofty and self-denying. But there are differences of opinion on all subjects; and to some simple souls of the old loving and romantic school, a readiness to take her lover as he was and share his burdens, instead of deeming that she must of necessity add to them, and a belief that in the surrender of self and soul she compensated him for all else, and gave as much as she received, might have appeared more womanly and charming. That John Rysland

was not satisfied by them was evident : the frown remained on his face, and there was a decided coldness in his voice when he spoke again.

"I do not think you take the wisest course, Gertrude, either for my sake or your own," he said, "but of course I am bound to abide by your decision. Forgive me if I say that if you truly loved me you would not be so prudent, and would think less of my interests and more of my happiness ; but if you in earnest wish that things should remain as they are for some time longer——"

"I not only wish it, but intend that they shall."

"And take all risk of change,——" he continued, as though she had not spoken.

"Change!" she interrupted. "What can change? Why John I could as soon suppose the sun would go backward as that you could change to me." And she smiled in serene security.

If she had meant to provoke asseverations of undying faith she failed signally, for he made no reply. Was there, underlying the words of each, a something unspoken, a mental reservation? Was there more in the persistence of each in the chosen way than the reason assigned? John Rysland had, six months before, considered that his income as a not too prosperous man of business scarcely justified immediate marriage with one so brilliant as Gertrude Constable; and she then had not appeared to think a life of self-support so far preferable to that which she must lead as his wife; but to-day his part had been to press for a speedy termination to their engagement, by entrance on a life-long union, and hers to delay what would have seemed to most people a sure refuge from a life precarious, if showy; unsafe, if superficially gay. Was there, in the mind of both a doubt which neither, though they felt it, could have expressed or defined? And was it a doubt of each other or of themselves?

It was a peculiarity of their conversation that neither had, at any part of it, looked the other in the face. She sat on a low chair fronting the fire, her handsome robes sweeping round her, and a rich fan in her hand. He stood with his back partly turned to her, and his arm upon the mantel, so that he saw her whole figure reflected in the sloping glass above. She, when she raised her eyes could see, not his face, but the face the glass gave back, and addressed herself to it.

"Are you going to sing to-night?" he asked suddenly, noticing for the first time apparently, the richness of her dress.

"Yes. There is a large party at Mrs. Vandusen's."

"Gertrude, I sometimes wonder how you will be able to live without the excitement and the brilliant society you share in now."

"Society!" she returned bitterly. "Yes, society in which I share as the paid entertainer of those who meet as equals, and criticise and

blame and praise at their discretion the talents of such as I. I wish I *could* join in it on equal terms, and pay in their own coin those to whom I have a deep debt."

"Could you be in any degree happy without it, and forget the debt if you could not discharge it?" he asked. Did it cross his mind to think she might have said that having *his* society she would need no other?

"I suppose I could do without it if I must," she unwillingly admitted; "but what one must is not always what one would."

"It is not probable we shall have the room to ourselves much longer," she said after a minute's pause, during which he maintained a somewhat gloomy silence; "and before anyone comes in I want to ask you a question. Have you any objection—I do not suppose you can have, but as we are situated it is my duty to ask you—any objection to my wearing this?"

She drew from her pocket as she spoke, and held out to him, a handsome diamond bracelet. The gems flashed and glittered in the firelight, which in the falling dusk diffused a bright radiance in the room.

"Why should I object?" he asked as he took the shining toy. "If you can afford such ornaments, why should I dislike your wearing them?"

"I did not buy it. How do you suppose I could pay for diamonds like those? And if I had bought them why should I consult you?"

"Why do you consult me then? Where did they come from?"

"They were sent to me two or three days ago."

"By whom?"

"I do not know."

"But you must have some idea. No one would send a gift of that value without *something* having passed beforehand."

"I tell you I cannot tell. I have often had things sent me—people in my position always have—flowers and little things not worth mentioning; but never anything like this, and I would do nothing with it until I had told you. May I wear it?"

"If you ask me what I should like, I shall certainly say—*no*."

"There, how unkind! It is not as if I knew who sent it. It can only be a token of admiration, such as I should have had by the hundred had I been on the stage. Of course you have the right to dictate to me, and I will do as you say. I cannot send it back, as I have no idea where to send it, but I will not put it on; but I don't pretend that I shall not think it very hard to be forbidden it, when I have so very little worth wearing."

"If you put it in that way, Gertrude, I can only say, do as you please; I have told you what would please me. It cannot be agreeable

to me that you should wear diamonds of another man's giving, no matter how given; but if your pleasure in them outweighs that consideration—why, as I said before, do as you like. I am going down to Oldnook to-morrow for a day or two—have you any message?" He had changed the conversation suddenly, that he might not show how painful to him it had become.

"You may give them my love," she said carelessly.

"If you would sometimes come down and see them, Gertrude.—"

"Oh, I can *not* do that," she interrupted hastily; "I have the greatest possible respect for your father and mother, but unfortunately they don't return the compliment, and Mona loves me to the last degree. I always feel tired to death of myself and every one else after the first hour. I was not made for that life, or the life for me. You must excuse me, John."

Whether he excused that, or more than that, he did not say. He soon after took leave, and though he kissed her as they parted it was a cool parting and she felt it so. It did not seem to grieve her. As he left the room she took up the bracelet, which he had laid on the mantel, and shook it in the rays of the fire till it threw off drops of light. "I have won the first trick," she thought. "I have concealed nothing from him, and yet I am to do as I please. What I please is this," and she snapped the clasp with a firm hand, and watched the sparkle on the white flesh of her arm. "I wonder if John is really fond of me, or if—I wish I knew what he truly means; but when I know how little, I say what I mean myself. How can I trust him? If I can guess where the diamonds came from, what matter? I don't *know*, and don't want to know till I am sure of more. Now for my coffee, and then I am ready for Mrs. Vandusen's, and if any one there should recognise my new bracelet or be glad to see it on my arm—how can I be blamed, if I do not know?"

II.

IN order to experience the feeling of discontent it is necessary that we should first become acquainted with something different (that it should be superior is quite immaterial), from what we have been hitherto accustomed to. This at first sight may appear a truism hardly worth repeating, but when we consider the vast amount of pity lavished in the world on those who do *not* require it, it may be as well to enter a protest against the waste. If the commiseration expended on those who, either from good sense or ignorance, are perfectly contented with their lot, were bestowed on those who really needed it, it would be sufficient to cover all the misfortune in the world.

Some such thoughts as these were in John Rysland's mind, as on the

evening succeeding his interview with Miss Constable, he walked across the few fields intervening between the village where the stage had set him down and his father's farm. He had been well aware that in the years gone by he had been the object of, if not pity, something very like pity, from those who had watched his struggles in life. There had been struggles, for his father had highly disapproved of his only son's leaving the homestead and the life that seemed laid out for him, to follow his own inclination and enter on a business career, and had not given him even so much assistance as might have been in his power ; but John had never resented this, or done other than smile at those who thought and said that he would have been better off at home. Looking forward into the future, which to the young is always the blue far-off land, and seeing the goal to be reached by his own exertions, how could it be otherwise than that he should feel pride in his power to overcome adverse circumstances, and take pleasure in the struggle ? Things were different now : the goal, then so distant, was almost reached ; the fortune, in his lot in life the one test in ability, almost won, and people said now how wonderfully fortunate John Rysland had been. His name was favourably known among business men, and he was the envied betrothed of a fair and brilliant woman, one whose rare talent had gained her enough publicity to please, and whose rare tact had guarded her from the publicity that offends. He should have been quite content—and yet, as he walked across the fields, John Rysland was conscious of a feeling of dissatisfaction to which he had been a stranger in his less favoured days—a sense of *something* wanting that should not have been.

His thoughts were filled, as they were in duty bound to be, with the image of Gertrude Constable, but I am not sure that lady would have been well satisfied with the shape they took. He could not reconcile the splendid figure of the night before with the surrounding scene. Why should he have wished so to reconcile it ? Had he not often said to himself that he was neither partial to, nor fitted for, a quiet country life ? Was it not his ambition to be a king of commerce, and had he not hitherto desired that his wife should be a queen of fashion ? Had he not always believed that if he could win so shining a woman, and provide her with a fitting home in which to shine, he would be quite content ?

We are all influenced, however we may be aware of it, by our surroundings, and no doubt John Rysland was so to-night. The weather had changed, and the chill so often in the atmosphere of May, which had made the fire in the parlour of the city boarding-house both needful and pleasant, had been succeeded by a soft balminess much more in accordance with the character given by poets to the over-praised month

of Spring. Sights, sounds, and scents were all peaceful and soothing. No business recollections are evoked by the perfume of apple blossoms—there are no incitements to speculation and exertion in the bleat of lambs; and, enjoying the calm sweetness of a summer sunset in the country, and contrasting it, as others have done before him, with the fever and turmoil he had left behind, John Rysland was for a moment faithless to his creed, and almost inclined to put serenity before celebrity; the peace which knows no ambition before the wearied happiness of an ambition gained.

He paused at the last fence and leaned on it. He had sent no word of his coming; no one expected him, and his time was his own. His eyes were on the house, half hidden among its trees and vines, watching apparently for some sign of life or motion,—some known figure or familiar sound; when he started suddenly and violently as there came to his ears from the other side, from the lane on his right hand, the tramp of feet and the sound of a voice singing. As he opened the gate and advanced into the lane a procession came in sight—a long line of placid solemn cows, whose grave glances and fragrant breath smote on his senses as they passed slowly by on their way to their evening milking; but he gave them little heed as he hurried to the figure that brought up the rear, the girl who owned the singing voice.

She was a pretty little creature, fair and slender, with a delicacy of colouring and a coquettishness of dress at first sight very much out of keeping with her evident occupation; but when you noticed how the sunset flush tinged her cheek and gilded her hair; when you saw how the early flowers she had plucked became the white throat against which they nestled; when you felt how the little figure fell in and harmonized in every detail with the peaceful beauty round it, you became reconciled to Mona Fairfield's doing just as she pleased, and were content, whatever it was, to think it right.

"Good gracious! cousin John, what are you doing here?" was her merry salutation; but she had first coloured high, and as quickly turned pale again at his unexpected appearance.

"Rather Mona, what are *you* doing here?" he uttered in a tone graver than seemed necessary.

"Taking a walk, John, this beautiful evening."

"But——" and his eyes wandered to the cows in the distance.

"I am not afraid of them," said Mona innocently, while she looked at him with a roguish expression in her eyes. "You see they are a long way off, and if they were not, I assure you they are quite harmless."

He could no longer help laughing. "Mona, will you never be anything but a child. I wish you would not do these things. I do not like it."

"I should not like to be shut up in the house this evening ; and if I take a walk, what does it matter that the cows go before me ?"

"Where is Patsey ?"

"Oh, Patsey's mother is sick, and he wanted to see her, and I thought he might as well go early as late."

"In other words you gave him a holiday while you do his duty. Mona, you will never be cured of self-sacrifice. I believe you would give away all that belonged to you, and yourself to boot, if it would benefit another. How do you expect ever to get through the world ?"

"Much as others do, I suppose. If I can't take care of myself, perhaps some one may be found to do it for me ; but I'm sorry you have so low an opinion of my ability, cousin John."

"Mona, why do you always now begin to quarrel when we meet ? You know that was not what I meant, but you never seem to understand me."

"I understand that it takes two to quarrel, cousin John."

He smiled now, whether at the words or the sweet look which accompanied them perhaps he himself did not quite know.

"But you have not told me yet, Mona, if you are glad to see me ?"

"If you do not know without my telling, it would be of little use to tell." Then suddenly thinking that her words might imply more than she had meant to say, she tried to laugh, and failing in the attempt to do so at all naturally, she blushed deeply.

It was dangerous flattery for a man who had parted with his liege-lady, as John Rysland had done. He knew it had been the dearest wish of both his father and his father's wife (who though not John's mother was the only mother he had ever known), that he should marry the orphan niece of the latter : he had been told this when she came under their care three years ago ; but Mona was then an unformed child of fifteen, and John was just becoming the slave of Miss Constable's practical graces. Things were changed now ; Mona had ripened into a sweet and lovable woman, as John had discovered on his last visit to Oldnook six months before ; and being no more deficient in either eyesight or vanity than the rest of his sex, he more than suspected that had he been free to win her heart he should not have tried to win it in vain. Did he wish himself free ? He certainly did not ask himself the question, and to any other asking would have returned an indignant no. He had already won one infinitely more brilliant than Mona could ever be ; and yet there was a lurking misgiving in his mind that perhaps he had not chosen wisely after all. It is possible this lurking doubt had led him to be more anxious to fulfil immediately his engagement with his betrothed, but it had not led him to avoid the temptation of Mona's presence ; and though he knew he was wrong, it did not lessen his pleasure in being

with her, and seeing her colour come and go, and her eyes droop under his gaze. I do not know whether it tells most for or against him, that of the cost to her feelings in the matter he never thought at all.

Mona thought of it, however. She knew only too well that he was bound to Miss Constable by every tie of word and honour, and rated at their true worth the occasional soft glances and tender words to which, however pleasant they might be, she knew she had no right. And though, like most women, she doubted the ability of any other to love *quite* as well as she herself was capable of doing, she had no suspicion but what John Rysland's betrothed valued as she ought to do the prize she had won, and the idea of interfering with her possession of it had never entered her mind. Therefore it behoved to do as other girls do in the same unfortunate circumstances—to think as little as she could, and the more she felt to allow the less to be seen.

In the meantime it was very agreeable to walk home with John through the blossom-scented evening air and the sunset stillness, and to know that his eyes beamed admiration, and his tones breathed yet more. That is a sort of poison we none of us object to in the drinking, however fearful we may be of the after effects, and these two took their draught very kindly. That the cows reached home was more owing to their own sense of rectitude than to Mona's care; indeed it was so late when she and her companion appeared before the astonished eyes of their elders, that their own surprise was a thing of the past, and they arrived as quietly as if their coming together was the most natural thing in the world.

III.

"FATHER,"—the feminine portion of the household had disappeared, and the two men were left together on the "back stoop," where the elder was wont to enjoy his last pipe before going to bed;—"father, you know I have never asked you many favours in a money point of view."

"Very true, my son. You have not. We will not ask how much this has been owing to your being quite sure they would not be granted."

"On the contrary, sir, I should have felt sure that if I had wanted money for a worthy purpose I should not have asked for it in vain; and it is in that confidence I am going to ask you for it now."

"Oh, you are going to ask me for it? Let me hear why."

"I can obtain a partnership in a much larger firm than that of which I am at present only a junior member, for five thousand dollars, and I want you to advance me that sum." He spoke very quietly, but his heart beat thick as he uttered the words of the first favour he had ever besought.

The old man looked at his son in utter amazement, or rather would so have looked had there been light enough to see him ; as it was, his withering expression was wasted on the darkness. " You must have gone out of your senses, John. Do you suppose that I have five thousand dollars in my pocket, or that if I had, I could find nothing better to do with it than give it to you ? "

" I do not ask you to give it to me, sir, I will repay you, and it will bring you good interest meanwhile. As for having it in your pocket—you know how money can be raised as well as I."

" Raised ! " exclaimed the old man, in some anger. " There is only one way of raising money that I know of, and that's a way I shall never follow, you may take my word for it. There's never yet been a penny of incumbrance on my land, and there never will be, John, in my time—there never will be. So take that for an answer, and be satisfied."

" Is that your final answer, sir ? "

" Yes. If you talked for a week you would get no other."

" Then there need be no more said." It was somewhat odd, but there sounded in John Rysland's voice a tone of something very like relief, instead of the disappointment that should have been supreme.

" Will you tell me," said his father, after a few minutes of reflection, during which he slowly shook the ashes out of his pipe, " why you are so anxious for this now, instead of going on as you are, when you have given me to understand that you were doing well ? "

" I am doing well enough, sir ; but that is no reason I should not want to do better. I have lately had this opening, of which, with your assistance, I could have taken advantage ; and the increased income would have enabled me to—to marry. My engagement has lasted a long time."

" It will last a —— of a time longer," said the old man coarsely, his suppressed wrath breaking out, " before I help you to bring it to an end. So it is for this you want me to borrow money and burden my property—a thing never known in the family yet ? To enable you to give luxuries to a woman who is too fine a lady to take you as you are and be thankful ! No ; if she don't think you have enough, let her make more herself with her own stage airs and graces. She'll get nothing of mine."

" Miss Constable is not on the stage, sir."

" It comes to the same thing. She gives her handsome face and fine voice—I don't deny her what merits she has—she gives them for hire, and, as far as I see, it makes little difference whether a few more people see and hear them or a few less. No, John, you have made your choice and must keep to it ; but it is not mine, and you know it."

" That she is my choice, sir, ought to secure her from any harsh

judgment on your part. Let us say no more. I am sorry I said anything."

"So am I, John, if I have said anything to hurt you much," said the old man, after a moment's thought, and somewhat softened by his son's submissiveness. "But you know how your mother and I wanted you to choose, and that we can't help feeling that if you had eyes, or a mind you would have chosen to please us. And you've been a fool for more reasons than one. I suppose Mona has told you she's got her money at last?"

"No; she said nothing about it," returned his son, shortly.

"Why, what in the world were you talking of that she did not tell you such a piece of news as that? Yes, the old woman died six weeks ago, and so all that her grandfather had comes to Mona. And a very tidy lump of money it is—seven thousand dollars certain, and perhaps a little more."

"I am very glad to hear it," said John Rysland, cordially.

"Why should you be glad," grumbled his father, with the unreasonableness of an angry man. "It can be nothing to you now. If you had had common sense you might have had a wife with seven thousand dollars of her own, instead of wanting five thousand of mine to buy one with. But no one has any sense now-a-days."

His son could not help smiling. "You speak, sir, as if I only had to choose. You forget that I might have very likely have chosen in vain."

"You can't tell whether you'll get a thing or not if you never ask for it," returned the old man bluntly. "You don't suppose Mona, with her looks and her money, is likely to go begging, or that she'll throw herself at you? But your chance would have been as good as another's, I dare say."

"Perhaps we had better say no more about it, as it is a subject on which we can never come to a conclusion. My choice is made, and I have no doubt Mona will make hers in good time, and whenever the time comes I hope she will be very happy."

Was it possible that the sigh with which John Rysland most assuredly concluded was echoed not far off, or was it only one of the mystical rustles and whispers of the young leaves? And in the noise made by the rising and departure of the two men, a gentle sound like the careful closing of a window overhead was also lost.

I do not know whether John Rysland entered into much self-examination as to the result of his application to his father. He had not told Miss Constable of his intention of so applying, so there was no fear of disappointment on her part; if indeed, he thought—so far had he come to doubt himself and her—she would in any case have felt much disappointment. Had he been successful, he would, with his improved pros-

pects, again have urged upon her immediate marriage ; as it was, there must be further and indefinite delay ; and if he did not ask himself whether the delay were as much a matter of regret as it would once have been, perhaps it was that he feared the answer he would be compelled to give.

He stayed the next day and night at Oldnook, but he did not see much more of Mona. She was, or pretended to be, very busy all day, and there was no ramble this evening. Patsey had returned to his duties, and Mona would not understand a hint that it would be possible to take a walk without an errand. And on the following morning he returned to town.

About a fortnight afterwards he received the following letter :

"SIR,—We are instructed to place to your account the sum of \$5,000, for the purchase of a business partnership. The money will be paid on the presentation to us, and signature of, the necessary documents. The only stipulation attached is, that you shall make no inquiry whence the money comes, and on your observance of this stipulation depends your receipt of it.

"We remain, &c.,

GRAHAM & GUNN."

Although the name at the foot of this letter was that of a perfectly respectable and well-known firm, John Rysland could not at first believe but what he must be the victim of a joke. He could scarcely muster courage to call on Messrs. Graham and Gunn with their letter in his hand, and did not know whether he would be most surprised if it were truth or fiction.

It turned out, however, that there was no joke in the matter. The lawyers, in solemn earnest, confirmed in speech their written words. No questions could, of course, be answered, nor even asked ; the simple fact was, that the money was there for the use and benefit of John Rysland, and he had merely to put out his hand and take it.

Should he so put out his hand ? We none of us like accepting anonymous favours, and he was no exception to the rule. His father had, in a way none the most agreeable, refused his request when made with all due deference and respect, and it went against the grain to take as it were in secret what had been openly denied. That the money could come from any other source—any other solution of the mystery than that his father, on reconsideration, had regretted his hasty refusal, and, too proud to acknowledge it, had adopted this plan of acceding to his request without seeming to do so—never entered his mind. To no other human being had he confided his need of, or desire for, this particular sum, or the purpose to which it was to be applied ; therefore no other human being could know it. His reasoning was right so far as

it went ; but unfortunately reason sometimes goes not far enough, and very often goes too far.

He ought to have guessed whence came the money. No doubt he ought, and would, if we could put two and two together as well at the time as we can afterwards, and see the events of to-day by the light of to-morrow. John Rysland could not do this any better than you or I ; so he remained in mental darkness, and did not perform the simple process in arithmetic before alluded to. After some deliberation on the subject, he came to the conclusion that he ought not to reject his father's assistance, though so strangely given ; and in as short a time as business particularity and legal delay admitted of, the sum so singularly placed at his disposal was handed over to him, and by its means he entered on his new and improved prospects in life.

He had been forbidden to ask questions, but there had been no embargo laid on his detail of facts. He wrote the whole history of the occurrence to his father, dwelling much on his gratitude to his unknown benefactor, and leaving it to the old man to make the application. He also promised a visit to Oldnook before long, hinting that it might be the last on which he would come alone. But the days and weeks went on, and the visit still remained unpaid.

IV.

THE last days of May had melted into June, and June's freshness and beauty had given place to the dusty and fervid heat of July ; in the country, the fields were white with harvest, and fruit trees drooped under the weight of their luscious load ; the cattle stood knee deep in the streams at mid-day in the shadow of the alders, and the air was sonorous with the lazy hum of bees ; a cloudless sky smiled down on a plenteous earth, and sweet peace reigned.

But in the hot and crowded streets where John Rysland plied his trade of money-making, all was turmoil, trouble and toil. Not for him was the definite labour of the day and the quiet and undoubting rest of night ; the sun rose on anxieties which beset him on the journey of the day, to follow him in his dreams, and to be renewed in the morning. Day in and day out he was slaving, not for gain but for safety, perhaps for existence, for it was a time of dread among business men, and none knew yet who should weather the storm. The firm John Rysland had left was already wrecked ; and though that which he had joined had not yet foundered, it rode the waves of financial difficulty dismayed and disabled, and it was doubtful if safe harbour could ever be reached. Ceaseless care and attention might do much ; but the safety of the firm

really depended on the stability of two large houses in a distant city. If they stood—well; if both of these—or either one—fell, as so many others were falling round them, farewell to all hope of future success for John Rysland, and farewell also to the fruits of all his past years of labour.

He was still alone in the world. In the first days of his new and then promising prospects, he had asked Gertrude to fix the time for their marriage, urging upon her that the income for which she had stipulated was now secure; and Miss Constable had complied, but had appointed so distant a date that she might almost as well have refused again. "Very well," she had said, "we will be married in the autumn, John. I have made engagements for the summer that I must fulfil; indeed, I shall be out of town a great part of the time. But if all goes well with you, and nothing happens to me, when I return in October we will settle the day. Somewhere about Thanksgiving time I suppose will suit?" If John thought her way of speaking rather cool and diffident, he made no comment; his own conscience was not very clear; he could not tell Miss Constable that he was in a hurry to marry her, because he feared himself; because he found himself thinking more and oftener than he should have done of Mona Fairfield. That it should have been so, was one of those anomalies which will continue to exist as long as honour demands the performance of the letter of a promise, with no reference to the spirit thereof. John Rysland's last visit to Oldnook had assured him that were he now free to choose, his choice would be differently made; but it was too late, and he tried to believe that honesty of action would atone for falsehood of thought. He is not the first who has endeavoured so to believe; and he will not be the last who will so endeavour—and endeavour in vain.

"You are quite sure, Gertrude, that you were sincere when you told me a short time since, that you wished to maintain our engagement? Forgive me for asking again, but how can I help doubting, when you are so anxious for delay?" And as he spoke, the thought was in his mind, "She may even yet release me."

Miss Constable looked at him with a level glance, "I was and am sincere, in wishing to maintain it. When I desire it broken, I will tell you so. If we marry, we shall have all the rest of our lives together, and surely that will be enough; if things remain as they are now until next October, you shall no longer have to complain of delay."

There lay a double interpretation in every sentence of her speech; but John Rysland accepted the one which lay on the surface, and said no more. In the latter days of June, Miss Constable left the city with friends of her own; and soon afterwards those clouds began to lower on the business horizon, which were to engross her lover's attention, and

excite his anxiety during the hot and weary summer months which she was spending in the prosecution of her own plans and devices among the pleasant breezes by the sea. The promised visit to Oldnook would have been a great relief to the fever and worry of constant struggle and care, but John Rysland dared not make it. Had he been sure of Mona's indifference, he might have trusted himself; but—he knew that he was *not* quite sure, and the very delight he felt in the knowledge that his going would give her equal pleasure with him, told him how necessary it was that he should stay away.

So he toiled on alone, hoping the best, fearing and prepared for the worst. Letters from his betrothed were short and infrequent, letters from home came none. No comment had been made on his relation of his receipt of the money that had been so dangerously risked, and he was left in doubt as to whether his father had been angry at his mention of it, or simply wished to ignore the matter entirely. The dread of what would be said if the money were lost was infinitely greater than the dread of the loss itself, hard as that would be. It was useless to wish that he had never applied for it, and that he had already passed through, and become accustomed to, the misery of failure with his former partner—nevertheless, John Rysland did so wish most devoutly. To make a mistake, and through it to suffer loss is bitter, but to be compelled to confess that mistake to one who will be certain to say "I told you so," is gall to the spirit. It is a twist in humanity to be deplored, no doubt; but there are few who would not far rather have to acknowledge an error of conscience than one of judgment.

Once during those summer months he heard of Miss Constable from another source; she was the admired of all admirers at a fashionable sea-side resort, and the recipient of especial attentions from more than one. That was not new in John Rysland's experience of his lady love, and he made no inquiries; indeed, with ruin and disgrace staring him in the face, it was more than ever doubtful whether the right of influencing Miss Constable's movements would ever be his, and he began to think she had been wise in her generation.

Once also, in those summer months, he saw Mona, when on one of her rare visits to the city she called at his place of business with a message from his mother. For her benefit he banished the care from his face, and tried to be as cheerful as of old; supposing that, after all, they lived through the crisis, there would be no necessity that the past danger should be known; if not, the dark knowledge would come soon enough. He remarked that Mona did not mention Miss Constable, and taking his tone from her, though he thought it rather strange, neither did he; not till long afterwards did either know the reason of the silence of the other—not until all silence was at an end between them. They chatted,

during the few minutes they were together, of the old days on the farm—of John's favourable prospects!—of friends' affairs, and of their own small matters of pleasure and annoyance; but it was plainly to be seen, in what they did *not* speak of, what was in the minds of both. Each tried to blindfold the other—with what success their thoughts, could they have been guessed, would have revealed.

"He is not doing well," said Mona to herself, as she left him. "His cheerfulness was put on, and he looks careworn. If anything happens to his business—perhaps even if it does not—she will jilt him yet." Miss Fairfield ought to have sighed and looked sad during such painful reflections; but truth compels me to record that she whispered the words with something like a smile.

There was no smile on John Rysland's face as he closed the door. "I could have won her," he thought bitterly, "if I had not been a fool, and had known what was good for me before it was too late. Now, whether I am ruined or not, she is equally lost to me. She loves me, and I love her, and I must never see her again."

It was on a bright day in November, one of those days when Nature takes pleasure in showing how small is her sympathy with human emotions, that there came the final demolition of John Rysland's fortunes. The gloom on his partner's brow announced it even before the fatal letters were read which made it sure; but it was there in black and white—one house was gone, the other tottering; and in their fall, that of Cole & Rysland must go too.

His face blanched, but he spoke quietly as he looked up.

"Well, the worst has come. I suppose there is no use in further struggle?"

"No, it is the end. No one will lose much by us but ourselves. I have calculated that we can pay 90 cents on the dollar, and thank God I have neither wife nor child."

"Nor have I," said John Rysland. "I never shall have now."

"What shall you do," asked his partner, "when we have wound up? I shall go West."

"I do not know," returned John, "I must think." Though with the falling of a long-expected blow, there generally comes a mental calmness under which men speak and act quietly, it is sometimes hard to realize at once what has actually occurred. John Rysland did not yet realize that he must "begin again."

"Here are two more letters for you; I hope they may be less disagreeable."

The first was from his mother:

"DEAR JOHN,—Do not forget Thanksgiving. It is so long since you were here that we shall certainly expect you. We should expect you in any case,

but as things are now, you must not fail us. Your father and Mona insist as well as I."

He put the letter aside with a sigh; she little knew how things were now. He did not feel in a particular thankful mood; what was left him to be thankful for?

The other letter was somewhat longer, but quite as much to the point:

"DEAR MR. RYSLAND,—I said I would tell you when I wished our engagement broken; I tell you so now. If the rumours I hear be correct, our marriage for a long time to come must be out of the question, and I am sure you will forgive my honesty in saying that I wish neither to bind you nor be bound myself for an indefinite period. What I say now is exactly consistent with what I told you at our last interview; and as you yourself made the proposal at first, I cannot suppose it will be disagreeable to you now. Please let me hear as soon as possible that you consent, and believe me ever sincerely, yours,
"G. C."

John Rysland felt somewhat stunned as he finished the perusal of these simple words; there was no doubt as to their meaning; but nevertheless he read them a second time. When he had mastered the sense, he could not have told whether relief or anger was the feeling uppermost in his mind. He had known that his now certain failure must separate him from Miss Constable, but I believe he had thought that noble renunciation was to come from him; he had never contemplated being cavalierly dismissed, and it was another small prick added to the stabs he had already to bear. He could scarcely command his mind for the needful business arrangements with his partner, and was thankful to be released to reflect upon his own concerns.

Reflection brought him to his senses, and directed his course. He wrote, in as few words as possible, his assent to Miss Constable's request; he made over his few private possessions to the use of the firm, and entered into negotiations for joining a party on the point of starting for the all-devouring West. Then came the hardest part of his duty; he must go and make his confession to his father, express his contrition for the loss he had inflicted on him, and his resolve to repair it, if it ever lay in his power. He might have done this with less shame by letter; but then there was his mother's pressing invitation for Thanksgiving, and — he would see Mona again. True, she would be nothing to him now. His present poverty separated him from her as completely as ever; but there was a possibility that if she cared for him she might be as willing to wait as the one who had not cared, and, at all events, there was no longer any offence against conscience or honour in

seeing her. So at the appointed time he made ready ; and with his evil tidings in his heart, and Miss Constable's letter in his pocket, he went down to Oldnook for Thanksgiving.

V.

THE last Thursday happened to be also the last day of November in this particular year ; and very gloomy and dispiriting was the preceding evening, as John Rysland again approached his father's house, and again leaned for a few moments on the last fence, as he had done on that May evening six months ago. His life was as much changed as the season, he bitterly thought ; the hopeful summer was past, and the dreary winter, dark and churlish, was now to begin ; if there were ever to come another spring, it lay so far in the future that he dared not look forward, while on the gloomy and toilsome present he must concentrate his thoughts and his energies, and make the best he could thereof.

Voices ! His father and Mona had come to meet him. This little mark of tenderness touched him as well as surprised. Perhaps he would rather either had come alone, as he could in that case have made his confession at once to his father, or to Mona—but he had resolved to say nothing to Mona ; true, Mona was rich now in comparison with himself, and that placed an invincible barrier between them. On the whole, perhaps it was as well that she had not come alone.

By and by he began to fancy he should have no confession to make. Something in the voice and manner of both impressed him with the idea that they already knew what he had come to tell. There was a gentleness about his father, a shyness in Mona that made them different from themselves, and though it was not the form he would have expected their knowledge to take, he would imagine no other cause. Still, he could not broach the subject to them both together ; and they spoke only of indifferent matters till they reached the door. Then, as Mona entered first, his father detained him with his hand upon his arm.

"My boy," he said, and he so seldom used the slightest term of endearment that his son knew he must be much moved ; "I suppose you don't want much said about it, but I would not have you think that I am not sorry for you. I am, John, truly."

"Thank you father," said John, greatly relieved. "I am very grateful for this sympathy, where I only expected and deserved reproach."

"I will never reproach you, John. What is past cannot be undone ; so let it be forgotten."

His son knew that the subject could not be dismissed in this very summary manner, but a present reprieve was a blessing, and he said no

more. His mother gave him a more than unusually tender welcome, and in her eyes also he read a knowledge and a sympathy which he knew would soon find vent in words. He was not mistaken, but the opportunity did not at once occur; not in fact until all the household had retired, and he and she were left alone. Then the little mystery which the man's reticence had left undiscovered, the woman's endeavour to console revealed.

"I will not say much, John," she began in almost the words his father had used, "but indeed I feel for you, and wish it were otherwise."

"You are very good, mother. Other men have lived through the same, and so I daresay shall I, though at first it comes hard."

"I never thought her good enough for you, John, though perhaps I should not say so, even now."

"What do you mean, mother? How do you know——?"

"Why, what else am I talking of, John?"

"But do you mean that you know that Miss ——?" he paused, hardly knowing how to put what he had meant to say.

"How could we all help knowing it, when we saw it in the paper?"

"Do tell me what you mean, mother, please," he said nervously, fearing some great misunderstanding.

Mrs. Rysland took from the shelf a newspaper, and gave it to him, marking the place with her finger, and watching his face as he read.

And this was what he did read: "We believe there is no breach of confidence in stating that a marriage is soon to take place between the Hon. Dionysius Deacon, well-known as one of our western merchant princes, and Miss Constable, whose beauty and talents have graced and delighted during the past season. May all happiness attend them."

John Rysland smiled somewhat bitterly. "She has played her game well, and won," he said; "has done better for herself than I could ever have done for her. She is certainly as wise as the serpent, and as harmless as the dove too, mother, so far as I am concerned;" he added, cheerfully. "Is it for this you have all been condoling with me? Believe me, I need very little consolation. But oh, mother, you do not know the truth, how much more need I have of sympathy for something else than this."

"What else, John? Surely no other misfortune?"

Then, glad to make the first announcement to a sympathetic woman, instead of to the father whose scorn and anger he had so much reason to fear, he poured out the story of his long anxiety, his desperate struggles, and his final ruin. "I could bear my own loss, mother," he ended, "but it will be hard to bear my father's reproaches for the loss I have occasioned him."

"Your father!" she returned, and for the first and only time, he

heard a tone of scorn in her voice. "You need not be afraid of your father, it is Mona Fairfield you have ruined."

He stared at her in utter amazement and incredulity.

"You need not look so astonished. How could you ever suppose that that money came from your father? I could not imagine, even when you wrote concerning it, but that you must guess the truth. How could you think it possible that your father would change his mind on such a point after refusing you as he did? How Mona knew that you wanted it we never found out, and I tell you fairly that if we could have prevented her lending it to you we would; but it was hers, to do with as she pleased, and she had her own way."

"Why did you not tell *me* the truth? I would never have taken it," he said, still stupified by the discovery of what he had done.

"She knew that; and she took us in, before we knew what she intended, to promise that we would not tell. I suppose I ought not to tell you now, and would not, if—— if things were——, never mind why."

"This has put the finishing stroke to my misery. I can never hope to repay her, and how can I ever hold up my head if I do not?"

"What simpletons men are after all," said Mrs. Rysland, laughing till John could not help thinking her rather heartless, and showed that he thought so. "I beg your pardon, John; but you sometimes are so blind to what a woman can see in a minute. I think my news has bewildered you, and it is very late. Go to bed now and try if you can dream of some way to pay Mona Fairfield your debt."

Whether he dreamed to such purpose, or any purpose, can not now be known. All that is certain is, that he slept so late on the following morning that breakfast was over, the household scattered, and his mother the only person visible when he came down stairs. He made some excuse, but she stopped him.

"You are here for a rest and a holiday, John, and I am sure you look as if you needed both. A home where you can get them is one thing you have to be thankful for to-day."

"I wish I felt in a temper better suited to the day, mother. What does my father say, and what am I to expect him to say to me?"

"I have told him nothing yet. The loss is not his, and perhaps something may happen to put him in a good humour before he knows of it at all. I have told Mona both of her loss and that you know the truth about it, that you might be spared doing it. I do not think you will find her a very hard creditor."

"How am I ever to face her after doing her such an injury?"

"You must make your own peace. She has gone to post a letter for me, and if you have anything to say to her, I should not wonder if you were to meet her coming home."

At something in the tone, or the words, or perhaps something he saw in his mother's face, a light broke in upon John Rysland all at once.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "do you mean that you think ——?"

But Mrs. Rysland was far too wise to listen to what her woman's wit told her he was about to say. It must be told at first hand to the only one who had the right to hear it.

"I mean nothing in particular, John. I only say that if you had any apologies to make to Mona, it would be a good opportunity when there is no one else by."

Even to John Rysland's dulled senses so broad a hint was plain. He started to meet Mona knowing what he was expected to say, and that he meant to say it, but not so certain of how it was to be done. To offer himself to Mona, in exchange for her lost fortune, seemed greater assurance than he could ever find courage for; he knew perfectly well how it would look to others. "And yet," thought he, "what signify appearances when I am sure of my own motives? If she loves me she will not care what anyone may say, and I think I can convince her that I love her. I am afraid to think how long I have loved her—or what life might have been to me now."

His thoughts were brave, but there was very little valour in his face as he caught sight of Mona in the distance. It was a day of clouds and sunshine, alternate brightness and gloom, and one of the transitory gleams illumined the little figure as she came to meet him. He accepted it as a good omen, and felt his man's boldness return to his aid.

"How can I look you in the face, Mona?" he said at once without preamble, as he took her hand. But though he so spoke he continued to do it without much difficulty; far more easily indeed than she could look at him.

"Why did you do this thing, Mona?" he continued, as she made no reply. "How could you expose me to such risk of self-reproach?" The question was cleverly worded, for it stung her into an answer which betrayed her.

"You told my uncle you wanted it, so I thought——"

"How did you know I asked him?" he inquired mercilessly, as he saw the tell-tale blood creep over cheek and neck. "I never told you. I can guess now, Mona—shall I? The May night was warm——"

"Oh no, no, do not guess!" she said hastily. "Let us say no more about it."

"Say no more about it, Mona? You think it can be dismissed so? You know—my mother told you—that it is all gone?"

"Yes; but I have two thousand dollars left, cousin John. Will you take them and begin again?"

He laughed outright. "You are the most reckless little woman in

the way of investments that I ever heard of, Mona." Then he added, gravely enough, "Yes; I will take it—if with it you will give me yourself."

She did not answer, but, as is the way of woman, began to tremble.

"Listen, Mona," he said, taking both her hands in his. "I make no excuse for saying this to you so soon, for you know well that I have loved you—longer than I had any right to love you—if I had done the right." He paused, but she neither affirmed nor denied; only she tried to draw her hands away. "If," he continued, detaining the hands, "if you heard part of what I said to my father that night you must have heard all; and if—knowing why I asked for the money—you could do as you did, you must either love me as few women love, and as I little indeed deserve to be loved—or—you do not love me at all. Tell me, Mona, which it is: I must know."

Did a woman ever answer such a question in plain words? Mona certainly could not do so. Her hands being prisoners she could not hide her face which had now turned from crimson to pale; but her head drooped lower and lower as she said, so softly that he could scarcely catch the words,—

"You were very ready to guess just now. Unless you can guess this too, you will never know."

"It's all very fine, John," said his father, when told the news. "I must forgive you, I suppose, as Mona has done so, and I am glad you have shown some sense at last. But I am afraid you must make up your mind that people will say that you only married Mona because you could not pay her, and I am quite sure they will say she has made a very bad investment of her money." The tone and the smile showed how little in earnest was the harshness of the words, for the old man was pleased at the happiness of his favourite niece, and could afford a joke.

"I don't care what they say," returned his son. "Mona knows better."

"Neither do I care, uncle. I am afraid to say it aloud, lest John might remember it inconveniently at some future time; but—let me whisper it to you—I don't think I could have made a better investment!"

FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE REV. GEORGE RYERSON AND HIS FAMILY.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

THE renewal of the embargo by the American Government, prior to the declaration of war, was intended to injure Canada, and the most rigorous measures were promptly adopted to prevent the least infringement along the frontier, especially on the Niagara, by armed patrols and the presence of soldiers. This was all observed by the keen eye of Gen. Brock, who was narrowly watching the course of events, and who had made up his mind that the United States would find some excuse for going to war with England. He had, consequently, made such preparations for that event as the limited resources in Upper Canada permitted, although somewhat hampered by his superior, Sir George Prevost.

As may be supposed, the aggressive action of the American Government was strongly resented by the U. E. Loyalist settlers of Canada ; and the declaration of war evoked among them the highest feeling of patriotism, and determination to defend their young country. Toward the close of the last and during the first years of the present centuries, a certain number of Americans had entered Canada, not because they loved the British flag, but because they found in the rich soil of the country an attractive field for pioneer life. Some of these did not object to British institutions, but had no particular attachment for them ; in fact, would as soon live under one flag as another. The call to arms had upon these only the effect of causing them to consider the probable result of the conflict, with the intention of avoiding, if possible, service in the field. They would talk loyalty with the Loyalists, shrug their shoulders with the doubtful, and with the well-known Yankee would curse the King. But there was another class more decided in their views, and with more decided principles and objects. Most of these had come to Canada to turn a penny, and at the same time to indoctrinate the inhabitants with republican principles, with the view of bringing about annexation. In the same manner as Americans settled in Texas, and, having gained the independence of that country, effected its annexation to the States. Many of those in Canada whose avocation led them from place to place were, doubtless, duly authorized American spies. But the information they furnished the Americans was often quite erroneous, as

to the extent and degree of loyalty existing among the Canadians. The character of this class will be indicated as we proceed.

The name of Ryerson is a household word in Canada, and it requires no word of ours to place it among the foremost of those which will live in Canadian history. It may be another century before full and ungrudging justice is meted out to one who has made Canada known throughout the civilized world for its superior system of Common School education. But apart from all that may be said in eulogy of this one, the name is eminently distinguished in connection with the history of the settlements of British Canada. From the commencement of the American rebellion, in 1776, during the dark days of wandering refugees, of creating homes in the woods, at the time of the war of 1812, in the subsequent years of tardy growth and development, up to the Confederation era, the name of Ryerson is ever found occupying a conspicuous and honourable place in the various walks of life. Especially do we find it as an active, zealous, and successful agent in preaching the Divine Word.

Among the Ryersons no one deserves a higher place in the esteem and grateful recollection of Canadians, particularly on account of the part he took in the war of 1812, than the Rev. George Ryerson. Before proceeding, however, to speak of him, it will be well, and, we think, interesting, to refer, however slightly, to the immediate ancestry of the Ryerson family.

At the beginning of the war in 1776, there lived in New Jersey two brothers named Samuel and Joseph Ryerson. They were of Dutch descent, and were strongly attached to the British throne. Samuel was about twenty-six years of age, and Joseph ten years younger. A captain's commission was offered to any one who would enlist sixty men. Samuel, being well known and popular, soon had double the required number. He consequently received a commission in the Fourth Battalion New Jersey Volunteers. The commander of the battalion in presenting his name for the commission mis-spelt it "Ryerse." By that name he was known during the war, and under that name he was discharged and received his subsequent awards; and by that name he and his descendants have always been known. Joseph, at the same time as his brother, also sought service in the army. When he presented himself the officer told him he was too small; but Joseph stretching himself up, replied, "but I am growing every day." It is probable he entered as a cadet, at all events he was entrusted with extremely important duties, and engaged in carrying despatches through the enemy's lines, which he did with so much discretion and success that he was at an early day commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Prince of Wales' Volunteers. He took part in six or more engagements, and

was at least once wounded in the hip. At the close of the war both brothers went to New Brunswick. Samuel before long returned to New York at the request of his wife's friends; but the feeling manifested toward him was so bitter by the Americans, that he was fain to seek a home again under the British flag. He consequently came to Canada about 1792, and met with a warm welcome from Gov. Simcoe, who was an old friend. He received large grants of land, and settled at Long Point. Here he built the first flouring and saw mills. (These were burned by the Americans in 1812.) He in time filled important positions, being the first Justice of the Peace. He organized the first militia company in that part, and was the first Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. He had one son, George, very young, when he came to Canada. He subsequently had three more sons, and one daughter, who became the wife of Mr. Harris. He died just five days before the declaration of war, in 1812. Joseph Ryerson having visited Canada, came with his family, in 1799, to settle. The account of the struggles of both brothers in New Brunswick, and of the tedious and dangerous journey to Canada, and how they planted settlements on the shores of Lake Erie, is full of interest, but cannot be detailed here. Joseph became High Sheriff of the London District in 1800. But, being in receipt of half-pay, he had, after a few years, to resign, or lose his half-pay. He was succeeded by his son-in-law, Col. John Bostwick. He was, during the war of 1812, commanding officer of the 1st regiment, Norfolk Militia, and took some part in repelling the American invaders. Being next senior officer to Col. Talbot, he was, in his absence, in command of the District. Joseph Ryerson had six sons, George, Samuel, William, John, Edgerton and Edwy; and three daughters, the eldest of which married Bostwick, the second Williams, and the third Mitchell, afterward County Judge. Joseph died in 1854, aged 94; his wife also attained to a good age, having died, in 1850, aged 84.

One Francis Ryerson, of Long Island, likewise was a U. E. Loyalist, and went to Nova Scotia, and settled at Annapolis. Descendants of this person, we believe, now live in the province by the sea.

On the 3rd of February, 1812, General Brock opened the Legislature at York (Toronto). He delivered a spirited speech, in which he referred to the glorious contest in which the British Empire was engaged on behalf of freedom, and in scathing terms reflected upon the conduct of the United States. In view of the threatening attitude assumed by that Government, he appealed to the Canadian Militia, as the sons of a loyal and brave band of veterans, to make due provision for any contingency. Parliament continued in Session only a month, but passed several important Acts. One was, granting a bounty for the apprehension of deserters; another, relating to the raising and training of the Provincial

Militia ; another, to raise a sum of money to defray the expenses of the Militia. By the second of these Acts power was invested in the President, General Brock, to form two flank companies from the battalions. Each company was to consist of a captain, two subalterns, two sergeants, one drummer, and thirty-five rank and file. These were to consist of volunteers. Scarcely a month had elapsed before steps were taken to carry out the object of this Act. And we find by a letter that General Brock, on the 8th of April, communicated to Lieutenant-Colonel Nichol, commanding the 2nd Regiment Norfolk Militia, his request that this should be immediately done. Colonel Nichol was to recommend the two captains to General Brock, and to nominate the subalterns himself. He was to make applications at Fort Erie for such arms and accoutrements as were required to complete the men. The same instructions were doubtless conveyed to Colonel Joseph Ryerson, commanding officer of the 1st Regiment Norfolk Militia ; because, in the early spring the flank companies of this regiment were enrolled at Turkey Point, and placed under the instruction of Major Bowen. The captain of the first company was John Bostwick, Sheriff of the London District ; 1st Lieutenant, George Ryerson, the subject of our notice ; the 2nd Lieutenant, George Rolph. It will be seen that these flank companies were composed of the picked men of the militia, the officers being selected for their unquestioned loyalty and efficiency, and the men being only volunteers. When war was declared they had already become very well trained, and constituted a most trustworthy element for the protection of the country. To them General Brock looked, scattered through the Province, as so many firm pillars around which the contiguous militia could rally.

When Brock formed the determination of moving towards Detroit to oppose General Hull, his intention was to collect the militia as he passed westward, hoping that as he approached Detroit his force would become so augmented as to enable him successfully to encounter any foe he might have to engage. But in this purpose he was thwarted. We are indebted to Mr. Ryerson for some facts bearing upon this event. The militia to the west was duly warned out, the Norfolk battalions among the rest. The call here was only partially responded to ; at least there were some who were easily turned aside from the path of duty. They had collected at Waterford for enrolment, but the women, who had been instigated by the disaffected, hurried after those dear to them, and actually seized them, and, with their arms around their necks, made loud cries that they should not go—that they would surely all be killed. The result was they prevailed, and the men refused to go. Some of the leaders were arrested and taken in a schooner to Niagara. The inhabitants of this section were composed largely of an American element

which had somewhat recently come in, and they held their Yankee predilections. A spirit of disloyalty had been aroused and encouraged by a number of Yankee school teachers and singing masters, and such like adventurers. This conduct on the part of the Norfolk Militia caused Brock to alter his plan of procedure, and he ordered the flank companies to proceed by water. Lieutenant Ryerson proceeded with a company of some 300 men under Colonel Simon, by schooner to Amherstburg, and up the river. They found Sandwich, then a village occupied mostly by the gentry, quite deserted. Hull was then at Windsor, but, immediately, having heard that Brock was approaching with a considerable force re-crossed to Detroit. Lieutenant Ryerson's company was at once employed to construct a masked battery opposite Detroit. At this point there stood on the banks of the river a number of large oak trees. Behind these they proceeded to erect the batteries. But the work had to be done quietly, and no one was to be seen during the day passing near the place. The men would go quietly at night, dig until near morning, when they would as quietly go away into the woods beyond sight. By the time Brock arrived the batteries were completed, and the guns in place. The General came up by land with a small staff, passing along the banks of the Thames. The night before the crossing of the British, the trees disguising the battery were cut down. Mr. Ryerson remembers well the early morning move. They crossed about two miles below the fort, and the numerous boats, some of which drifted further down, filled with soldiers, with their bayonets glistening in the morning sun, presented a most animated appearance. Having landed, they quickly formed into line and took the way toward the fort to within half a mile. They had expected the foe would oppose their landing, and were surprised to see none. About half a mile from the fort was a ravine, where were deserted villas. This concealed them, and they turned in among tall, green growing corn, and paused. Presently they were ordered to prepare and partake of their breakfast. Meanwhile the batteries on the Canadian side had opened fire upon the fort, no doubt very much to the astonishment of the Americans, and were sending shot and shell into the fort. After breakfast they were ordered to fall in. The total force did not much exceed 700 men. They fully expected, as they took their place in the ranks, to be led into action, and to encounter a much larger force ; but there was no hesitation. What, then, was their surprise to find, as they came in sight of the fort, that the way was unopposed, and the gates wide open. It had not been made known that the pompous American General who had so lately invited the Canadians to remain peacefully at home while he drove the red-coated oppressor out of the country, had ignominiously surrendered to a small body of Canadian militia, with a handful of regulars. The

various other affairs on the Niagara frontier. While stationed at Stony Creek he was seized with typhus fever, from which he almost died. As soon as he was able he went to his father's and stayed during his convalescence. Mr. Ryerson was entitled to a medal for the taking of Detroit, but neglected to apply for it while they were being distributed. He continued in the service until April, 1816, when the regiment was disbanded.

During his convalescence from typhus fever, Mr. Ryerson took the most important step any one can take, and which led him into the path of life he subsequently followed. He became a converted man, and resolved to prepare himself for, and devote his life to, the work of the Gospel Ministry. He desired to become a clergyman of the English Church, of which he was a member. His first participation at the communion table was in "York," at the close of the war, where the Rev. John Strachan, afterwards Bishop, officiated. To prepare himself for the ministerial work, he studied at a school in Schenectady for some years. He returned to Canada expecting to be ordained, but for certain reasons the Rev. Dr. Stuart, the Bishop, deferred the preliminary examination. In the first place, his speech was impaired; in the second place, an order had been issued in England, in consequence of the large number of officers set free by the close of the Peninsular war seeking entrance to the church, prescribing limited reason which should warrant the reception of such to church orders. Had it not been for this Mr. Ryerson would doubtless have been ordained. Although his speech was impaired, it was not sufficiently so to debar him from a position he desired to occupy, and for which he was well qualified. Mr. Ryerson filled the position of District School Teacher for a time, during which he preached as a Methodist. He went to England to settle his wife's estate, and lived in London several years. During his stay he embraced the views of the Rev. Mr. Irving, of the Catholic Apostolic Church. He returned to Canada in 1836, and established a branch of that church, being the President. He has resided in Toronto ever since that time, and laboured as a Minister. For some years now he has, in consequence of the infirmities of age, ceased to preach, but he still retains his position as the President of that denomination. Mr. Ryerson has been married three times, the first wife being Miss Rolph, sister of the late Hon. Dr. Rolph, to whom he was united in 1823. His second wife was an English lady; his present wife was the daughter of Judge Sterling, of Connecticut. The Rev. George Ryerson was born in the County of Sunbury, N. B., about 90 miles from Frederickton, about the year 1790. He came with his father to Canada when nine or ten years old. The writer was desirous of obtaining a full account of Mr. Ryerson's experience of the war written by himself, and

solicited the favour. The reply thereto is characterized by such noble and stirring sentiments, enunciated in a manner which carries us back to another generation, that we cannot forbear giving an extract. He says, under date May 18 :—"I was 21 years of age when the war commenced, and actively and zealously participated in it from the beginning to the end. But after the lapse of 60 years, I find it difficult to bring to my recollection vivid and detailed particulars of such events as would be interesting to the reading public—especially as during that time my studies and pursuits and conversation have been so pacific and unmilitary, and for about fifty of those years, I have been actively engaged in the Ministry of the Church of God,—not that I have ever ceased to be deeply interested in the current military events of the nation. I hold in respectful love and reverence every aged loyalist who has served his King and country ; and it warms my heart to look on the grey and withered faces of such old men ; and I pray for God's blessing upon them. Not that simple loyalty to the King is by itself religion ; but it is an important part of it, and an essential element of Christian faith and character. Insomuch that I cannot conceive of a man as a *perfect* Christian who is not at the same time loyal to his king. *To fear God and honour the king* are essential elements of the faith once delivered to us from above, notwithstanding the popular theories and perversions of the present time. A conscientiously loyal man is an honour and a blessing to the country, and it was for the inheritance and residence of such, under the name of U. E. Loyalists, that Upper Canada was separated and given by our wise and beloved sovereign, George III. He loved and cared for them as his children ; and they loved, honoured, and suffered for him as a father. And so long as Canada is counselled and guided by such men and such principles, she prospers—and whensoever she departs from them, she is visited with poverty, division, and perplexity. For the country was providentially separated as a refuge for the truth, and has been marvellously protected as a standard and witness on this continent for God's ordinance and kingly rule of Christian monarchy. And anything I may have to relate of the former days that tried men's souls in this land—of what kind they were, will go to illustrate this truth. 'God and our King !' should be the motto of all Canadians."

While writing these lines Mr. Ryerson was evidently living over again the days prior to when our beloved Queen ascended the throne. Although this honourable and splendid veteran is now in his eighty-seventh year, he retains a wonderful amount of energy. He says his memory is failing, but excepting some deafness, and being slightly stooped, he appears full of vigour. A genial, florid countenance, a well-shaped head, a still keen eye, a ready utterance, all indicate a protracted and green old age. All Canadians will join us in wishing that

he may long be spared to his family, and that peace and happiness may be continued to him until he passes to his great reward.

We must not omit to mention the name of William Ryerson who, although young at the time of the war, and not enrolled, was a participator in the strife. It was known that a party of Canadian traitors were collected at the house of one Dunham, at Port Dover. One of the Bostwicks, without any authority, determined, with a number of volunteers, to ferret them out. William Ryerson was one of the volunteers. They succeeded after a sharp encounter, in which some were killed, in taking a number of them prisoners. There were some forty of them; and they were planning the destruction of the houses of certain leading men in the neighbourhood. Nine of them were subsequently hanged at Burlington (Hamilton). William barely escaped the fate of one beside him when attacking the house, who was shot dead. He was also engaged in another adventure, and barely escaped losing his life; the ball which killed his companion cut the straps of his knapsack. William Ryerson was a pioneer Methodist Minister, a man of large endowments, and greatly loved by his people for his earnest zeal and eloquent preaching. His death took place only a few years ago.

PATRIOTIC ODE.

(WRITTEN BY A TORONTO GIRL, 13 YEARS OF AGE.)

Eastward and westward two great nations
Stretch out their hands, across the sea,
Joined by a thousand fond relations—
Mother and Daughter, proud and free.
England, throned in her ancient glory,
Smiles on her fair child's earnest face;
Canada young, with her untold story,
Offers the love of her own true race.

March on then in thy youth and beauty!
March to the noblest heights of Fame!
March with the eyes of two worlds on thee!
And a glorious future to sound thy name.

Press on my country, great and glorious,
On! to thy grand and bloodless strife,
March proudly on o'er all victorious,
And be thine aim the perfect life.
Shine! lovely star, the west adorning
Let every nation bless thy ray:
Strive for the Truth in life's bright morning,
Till thou attainest the perfect day.

March on then in thy youth and beauty!
March to the noblest heights of Fame!
March with the eyes of two worlds on thee!
And a glorious future to sound thy name

IN DAYS TO COME.

Translated from Théophile Gautier.

E'EN now—from mountain or from plain,
 In France, America, or Spain,
 A tree is soaring—oak or pine—
 Of which some portion shall be mine.

E'en now—within her chamber lone,
 Some wrinkled and decrepit crone
 Weaves fair white linen—like a Fate—
 To clothe my body, soon or late.

E'en now—for me, with sunless toil,
 Like some blind mole beneath the soil,
 A swarthy miner doth explore
 Earth's teeming veins for iron ore.

There is some corner of the earth,
 Where nought but loveliness hath birth,—
 Where sunbeams drink the tears of morn,—
 There, I shall sleep in days unborn.

That tree, which, with its foliage now,
 Doth screen a nest on every bough,
 The planks hereafter shall supply
 Wherein my confined bones shall lie.

That linen, which the wrinkled crone
 Is weaving in her chamber lone,
 Shall form a winding-sheet to hold
 My lifeless body in its fold.

That iron, burrowed from the soil
 By the swart miner's sunless toil,
 Transformed to nails, shall tightly close
 The chest wherein my limbs repose.

And in that charming spot of earth,
 Where nought but loveliness hath birth,
 A grave shall yawn, beneath whose sod
 My heart shall mingle with the clod !

Montreal,

GEO. MURRAY.

“UP THE RIGHI.”

It was Friday afternoon, and my friends were leaving Axenstein, that most beautiful of Swiss resorts. They had spent a week there, and in that time had “done” all that was to be done, from Brunnen to Fluelen. They were off for Interlaken and Geneva. But before leaving the “Lake of the Four Cantons,” they intended to “do” the Righi, and kindly asked me to join their party.

It was a lovely day. The sky was cloudless. Uri Rothstock, crowned with its glacier, reddened in the sun. The green-blue waters of the lake appeared thick and solid to us looking down upon them from a height of 800 feet. The waters of the fountain in the Hotel-garden fell with a monotonous splash into the basin. It was just the kind of afternoon when one feels inclined to sip Rhine wine under the shade of the firs, and to listen to the flow of German gutturals, as the different currents of conversation, from the surrounding groups of coffee-drinkers and gossips, meet in charming confusion.

But it was a most favourable day to ascend the Righi. Never was there promise of a more glorious sunset, and so we shook off the languid feeling which was coming over us, and made our departure.

My friends were three in number : a mother, son and daughter. The ladies and their luggage descended in the 'bus by the circuitous mountain-road to Brunnen, while Bob and myself, armed with our alpenstocks, ran down the foot-path through the forest, and reached the village before them.

We made our descent in twenty minutes.

How the sun scorched in the valley !

A few chestnut-trees by the landing afforded little shelter. A dozen lazy boatmen, lounging by their flat-bottomed boats, with their picturesque awning, importuned us to hire them for an excursion to Tell's Chapel on the Mytenstein. We politely declined. We did not want to go on the water just then. We would willingly have gone into it, had we had time, for a bath in the Lucerne is equal to one in the Atlantic, the waters are so cool and buoyant. We strayed into the church, partly through curiosity, partly to escape the sun. It was clean, as most Swiss churches are, and the altar and pulpit were of handsome marble ; but a huge doll image of the Virgin, on the Super-Altar, with flat features and coarse black hair, excited our sense of the ludicrous to such a degree that we thought it better to retire. So out we went again to the street, to find that the 'bus had just arrived, and that the steamer was but a mile distant, on its way down from Fluelen.

This upper part of the Lake of Lucerne is the grandest and most picturesque. The mountain sides come down in many places perpendicularly into the water, and are reflected on its surface as on a mirror.

Looking up the lake from the wharf at Brunnen, you see, on the right, Seelisberg, a village with church among the trees, and a large Pension on a ledge of rock 900 feet above the level of the lake; then, sloping up from the water, and approachable only by boat, Rütli, a meadow with châlet, where the three confederates are said to have sworn a solemn oath to free their country from the yoke of Austria; further on, the Uri Rothstock. On the left, you catch a glimpse of Tell's Chapel, and the eye follows the windings of the Axenstrasse, a road which is a marvel of engineering skill, cut along the sides of the mountain, and in some places piercing them. At the end of the vista is Fluelen, and beyond clouds and the blue distance of the St. Gothard pass, one of the regular routes into Italy.

Brunnen itself is a very pretty little town. There are some large white houses near the wharf, one having on its eastern wall a rude fresco of the Confederates, *Werner Stauffacher*, of Steinen, in Schwyz, *Erni* of Melchthal, in Unterwalden, and *Walter Furst*, of Attinghausen, in Uri, making their solemn vow, an incident in Swiss history that is very popular in this locality. But to my mind the best pictures are its old châteaux, brown, weather-stained, in most picturesque irregularity, with flat stones on the roofs to keep the shingles from blowing away, forming a striking foreground for a view of lake and mountain.

The little steamer drew up to the wharf, and we made our way through a crowd of struggling, bawling porters and hackmen, crossed the gangway, and found a cool seat on the upper deck. The boat was crowded with tourists, mostly English and American. Some were returning from Northern Italy. Others had been to the head of the lake, and were going back to Lucerne. Others we had seen for the last few days across the *salon* at the *table d'hôte* at Axenstein, and were on the same expedition as ourselves. Our boat crossed and recrossed the lake, stopping at the various little villages on the way, to disembark and take on passengers, and in due time arrived at Vitznau, a village on the right shore going towards Lucerne, and the lower terminus of the Righi Eisenbahn, or railway.

Formerly this ascent of the Righi was made on foot or on mules, by a narrow bridle path; and, though there were several routes, the favourite one was from Kasnacht, but lately a railway has been built which makes the ascent, if less meritorious, at least easier and more novel.

You can walk up any mountain, but it is not often you have the opportunity of being pushed up, alternately through dark tunnels and the sublimest scenery, by a little snorting, puffing engine. We elected, therefore, to go by rail.

The steamer from Lucerne had landed her passengers before us, and when we reached the station we found our train had started, and two more were on the point of starting. I call them trains, but I must explain that each engine took only one car, and that each car held about thirty passengers. The cars were something like our own, but smaller and lighter, with no cushions on the seats. They were open, covered above by light board awning. The engines were very funny. On the level they looked like small steam fire-engines, that had run against a street-corner and knocked forward their smoke stacks. The compensation of the incline made them upright, when they commenced the ascent.

The exact grade of the Righi-railway I don't remember—you will find it in Bædeker—but I know it looked terribly steep to us, as we watched one of the little engines push its burden before it, till both were lost in the darkness beyond the arch of the first tunnel. Progression is accomplished by cog-wheels in the engine working on cogs on the track midway between the irons. The first train had disappeared in the tunnel. Two more were on the level, before the commencement of the ascent, one at the platform taking in its passengers, the other on the line a few yards ahead, having started and stopped. Another, in which we hoped to obtain seats, was coming up the Station.

I left the platform for the *buffet*. A glass of Affenthaler is a great assistance to mountain climbing, even if it is by the unambitious mode of an inclined railway. Somewhat refreshed, I had just put down the wine-glass, when a piercing shriek rent the sultry air. I hurried to the platform. Behold the scene! An excited shouting crowd on the platform. Passengers, principally ladies, jumping from the car. A guard with eyes distended, gesticulating violently, and waving his handkerchief at the passengers to keep them from leaving their seats. The more he shouted and waved, the more panic-stricken they became. For this wild scene there was no adequate cause. At first I thought something had gone wrong with the first train, and that it was sliding back in its own track, to the imminent peril of the train standing in the way. But no, there was nothing of the kind.

At last when people had become more calm it was discovered that an engine had pushed its car against the engine of the train in front, and had crushed the brakesman between the wire guard and the car front. He had screamed and set the rest off in a panic. He was not much hurt, for I saw him hugging his knees, and hopping about the Station.

The panic had half emptied the car at the platform, and gave us a chance to secure seats which we were glad to avail ourselves of, and so with plenty of room at our disposal, for the car was looked upon as ill-omened, we commenced the ascent. What sad glances were cast after us as we moved off! All seemed to say "foolish people, you are

going to your destruction." We did not go to our destruction, nevertheless,—we went to the top of the Righi. Sometimes we were puffing through dark tunnels. Again, gazing over precipices, down upon the calm waters of the lake, and upon islands of faultless beauty. We stopped at two or three Stations on the way, among them Kaltbad, where Monsieur and Madame Thiers happened to be spending a few weeks. Finally we drew near the summit, the track running parallel with and beside the bridle-path.

We passed groups of tourists; walking parties with knapsacks; ladies on mules, with paterfamilias and sons striking their alpenstocks vigorously against the stony ground. The most striking figure in the motley crowd was that of an old monk, in brown serge cassock and cowl, bareheaded, shod with sandals, and with a rope girdle about his waist. There he toiled up the steep ascent, or gazed off towards Lucerne and Pilatus, with head erect and hand shading his eyes from the sun. To one fresh from the new world he seemed like a being of the past, an Elijah on Horeb or Carmel. One could not help wondering what was the man's history. Was he a lazy peasant who had taken to the monastery as an easy way of making a living, and a safe way of getting to heaven? or was he moved by a real religious impulse? Did that coarse serge dress cover a heart throbbing with the same passions as others, or had the realization of the Divine stilled human needs and cravings? As the train ascended we left him and his history behind us, and were safe at our destination, the Righi-Kulm.

On the plateau which formed the mountain top we found a large hotel thronged with guests, but as our rooms had been secured by telegram from Axenstein, we were all right. Never fail to telegraph for rooms, in travelling on the Continent; it is the common custom, and saves much disappointment. Arriving one evening at the *Hôtel de la Poste*, Brussels, I enquired for a room. My hostess was sorry they were all engaged. But I had telegraphed. From what place? From Rotterdam? What name? Smith. "Monsieur Smith, here it is with the key, *je suis charmé*." Safely established in our quarters, we washed off the dust of travel and hurried down to join the crowd below, for the sun was beginning to sink in the west, and the spectacle for which we had, I will not say, climbed, but been pushed up the Righi, was coming in.

Think of two hundred people ascending a mountain to see the sun set, sleeping there, getting up at 4.30 o'clock to see it rise, and then descending with the satisfaction of having "done" it. There they were; two hundred people of all classes, and from almost every nation in Europe and America. English walking parties; undergraduates, with knapsacks and alpenstocks; grave lawyers; enthusiastic artists; shrill-voiced Americans, with the usual number of Generals and Colonels;

Germans with their never-to-be-forgotten and much-to-be-lamented gutturals; stern Russians; wiry Swiss; and last but not least, a representative of this Canada of ours, for whom an epithet shall be wanting. All were talking—not loudly, for who could raise his voice in the presence of such grandeur? but the buzz of conversation was general.

But the view! Stretching from east to west from Sentis to Pilatus was a grand mountain panorama. There was a bank of clouds, however, in the east and south, and the view was not perfect. But the western sky was cloudless. The sun was sinking behind Pilatus. We looked down 5000 feet at least upon hill and vale, lake and forest, over which the shades of evening were already commencing to gather. Far off lay the thin blue line of the Lake of Zurich, with Zurich itself like a dot at the end; nearer the Lake of Zug; to the left the end of Lucerne. Countless hills and villages and churches were spread as in a map, in the country before us. As the sun gradually declined, the darkness commenced to steal up through the valleys. The scene surpassed description. Every eye was strained. Every voice was hushed. Men spake with bated breath, the highest tribute to the awfulness of nature. It was only for a few moments. The sun's last ray joined its fellows below the horizon. It was dark and cold.

Then we crowded into the hotel, secured our places at the *table d'hôte*, and as we made our first onslaught on the soup and *le côte*, struck out boldly, after Sidney Smith's plan, into conversation with our *vis-à-vis*, introductions being discarded. A canny Scotch lady, with four pretty daughters, sat opposite. They had wintered in Dresden, and had spent the spring in Northern Italy and Southern Switzerland. The girls gushed about Lugano and Bellaggio. We were a very merry party, in the best of humours with ourselves and all the world. After dinner people dispersed to their bed-rooms. A few still wandered about through the *salons*, or amused themselves in the billiard-room.

Before retiring I went out to see how things appeared in the darkness. The air was unpleasantly cool as I climbed the stairs of the little temporary turret at the edge of the plateau. The lights were shining brightly in Lucerne, and in the *châlets* and villages about Kusunacht. The outline of Pilatus could be traced against the lesser darkness of the sky, but there was nothing to give pleasure to anyone. All the glory of the scene had departed with the sun.

Between four and five o'clock next morning the prolonged note of an Alpine horn wound through the corridors. Springing from my bed I stood face to face with a notice on the wall, to the effect, that it was forbidden to take the blankets from the room. In their hurry, and to save the trouble of dressing, it had been a common custom for people to half dress themselves, and then, wrapping a pair of blankets about their

shoulders, to run and see the sun rise. I was soon dressed, overcoat and all, and walking briskly in the grey morning light, with the crowd, out on the plateau. How cold and sharp the air was, though it was the middle of August! Men buttoned up their greatcoats, and women drew their wraps closely about them, and shivered, as they paced up and down, with anxious faces turned ever and anon towards the east, or criticised the dowdy appearance of the laggards, as with sleepy looks they issued from the hotel door and joined the promenade.

Everything and everybody look so different in the cold grey morning from what they do in the flush and excitement of the evening. We could not fail to notice this, as we recognised our friends of the previous evening. There was the Scotch lady, like a motherly hen, clucking and calling her pretty chicks about her. But the girls had evidently made hasty toilets and did not care to be recognised. Our American friends were wrapped in shawls, and their voices were muffled in the heavy folds. The pretty English bride, in her sea green print dress, hung tenderly on the bridegroom's arm, but her eyes were still heavy with sleep, and some stray hairs straggled down upon her cheek.

The sky fortunately was cloudless. The cloud banks had disappeared, and there was every prospect of a glorious sunrise. Nor were we disappointed. First came a red streak in the far east. Then a flash! It was the Finsteraarhorn, the highest mountain of the Bernese Oberland, catching the first ray. Then the Mönch and the Jungfrau and the Schreckhorn, in turn, flung back the sunlight from their foreheads. The rest were not long left in shadow. Peak after peak, now in the east, now in the west, caught the ray till the whole range of mountains was illuminated. When the heavens were ablaze and the magnificent panorama was unfolded to our view, the object of our visit was accomplished.

People sometimes spend two or three days or even weeks on the Righi, and I can imagine nothing more delightful. What exquisite enjoyment would it be to breathe day after day that pure atmosphere; to see, morning after morning, that grand spectacle, the snow Alps flinging back from their spotless brows the sun's first greeting; and then at eventide to watch the darkness creep up the valleys, and the sun sink in the painted west!

But we had no time to linger, and with the most of those who had gazed with us on a sight never to be forgotten, a thing which has become a part of our very being, we eat a hurried breakfast at the hotel, bought a few Swiss *Sculptures en bois*, a paper knife or two with pretty chamois handles, as souvenirs of the Righi, and were let down to Vitznau by the obliging little engines that had pushed us up.

K. T. J.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXII.—*Continued.*

"Yes, I know it; he has been false to me, and thinks of it but lightly. And what have I done at the worst? He has no right to punish me, even though I do deserve it. When he comes to know, I will say, 'Well what then? I have deceived you, Cecil; I confess it, but I have not wronged you. Lay your hand upon your heart—the heart that should be mine alone—and tell me truly, you who are the soul of truth, it seems—have not you wronged me?' Then he will deny it upon his honour; that is what men do."

She began to pace the room with rapid steps, as some do to prevent themselves from thinking, as others to encourage thought. Presently a cab stopped at the door. Even that alarmed her, notwithstanding her just uttered words. Could Cecil have already heard the scandal that was afloat at Woolwich concerning her, and come to tax her with it? When she saw, through the blind, that it was his father, she experienced a sense of relief, and then again of oppression; such as is begotten by an opportunity one desires, and yet of which one fears to take advantage.

"So your mate has flown already, Ella, has he?" said the old gentleman, after an affectionate greeting. "I thought I would take him on with me in my cab, since I have a cab. I know he is much too fine to ride by the 'bus."

"He sometimes does," said Ella, apologetically.

"Yes, sometimes rides by it on horseback," snapped the old gentleman. "Young men didn't go to business that way in my time."

"It makes him so uncomfortable, to travel inside," pleaded Ella.

"Then why don't he go outside?"

"It's the sitting sideways that disagrees with him."

"Then let him go on the box. Much better men, much 'warmer' men—men with ten thousand a year, ma'am—are not ashamed to do it."

"Perhaps it's because they are warmer, Mr. Landon," answered Ella simply. "Cecil finds it so cold."

"Go along with you, you little witch," laughed the old gentleman.

"You are incorrigible. I am sorry I missed him, because I wanted to

have a talk with him, in your presence, upon a certain matter which has only turned up this morning."

"In my presence?" echoed Ella, a cold shiver creeping over her.

"Yes; it is a subject in which you are concerned, as much as he, though it has only reference to business. A telegram has come telling me we have lost our managing man down in the West, where our operations are greatly extending. Some responsible person must be found to live at Wellborough at least three months in the year; it would be better indeed if he did so altogether. Of course such an individual could be got, but it would save a deal of money if Cecil undertook the matter himself. If he goes, of course you must go; and I came to ask your opinion about it. You could come up to town for the season if your heart is really set on that sort of thing; and, in fact, I should not like to lose you for more, say, than half the year. Your income would be improved by it, though, till the nursery comes to be filled you can scarcely want more money. I daresay you will find the country a little dull at first; but, on the other hand, you will have more of Cecil's society. What do you think about it—that I may know what to say, so far as you are concerned, when I come to talk to your husband?"

"I am quite ready to do what you and Cecil wish, dear Mr. Landon." As a matter of fact the proposal charmed her. When the old gentleman had remarked that she would have more of her husband's society—he was referring, as she was well aware, to business hours—Mr. Landon did not know how much of his time, especially his evenings, Cecil spent away from his home. There would be no such attractions for him, Ella reflected, in the country that there were in town: and more than all, they would be out of the way of gossip. It was a slender chance, but still there was a chance, that that piece of Woolwich scandal might die where it was born, and never follow them to a distant home. She could not contradict it, as Gracie suggested, because it was true; but there was just this "pull" in her favour, that even her enemies—and she had many such among the ladies of that garrison town—must needs take it for granted (even supposing this choice morsel of tea-table tattle were founded on fact) that her husband knew of it.

"You are a good wife," cried the old gentleman, seizing both her hands; "just the sort of wife for a man of business; and if Cecil behaves badly to you, I'll cut him off with a shilling."

"Should we have to leave London soon?" inquired Ella, with as much indifference as she could assume, though what she would have dearly liked him to reply was, "Yes, to-morrow."

"Well, if you go at all, it should be almost at once. I don't wish to be unreasonable, my dear. I have heard of the great picnic that is to be at Virginia Water next week, and understand the impossibility of

interfering with that arrangement; but if you could contrive to leave town immediately after it——”

“So far as I am concerned, dear Mr. Landon,” interrupted Ella, “I am prepared to give up the picnic.”

“What, the Groves’, with Lady Elizabeth, and ‘really the very best people,’ as your friend Lady Greene calls them?”

“I don’t care for ‘the best people,’ nor yet for Lady Greene, twopence,” answered Ella, laughing.

“My own sentiments, and my own expression,” exclaimed the old gentleman, delightedly. “Cecil says, ‘If you would only make it silver, father, and say one fourpenny piece,’ but I am a stickler for the truth. So is your husband I am bound to say. The clerks who are straightforward all adore him, but if one ever deceives him he has to go forthwith.”

“But that is very hard,” said Ella, faintly.

“Well, yes it is hard. But then young people are always hard—except where they are uncommon soft. And, after all, it’s a good plan, for one deception involves a score of others in order to make it safe, and so the whole character of the man becomes rotten. However, I didn’t come here to moralise, and I must see Cecil at once. Now that his better-half is on my side he will be easily persuaded, no doubt. You have behaved like a trump, Ella, and I look upon you less as a daughter-in-law than as a daughter. God bless you, my dear!”

He was out of the house and in the cab in a moment. Her pleading looks, her yearning eyes, had escaped his observation; he had only seen a pretty face that had smiled a ready and somewhat unexpected acquiescence in his views. Perhaps it would have been all the same had he been less absorbed with the business in hand and more observant. His remarks about the clerks had chilled her. And surely in this projected change of residence there was a new hope of safety, a less necessity for confessing all.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PROCRASTINATION.

THERE is this peculiarity in the misfortunes of mankind, which also renders them more bitter—namely, that they generally come from quarters wholly unexpected. We may look for a fire to break out in our new conservatory, heated by the very last new apparatus, and naturally, therefore, arousing apprehensions, the case being only mitigated by the knowledge that we are insured; but what does happen is

a hailstorm that smashes the place to shivers, and for the damage arising from which catastrophe we receive no compensation. And thus it was with Ella Landon in her present state of anxiety and alarm. Her speculations for the "fall" took every direction, save that her husband would refuse to remove his residence to the West of England. Even in that case she would have had cause enough for fear for her secret, but she did think that so far she was safe. He had complained of the gloom of the city and of the confinement of his London life, so far as it was associated with his business and his home; had often, too, expressed his partiality for the country, and, though it was true that was on account of the opportunities it offered for sporting, and the shooting season was at this period almost over, yet the immediate change was understood to be only temporary; in future he might divide his time as he pleased, and, in fact, possess two houses, one in town and one in the country. Under these circumstances, with the additional advantages of having an increased income, and of giving pleasure to his father, Ella had never contemplated that Cecil would oppose himself to the new arrangement. And yet he did so point-blank. He would run down for a day or two to the west of England and put matters in hand there, he said, but make it a place of residence he would not.

The old gentleman was very angry at his obstinacy, as Ella gathered from Cecil's manner, who had evidently been made angry also. She did not see him till the following morning—if between two and three A. M. can be called so—when he came home from dining with Mr. Magenta at the club. That is what he would have his wife believe, at least; and it was not a time for her to express disbelief. She had her own thoughts, and they were not pleasant ones, about this matter; but other things were just then more important and more pressing. The incident, however, caused her to regard the idea of a residence in the country, where folks do not keep such very late hours, and there are no clubs, with even greater favour than before. She was resolved to make a fight for it, though, if possible, not to let him see she was fighting; and, above all, she must not lose her temper, nor cause him to lose his. If the discovery she feared must needs take place, she was resolved that it should happen under the most favourable conditions for her forgiveness, and when her husband and herself were on the best of terms.

But to fence with an adversary whom one is not to prick with the foil, is to contend at a disadvantage, indeed; and other things were against her also. In the first place, thinking he would not be so very late, and wishing to discuss the question of change of residence with him, she had sat up for Cecil, and he resented that as a reproach, as husbands will, especially when they feel that they deserve reproach.

"How foolish it is of you, Ella, to fatigue yourself in this way; I

told you I might not be home to dinner ; and when a man is dining with one, one can't turn him out of the club till he chooses to go."

Under ordinary circumstances Ella would perhaps have answered, "Can't one?" a little mournfully, for she was well aware that no human creature could have persuaded Cecil to stay anywhere when he had a mind to come away. He would have excused himself in the most pleasant way in the world, on the score of the necessity of rising early next morning, or would even have laughingly laid the burthen upon Ella herself: "I am so henpecked, you know, that I daren't stay;" but he would certainly have come away.

"I am not tired, darling, and I don't blame you," replied she, sweetly. "Of course, I was anxious to know what decision you had come to with regard to your father's proposition as to Wellborough. I assured him that, so far as I was concerned——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Cecil, curtly; "he told me you didn't care which way it was."

"But, indeed, I didn't say that, darling; I said I should like to live at Wellborough very much."

"I confess I can't sympathise with your taste then. It's the dullest, dreariest town in England. I would as soon be buried alive as live there."

"Oh, Cecil, I thought you were so fond of the country! I know, when we were at the Lakes——"

"Oh, that was very different," interrupted Cecil, with a laugh that was not intended to be a mocking one, but which to her ears sounded so. "Every place was delightful then; but one isn't always on one's honeymoon."

"That is true," sighed Ella. "Still, there would be hunting and shooting, I suppose, at Wellborough?"

"Not a bit of it. There would be nothing to do—but dye."

"There would certainly be fishing, because the town stands on a river."

"In which our works, it is complained, have poisoned all the fish; but, at all events, I hate fishing."

"But your father seemed to have set his heart upon it so, dear."

"My dear Ella, I think I have done enough and to spare to please my father already."

"Oh, Cecil," said she with tender reproach.

"Nay, I don't mean in marrying you, my dear, I did that, of course, to please myself; but in leaving the army. In doing that I did a good deal in the way of filial obedience, as both he and you are well aware. It is impossible to shape one's life entirely in accordance with the wish of another—especially if one has no wishes in common with him. I don't deny that the governor is very good to me."

"And very fond of you, Cecil."

"I believe that ; but that feeling is not so contrary to nature as to be set down so very largely to his credit. There's a good deal of nonsense talked about the obligations one is under to the 'author of our being,' as the moralists call one's papa ; but the probability is, he didn't become so upon our account. I know you have an exaggerated notion of filial duty, and I have no doubt you were the best of daughters, but——"

"I was not that, Cecil, heaven knows," interrupted Ella, gravely.

"Well, one would really think so from the way you preach to me sometimes. For my part, I think the governor is very unreasonable ; and, I must say, I didn't like the way he threw you at my head as it were this morning, saying how little you cared for society, and how you loved quiet, and that it was all my fault that we couldn't live at Wellborough."

"I am very sorry, dear ; your father must have misunderstood me. I don't remember saying anything of the kind."

"Well, he said that you didn't care for the Groves' picnic, for example, which I have heard you say, myself, you were looking forward to with the greatest pleasure. It would almost seem that you had two faces, Ella, one for him and one for me."

"I told your father that I didn't care for the picnic, so far as the Groves and the other people were concerned ; but I do care for it since you are to be there, Cecil. That was what I meant."

"Then the governor got hold of the wrong end of the stick, that's all. It's not worth arguing about—especially as the matter's settled—and I am sorry to say it's very late," and with that Cecil walked into his dressing-room, and closed the door with rather a sharp click.

There were moments during that interview when poor Ella had been sorely tempted to show her annoyance, but she had restrained herself. She had now the mortification of reflecting that whatever she had gained by her forbearance, she had certainly not gained her point.

The subject of a change of residence was not again adverted to between Ella and her husband, but it was necessary to talk of Wellborough. Cecil was going down thither, it was not quite settled for how long, and it was only natural, she thought, that she should accompany him. She had been with him before upon his business trips, though not always ; but those on which she had not accompanied him had been much briefer than this one was likely to be. At first she even took it for granted that she was to go, nor did he absolutely forbid it. But it was clear that he had no intention, or at all events no wish to take her.

"Things will be very uncomfortable," he said, "down at Wellborough. The man who is giving us all this trouble is still there,

though he has accepted another situation ; we cannot therefore occupy our own house, but should have to go to an hotel. And I should think an hotel at Wellborough would be hateful."

"I do not mind discomfort, so long as I am with you, Cecil," she had said, and meant it with all her heart. But he had still denied her, basing his objections upon the same ground.

"You can't imagine what it would be," he said ; "moreover, it will be an excellent opportunity while I am away to ask poor Gracie to come and stay with you."

It was the second time that he had hinted—or seemed to do so—that Gracie's company could make up to her for his absence, and it had a still more painful effect, like a blow on an old wound. But this time she did not reproach him. She had resolved not to do so whatever he said ; and this time there was no need to oppose the proposition, since she would be glad enough to receive Gracie, while he was away, that she might make her at least safe with respect to her secret. But the wound rankled for all that. Moreover, the impression remained with her, that notwithstanding all her patience, and efforts at conciliation, and even her loving attempts to win him, that she had not brought herself nearer to her husband. Was his love for her then really weakened, while her love for him remained as strong as ever, nay stronger—or rather more feverishly strong, at the bare idea, that she might come to lose his love. It was not, perhaps, really weakened. There are subtle influences which make themselves felt under such circumstances, however we strive to veil their presence. The possession of her secret, and the fact that she was endeavouring to ingratiate herself with him for a purpose, no doubt affected her pleadings unknown to herself. He never, indeed, suspected that she had any such design, but there was something in her manner that failed to please, or at all events to attain her object. During the honeymoon (as he had said) she might have succeeded.

Having satisfactorily disposed of this "unpleasantness," and got his way, one would have imagined that Cecil would have been in high good-humour. But this was far from being the case. It was not, indeed, in his nature to be downright sulky ; but he took it in dudgeon that after that supreme sacrifice to filial duty, as he considered it, in the matter of adopting the mercantile profession, his father should have endeavoured to exile him to Wellborough. The delights of town were dear to him, the pleasures of the west-end of it formed his solace for his drudgery in the east, and it seemed most unreasonable that he should be expected to give them up. He felt it hard that just when London was at its gayest, he should have to go to Wellborough even for a few days, which might indeed be weeks. One of his reasons for not taking

his wife with him, which would rather have comforted her had she known it, was, that he thought she would somewhat cripple his movements as respected coming back again. The first hour after he could get his business done, he had made up his mind would be the last he would spend at Wellborough.

As the time of his departure drew nigh—it was to be the day after the picnic at Virginia Water—Ella evinced her love for him in a thousand ways, as a good wife will do on the eve of ever so short an absence of her consort. But though he acknowledged them by his manner—for he was neither bear enough, as many men are, to take them as matters of course, nor brute enough, as a few are, to despise them—he did not, to her mind at least, reciprocate her tenderness. She was persuaded therefore, or persuaded herself, that the moment had not arrived even yet, for throwing herself upon his breast, and confessing to the deception that she had practised on him. He was going away whither such tidings would not meet him, and in the meanwhile, perhaps, some plan might be arranged with Gracie, who had promised to stay with her in his absence, for breaking it to him in a judicious manner; and so once more was the evil day put off.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PICNIC.

IN these days there are many ways of going to Virginia Water. You can go by one of the many coaches, which, in the summer time, have endeavoured to revive the glories of “the road” with more or less of success. Holiday folks who use this mode of conveyance, and pass on a fine day through beautiful scenery to the end of a short journey, forget that the season and the locality have been chosen for them, that they have selected the weather for themselves, that they are not in a hurry, and are bound solely on pleasure; and on the strength of what is, after all, but a mere trip (though even that begins to grow a little tedious at the last), are apt to talk of the “old coaching days” with regret, and to undervalue the advantages of the rail. But in the times we write of—unless people were mad enough to drive down in their own carriages—no opportunity was afforded of tiring themselves out, and getting weary of their company, in this way, before they had arrived at the spot selected for their enjoyment. You went by train to Windsor—there was then but one line—and drove the rest of the distance through the beautiful Park. In these days, again, it is as common for a gentleman, who is giving a garden-party, to secure “a special” for his

London guests, as for any absconding bank manager to indulge himself in the same extravagance ; but it is only within the last twenty years that luxury has taken such gigantic strides, and for General Groves' pic-nic at Virginia Water no such convenience was provided.

His guests travelled by ordinary train, to which, however, a saloon carriage was attached for their especial behoof, and at the door of it stood Percy Groves, the general's nephew, and heir-presumptive, to welcome his uncle's friends, and indicate the means of transit provided for them. The general himself would as soon have thought of patronising a pic-nic, even of his own, as of presiding at a teetotal meeting. When the train was starting, he was in his brougham upon his way to the Megatherium Club, where he had occupied the same corner in the whist-room every afternoon for the last quarter of a century. He no longer played, for his memory could not be depended on, but his judgment remained to him, and he backed it on the best performers, with much pleasure to himself and not a little profit. As far as society was concerned with him, he had been extinct for a whole generation ; but his wife, Lady Elizabeth, was a leader of fashion, with more acquaintances, and we had almost added, fewer friends—than any woman in London. She knew everybody, as soon as they had established their claim to be anybody ; authors, artists, travellers, millionaires, or beauties. She made a point of getting an introduction to them, of asking them to her receptions in Eaton-square, and of puffing them to other people ; she made much of them for periods varying from a fortnight to six months, and then she dropped them, taking no sort of precaution as to breaking their fall. If they ventured to importune her for an explanation of this singular conduct she put up her large gold glasses—for she affected near sight—and regarded them with a resuscitation of interest. It seemed so funny that they should not understand that they no longer afforded her any amusement. Even the beggar in the street does not look for a second penny, when you have said : " My good man, I have nothing more for you," and she had said that to these good people as plainly as looks could speak. One would really think, to see them behaving in this way, that they had been persons of her own rank in life, who visited her by right, and were not called upon to afford her any excitement.

She had patronized the Landons on account of Ella's exceeding beauty, and was as much surprised as pleased to find her husband so " presentable." She had been informed that he was " an oil and colour man," and had expected him to smell of paint. In her search for " novelties " she sometimes picked up some very queer people ; and, indeed, one of her aristocratic acquaintance had likened her garden-parties to a day with the Odd Fellows ; but she succeeded—perhaps from this very circumstance—in making them very popular. Aristocracy by itself is an

insipid "plat" indeed; but mingled with a dash of Bohemianism, and, still more, with a suspicion of impropriety, it becomes piquant.

There was nobody that could be called "improper" in the reserved saloon-carriage on the present occasion, but the company was very mixed. The aristocratic element—which included a cabinet minister who had taken to spirit-rapping, was well represented; and the "scratch lot" as the cabinet minister irreverently described his hostess's notabilities, was a very remarkable one. There was Mr. Marks, the latest sensationalist novelist, who had excited the town by his original disposal of all the bad characters of his story; he had shut them up in a snow-bound cavern in Patagonia, where they had been driven to the extremity of devouring one another; and the survivor of them, and principal villain, had only escaped to be similarly dealt with by a native cannibal, afterwards converted by the angelic character of the story, and only prevented from becoming a ritualist clergyman by the consciousness of what he had swallowed.

There was the great Prima Donna, Madame Livoli, who never opened her pretty mouth, except to sing and show her teeth; and the still greater pianist, Herr Stäegger, who never opened his mouth at all, but shook his long whitey brown hair, and rolled his eyes, in a manner pregnant with genius, and more eloquent than words. There was Mr. Theodore Plum, the rising historical painter, who dressed as much like Charles the Second as he dared, and talked of "his art" till you wished "art" was dead, and worse.

There was Mr. Rufus Bond, the famous financier, who boasted that he held the South American Republics in the hollow of his hand, and who afterwards became more famous still, by having conferred upon him by the representative of his sovereign (in a court of justice) the sentence of five years' penal servitude.

Each of these distinguished personages was received by Lady Elizabeth with well-affected rapture, and took their seats in the saloon where they would, or whither embarrassment hurried them. Cecil and Ella, who were never embarrassed, and the former of whom had at least as good an eye for comfort as Mr. Theodore Plum for colour, selected a comfortable corner, with their backs to the engine, and looked about them.

"By jingo! there's that owl Whymper, blinking at us," whispered Cecil.

And indeed, in the opposite corner sat Mr. Whymper-Hobson, looking very uncomfortable and unknown, and endeavouring to attract their attention.

He was of good family enough by the mother's side, but would certainly not have found himself in that reserved saloon, save for his recent acquisition of wealth; so soon, however, as that circumstance had been

made public, Lady Elizabeth Groves had remembered how tenderly she had once been attached to his maternal parent, when they were girls at school, and wrote to the young man a letter full of graceful sentiments, with an invitation to her picnic in the postscript. She had a niece unmarried, who was likely to become a charge upon her, if she was not otherwise provided for. "I should die happy," she was wont to sigh to confidential friends, "if I could only see dearest Julia suitably settled in life;" but it is probable that she would not have thought seriously of dying even then. It was a subject that not even the general himself had begun to think of, who was five-and-thirty years her senior.

Mr. Whympers-Hobson had greatly improved in appearance since we knew him at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The time had been unfavourable for making his personal acquaintance, it being that period at which the face of youth is apt to put forth pimples, and straggling tufts which only a mother can admire, or flattery designate as hair. He had now become a good-looking young fellow, with soft whiskers and moustaches to match, and with a certain bashfulness of air which those who did not know him for a sneak might easily mistake for modesty. Cecil of course was not deceived in this respect, nor was he at all gratified by the signs of recognition made by his former slave. Very few men care to renew acquaintance with their old school-fellows, unless they have happened to be their intimate friends, and not always even then. It takes some courage to say so, for over this subject cant has of late years reigned supreme; but as a matter of fact, friendships at school mostly end there, unless, indeed, they are renewed at college, when they often last for life. In the unregenerate days of which we write, at all events, our boyish antecedents were not always so perfectly satisfactory that it was pleasant to be reminded of them. And more especially, I fear was this the case with those who had been at the Royal Military Academy, which was "neither fish nor flesh"—neither school nor college—nor particularly "good red-herring."

To Cecil's mind, for example, Whympers's appearance recalled some high-handed, not to say tyrannical behaviour on his own part; and although there was a smile on the other's face, he could not believe in its sincerity. However, there was nothing for him but to make a sign to the young gentleman that he would be welcome to come and sit beside himself and Ella; an invitation that was accepted at once. His greeting of his old acquaintance was so cordial that, as Cecil afterwards said, "It sickened me to hear the fellow, knowing that he wished me dead;" and, after a few words of commonplace, he turned his back upon him, and, man-like, left the task of entertainer to his wife. What they might say to one another was not likely to have much interest for him; and,

besides, the train had started, so that it would have been difficult to attend to their conversation, even had he been so minded.

Mr. Whympcr-Hobson's small-talk was not, however, it seemed, without its attraction for Ella. If one had not known that he was almost a stranger to her, the look of her face, when she first caught sight of him, might have aroused suspicions that at one time this young man had not been wholly indifferent to her, and her present behaviour would have strengthened them. Though the simple explanation of it all was, that he had only recently left Woolwich, and might have heard the story which Gracie had advised her to contradict, but which did not admit of contradiction. As it happened, he at once began to talk of Gracie, whom he knew by sight, and who, he was aware, was Ella's friend.

"She has had a sad loss," said he, "in the death of her mother."

Ella assented, with the proper expression of sympathy; but she was not thinking of the dead, but of the living. What unhappy fate had brought this man to the picnic on the only day that, for some time at least, Cecil would be within hearing of that hateful rumour? Mr. Whympcr might not have heard of it, of course; but she fancied that his face said that he had. There was an expression of sly jocosity about it, which in reality was natural to him when talking to ladies—with whom he thought it effective—but which she imagined to proceed from what he knew about her. Even if she was right, it was very unlikely he should speak of the matter to Cecil, of whom, as she knew, he did, or had been wont to stand in fear; but still there was the chance. She bitterly repented that she had not had the strength of mind to tell her husband, even though the time had seemed, of late, inopportune.

"I think it pretty certain that he will marry again," observed Mr. Whympcr-Hobson.

"Marry again!" exclaimed Ella, fortunately not aloud, but in a whisper, hoarse with horror.

"Well, it is generally understood that Miss de Horsingham has hooked him."

Then she understood that some intermediate remark of her companion had escaped her observation, and that he was speaking of the commissary.

Miss de Horsingham was governess in the family of the commandant at Woolwich; and it was a joke in the garrison that she was the only lady to whom Acting Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Ray ever paid any attention. She was not very young, but she was what is called "a fine woman," and was supposed to have saved a good bit of money.

"You seem quite shocked, Mrs. Landon," said Mr. Whympcr-Hobson, with an odious giggle, which was part of his lady-conversational effects.

"I am shocked," said she, "that people should say such things of a man before his wife is cold in her grave."

"Oh, at Woolwich, you know, people say all sorts of things," returned the young gentleman, so sily that she felt sure that he was referring to the subject that engrossed her mind.

"It is rather dangerous to disseminate personal scandal," said Ella, "whether at Woolwich or anywhere else."

She had suddenly remembered that, when talking of this man, Cecil had hinted that he was not remarkable for personal courage; and she resolved, if possible, to frighten him.

"Nay, a scandal is a thing that is not true, Mrs. Landon," replied the young gentleman; "and this talk about the commissary is a fact. He has speculated for years, it is well known, upon his wife's death; and has had this lady in his eye. Trotter tells me—who is a cousin of the commandant's—that Ray has always made up to her; her personal beauty not being so much the attraction as the main chance. She openly gave out that she became a governess, not for the salary, which was no object to her, but for the pleasure she derived from 'seeing the minds of her young pupils expand like flowers to the sun;' and it is therefore probable," says Trotter, who is cynic in a small way, 'that the commissary will catch a Tartar.'"

"I sincerely hope he will," said Ella; and then turned away to admire Windsor Castle, to which her attention had been drawn by a civil neighbour.

Everybody was in ecstasies about the castle; partly because it indeed stood up most nobly against the delicate spring sky, and partly because it was complimentary to their hostess so to do, to whom they were indebted for the view.

Lady Elizabeth had, doubtless, admired it in her time as much as the rest, only she had seen it about five hundred times before, and her mind was now a little preoccupied; first, with the reflection that her niece Julia was little better than a fool to have permitted Mr. Whymper-Hobson to stray from her side, to that of that abominably-pretty young woman—Ella's name her ladyship had forgotten, though she remembered with satisfaction that she was married; and secondly, she was occupied with a calculation of the number of her guests, and how they would find carriage accommodation. In pleasure-parties of this description, there are always some who are audacious enough to bring friends, so that it is difficult to make an exact computation. However, at the station, everything was found as it should be, and her ladyship took great care not only to pack Mr. Whymper-Hobson and the niece that was on hand in the same conveyance, but to put Mrs. Cecil Landon somewhere else.

The party were not going to picnic in the Park, you may be sure—it was but the latter end of May; nor in any other month was Lady Elizabeth—who never so much as sat down in a low chair, because of the rheumatism in her knees—likely to propose anything so imprudent as dining in the open air; nor were they bound for the hotel, which satisfies the aspirations of middle-class people. The general was one of those privileged persons who have a house at Virginia Water within the confines of the Park, and it was thither that the party were bound. Everything would there be found in order for them, and after their entertainment under that hospitable roof, they might picnic, in the sense of wandering about and enjoying themselves, wherever they pleased. The drive, of course, was lovely—the most lovely of its kind to be found in England, or, for that matter, out of it—and under any other circumstances Ella would have enjoyed it thoroughly. She had contrived—in spite of some opposition—to be in the same carriage with her husband; he was in high spirits and made himself very agreeable to the other occupants of the vehicle, and she was usually never so happy as when she saw that others admired him. But every now and then she caught, through the trees, a view of Mr. Whymper-Hobson in the vehicle ahead, and the sight of him chilled her to the marrow with vague alarms. The many-summered trees that towered along the way, the browsing deer, the rabbits darting through the fern, were spectacles for which she had no leisure. She saw them, indeed, for every incident upon that journey was stamped upon her mind, and recurred to her afterwards a hundred times, with sharp distinctness; but she had no pleasure in them. That May-day in the Forest, with all its glorious sights, and scents, and sounds, was lost upon her. It seemed as though the very air, laden as it was with the freshness and sweetness of the coming summer, had been poisoned by this stranger's presence.

Arrived at their journey's end, she fled from him into a little coterie with which she had grown to be tolerably intimate, and wherein she felt he would not venture to intrude; but he fascinated her, nevertheless, and her eyes pursued him. It was some comfort to see that Cecil evidently avoided him, for she would rather the man had sought her own companionship than his. At dinner he was seated by Julia Groves, and away from both of them; but, even then, she fancied that she formed the subject of his conversation. Miss Julia had looked up once with elevated eyebrows in her direction, and then had coloured, and looked down, confused. Doubtless, that hateful wretch had been telling his neighbour what he thought would please her best—a scandal about a friend. If she could only have got Cecil quietly away immediately after dinner, upon pretence of sudden indisposition, she would have done it; but that would have made a fuss, and drawn the general

attention to herself, from which she now shrank as timorously as though she had exchanged natures with Gracie Ray. She saw her husband leave the house with some gentlemen, of whom Whympier was one, to have a stroll by the lake-side with their cigars; and at the same time Lady Elizabeth proposed a visit to the famous temple which George the Magnificent set up, and of course she had to acquiesce. The thrush was loud in the woods that afternoon, but it had no melody for her; she was listening for a voice that had wont to be more sweet to her than any bird's, but which she feared to find discordant. Never had that modern ruin, with its carpet of tender green, pranked with the flowers of spring, looked more exquisitely beautiful, but her eyes were fixed upon the quarter from which her husband must needs return, and beheld neither grass nor flower. Around her broke the light jest, followed by tinkling laughter, as the sparkling wave breaks on the summer beach, but her ears were deaf to it; they were on the watch for some sound—she knew not what—but with which she felt very sure no mirth would mingle.

Presently, Percy Groves—the general's aide-de-camp, as he was called—who had been one of the lake-side party, was seen strolling slowly back alone. He took his seat on the ground beside her, and began chatting in his thin, good-humoured way. Then, dropping his voice to a grave whisper, "Will you take my arm," he said, "and come as far as the Sun, your husband is waiting for you there."

She obeyed at once, though her limbs trembled as she rose, and she clung to him in a manner that some aides-de-camp would have misconstrued.

"What is the matter?" faltered she, "for I am sure that something has happened."

"Well, yes; I hope it is nothing serious. They have got him out, and he was coming to all right——"

"Good heavens! Has Cecil fallen in the lake?"

"No, no, it was Whympier-Hobson. He took a little more champagne than was good for him, and somehow or other picked a quarrel with your husband."

"With my husband!" her heart sank almost as low as when she had thought Cecil had been half drowned.

"Yes, it was foolish of him, for Landon is almost the last man to choose for such an experiment; and the place was badly chosen too—the only deep one in all the lake."

"What, did Cecil push him in?"

"No, indeed he didn't; there was no pushing about it; he took him round the waist and flung him in as though he had been a water-spaniel, which, unhappily for Whympier-Hobson, he was not. It was touch-and-

go with him for a minute or two, though, as I said, he is all right now ; only, of course, it is an unpleasant business, and Landon thinks it better to get away and avoid a row."

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Groves?" gasped Ella ; "the man is not drowned?"

"Not a bit of it ; he is rather wet, of course, but that's all, and by this time they have put him to bed. A carriage will be ready at the inn for you and your husband. I am so awfully sorry you have to leave us. Shall I run back and fetch your shawl?"

For Ella was shivering as though she had fallen into the lake herself.

"No, no ; I am quite warm, thank you."

They had reached the inn garden, crowded with early pleasure-seekers, who had already heard of the "accident," and who gazed with curiosity at her pale and frightened face, for she wore no veil.

"Where is my husband?" murmured poor Ella.

"Outside the inn, no doubt ; he didn't want to be in the way when Hobson was brought in, I daresay."

In the road was a closed carriage with Cecil standing by it. He did not even look at Ella as he opened the door for her to enter, but turned his pale, stony face to her companion.

"I am much obliged to you, Groves," said he. Then, in a lower voice, "If that fellow wishes anything more, you will tell him where to find me."

"Oh, stuff ; he took too much wine—and begad, too much water afterwards—that's all ; it will all come to nothing, my dear fellow."

"Drive on," cried Cecil, in a harsh, impatient voice, and off whirled the carriage with the unhappy pair.

If her husband had begun to storm and swear, if he had even threatened to leave her by reason of her perfidy and falsehood, Ella could have borne it better than the silence and contempt in which he wrapped himself. Not a word dropped from his lips, and he kept his eyes averted from her, fixed on the glancing trees and vanishing hedgerows.

"Oh, Cecil, won't you speak to me?" said she, presently.

"Not now," returned he, curtly.

"Then, may I speak to you?"

"Not now," returned he again, in such a tone that she felt it was hopeless to address him.

The last time they had travelled together in a similar conveyance alone had been during their honeymoon, only a few months back, yet how long ago it seemed, and alas ! by what a distance were they now parted. Would that icy voice ever speak to her in loving accents again, or that stony face beam with its old smile ? It was very cruel of him to act as he was doing ; and though she allowed that she had done wrong, she did

not think that she deserved it. Even at the railway station, though they had to stop there half an hour for a train, he did not speak to her ; but, having placed her in the waiting-room, walked up and down the platform alone, smoking a cigar. In the train he selected a carriage with several people in it, notwithstanding there were others empty, and, though he sat beside her, he never opened his lips. He was dumb, too, in the cab on their way home. Not till they got within doors, and were alone together in the drawing-room, did he break silence, with, " And now, madam, perhaps you will tell me why you married me under a false name ! "

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CONFESSION.

THE question which her husband had put to Ella was one she had been expecting for many a day, for she had never in her heart believed that it would not be put. She had rehearsed a hundred times the very scene that was about to commence between them. She had chalked out a line of apology for herself ; she had anticipated certain homethrusts, and made up her mind how to parry them ; and, in a word, you would have said—like the counsel of other unfortunate persons who are not in the presence of their judge, but " under remand "—that she was fully prepared with an answer to the charge that had been brought against her. But now that the judge was there, looking so stern and so unyielding, and even with an expression of foregone condemnation on his face, words for the moment failed her.

" Come," said he bitterly, " you have had three hours to make up a tale in ; I should have thought less would have sufficed for your quick wits."

The taunt was welcome to her ; it acted like a spur on a high-couraged horse, and made her take the fence.

" I shall tell you no tale, Cecil, if you mean by that a lie, but the simple truth. I have acted ill to you, and worse to others ; but I am not so much to blame as you may think. If you fear, for example, that any disgrace attaches to you, through me, from anything I have done before I married you——"

" It is possible," put in Cecil with a harsh laugh ; " husbands generally do fear it, when they find their wives have had to falsify their marriage register."

" Then you do me wrong, Cecil," she answered calmly. " My maiden name——"

Again he laughed ; she coloured to her forehead, and flashed one fiery

glance from her dark eyes ; but her tone was quiet as before, as she went on :

"My name before I married you, was not Mayne, but Juxon."

He started a little ; the blow had come from an unexpected quarter. She had herself done nothing shameful ; but the colonel had been her father, not her uncle ; and she had not been born in wedlock. That was her history, as he now read it, and as she knew he read it.

"My father was, and is, a clergyman in Yorkshire," she went on. "My Uncle Gerard is his brother. We three are the only survivors of our name and race. Our family is an unfortunate one. We are cursed with an hereditary disease—that of an evil temper. You have observed it, Cecil, for yourself, I fear."

He gave his shoulders a slight shrug. The circumstances were much too serious to make "temper" a matter of importance.

"Let us come to the point, madam."

"That is the point, Cecil. It is temper, and nothing else, that has placed me in this false position."

"And me?" put in the other disdainfully.

"Yes, and you through me. Many people have bad tempers, but we Juxons are possessed with devils. I believe I was the worst of all of them, Cecil, till I knew you ; but you and love together—I hope—have cast my devil out."

He smiled again, this time contemptuously, yet not so much as if he doubted whether she was cured in that way, as that it was of no consequence whether she was cured or not. Why did she thus beat about the bush, when it could profit her nothing ; instead of answering him his question straight. What made her deny her name ?

"If my mother had lived—God knows—things might have been better with me ; but I was left as a child, alone, to the care of my father. He was a good man, while I was far from good ; but like the rest of us, he was of a violent and imperious disposition, and, unhappily, we had not an idea in common. From the time that I first began to think, I was all for independence and equality ; for a wild sort of justice and rude right. I disliked control of all sorts, but tyranny was loathsome to me. Any slight put upon myself threw me into paroxysms of passion ; and even an injustice committed upon another would do the like. My father was not unjust, but he was high-handed, and had an extreme reverence for all authority, which of course included his own. We came of a loyal stock. That Bishop Juxon, to whom King Charles gave his garter upon the scaffold, was an ancestor of ours whose memory my father almost worshipped. That garter, as may be read in history, remained with us for many generations, till some female member of our race, transported with passion, and wishing to spite her husband, threw it into the fire

before his face. It was rescued from thence half burnt, and even thus was considered by my father—notwithstanding that he loved wealth for its own sake—a more precious heirloom than the costliest service of plate could be, or the rarest diamonds. It used to lie in a casket upon his study table, among the ancient books and MSS. he loved so well—for he was an antiquary—and he held it in higher estimation than all his relics together. Bear with me, Cecil, while I tell my tale ;” for he was looking the picture of impatience, and tapping with his foot, a sound with which of late months she had grown familiar.

“Being what we were, it was only natural—though far from right—that my father and I should disagree. Of course it was I who ought to have submitted to his elder judgment, but he could not convince me, and I could never feign to be convinced. Yes, Cecil, whatever I have been, I have been always honest, and was so after a fashion—though a wrong one—even at the very time when I deceived you. Such honesty, you will say—and have a right to say—was cheap, since it consisted only in doing my own will and pleasure ; yet I must plead that it was not quite so, but that my curse of temper made me as frank, as apt to cleave to what my rage had spoken. As I grew up, my father and myself, though dwelling beneath the same roof always, grew more and more asunder ; a state of things which—Heaven forgive him for it—Uncle Gerard fomented. He had quarrelled with his brother, while I was still a child, upon some money question. We were all rich, and though, as I have said, my father loved wealth for its own sake, he was not one to grasp at it, as Gerard was. There was a sum that by the law fell to my father, but the man who left it died without a will, and it was known that he had wished the brothers to share his property. My father would have given the half of it, as in duty bound, to Gerard, had it been asked of him ; but Gerard claimed it as a right.”

“‘Right? What you, when I am the elder?’ was the other’s answer.

“‘Such ideas’—that is, the ideas that were really dearest to the other, feudality, primogeniture, and the rest of it—‘are very convenient,’ cried Gerard, ‘when one wishes to fill one’s pocket at another man’s expense.’ The scene was a terrible one, and they parted, never to meet again.

“I took my uncle’s part, thinking him wronged, and that was worm-wood to his adversary. From child to woman I grew more wilful and more headstrong daily ; while my father remained as masterful as ever, but with less of power. He knew that I should be independent of him in a little while, and that too galled him. He had many excuses, as I now can see—too late—and I had few. For one error, however, and that the most important, he was alone to blame. He used all his influence and authority to make me wed a man for whom I had no love. There lived near us, one Sir Percy Pomfret, whose large estate joined

our own, and who was wont to pester me with his attentions. He was a baronet of ancient race, which was nearly all that could be said in his favour, save his riches ; but in my father's eyes this was very much. An alliance between the Juxons and the Pomfrets seemed to him to be the most fitting conceivable ; a marriage that might indeed be said to have been made in Heaven. I cared for neither Sir Percy nor his ancestors, and on a certain day, only a little while before I came of age, being much provoked by my father's importunities, I told him so. Words grew high between us, though I scarce know what I said ; but he told me I was a disgrace to him and to the race of Juxon. Then, urged by the devil in my blood, I snatched the royal martyr's gift from the casket in which it lay, and, as my ancestress had done before me, I threw it in the fire, which consumed it. It was terrible to see my father's face ; but in my passion nothing had terrors for me. He rose and cursed me—me his daughter—protesting that he would own me as his child no more. 'Nor will I own you !' cried I, 'as father—I swear it ! From henceforth I will bear another name.' 'It will be better so,' he said. And then I flung myself out of the room.

"Those were the last words I heard him speak, or shall ever hear. That very night I left his roof and sought that of his brother. My uncle received me gladly. He had a genuine regard for me I do believe, and my income was an advantage to him, since he was not very wealthy ; but most of all it pleased him that I had quarrelled with my father. I called myself Ella Mayne, pretending to be his niece upon the mother's side. He approved of that, because of the humiliation that it would cause my father, who, whatever he had said in haste and passion, would never wish me to deny my name."

"Then Colonel Juxon was a party to the fraud on me ?" observed Cecil coldly.

"If fraud it can be called, he was. Indeed I would have told you all before I married you but that he dissuaded me from it. He said that you would insist, he thought, on my wedding you under my proper name, or else you would break off the engagement."

"He was right," said Cecil ; "I wish to Heaven he had told me."

"Oh, Cecil," pleaded Ella, "would you have made me break my oath ?"

"I do not say that, madam."

It was plain he meant the other alternative, that he would not have married her. How hard, and cold, and cruel was he become !

"But, Cecil, I did love you so dearly, almost as much as I love you now." She stole a little towards him, but he drew back.

"Not so much it seems, madam, but that you preferred before me the gratification of your own pride and passion. The oath you kept was like the oath of Herod, and I was sacrificed to it. What had I to

do with your father's temper, or your own, or with the race of Juxon, that I should be made the scapegoat of them all? Under pretence of love you have disgraced me. Yes, disgraced; I was told as much to-day by Whympier, and half-drowned the man, simply, as it now seems, for telling the truth."

"Oh, Cecil, have you no pity?"

"Yes, I pity myself. Bad as is this story of yours, even told by your own lips, do you suppose anybody will believe it? Will not the finger of scorn be pointed at me as the man whose wife married him under a false name for reasons——"

"Reasons, Cecil? I have told you the reasons."

"And I don't say they may not be correct; but others may not be quite so credulous. Remember, however, you have falsified your marriage register; which is, in the eye of the law, I believe, a very grave offence. It is as bad for a man to have married a felon as a hussey."

"You use very hard words, Cecil."

"I call things by their right names, madam; which I daresay seems strange to you."

"'Madam' sounds very strange to me, Cecil."

Her tone would have touched any heart that was not of stone, and Cecil's, for all its faults, was "very human."

"You have brought it on yourself, Ella," returned he, with a peevishness that was, by contrast to his former accents, almost kind; "your conduct has been, to say the least of it, most selfish and inconsiderate. Yet there have been times when you have thought me selfish, and indeed have hinted as much."

"If I did, I retract it, Cecil. You have behaved to me as well as I have deserved; though perhaps not so well as I seemed to deserve."

The colour rushed with violence into Cecil's face.

"I don't wish to be hard upon you," he said, "I have had my faults, no doubt; and I am sorry for them."

"If I have anything to forgive you, husband, I forgive it freely. Will you say as much to me?"

"Well, I am not a fellow to bear malice, you know; but you have put me in a very unpleasant position, Ella. I really don't know what I ought to do. Whether we ought not to be married again, for one thing. Yet what would people say then?"

"Surely that will be unnecessary, dear Cecil." She did not like to tell him that her uncle had taken precautions beforehand to ascertain that her marriage was legal. That would seem now to have been like a conspiracy against him.

"Well, I will think over all that, while I am away," said he.

"Then you must go to-morrow, dear Cecil, must you?"

It seemed so hard to her that he was going to leave her now, before she could make up to him, as it were, for the wrong she had done him ; a week hence, when she had won him over to forgive her, she could have borne to part with him ; but now, he would leave her with this wound to his self love only half healed, with his mind still filled with bitter thoughts of her.

"Of course I must go, Ella. I have promised my father to do so ; and though I am not that model of filial obedience that you of all people would have me to be——"

"Yes, Cecil, that is true," she put in quickly. "But you should not reproach me with it. The misery that I had brought upon myself—for I was miserable whenever I thought of it—by my quarrel with my father, made me all the more solicitous to keep you on good terms with yours. I would have done everything—short of giving you up—to reconcile you to him ; and in having accomplished that, I feel I have done something to mitigate my grievous fault. What wretchedness would have been yours if that kind old man, who loves you better than aught else in the world—though at times he may cross your will—had said to you, 'You shall never more be son of mine.' My father once loved me as dearly, Cecil."

"And yet—being a Juxon—you never intend to set eyes upon him again."

"I should not dare to speak to him, Cecil, unless he spoke to me ; but I have seen him." Here she dropped her voice. "It was he whom we met at Furness Abbey."

"Oh, that was he, was it ? I remember how you were put about ; you said it was the Furness air that had affected you. A fib or two, however, more or less, is no great matter to you."

"Cecil, you are hard upon me. I have not been hard upon you, when you have said things that were not quite true for your own purposes. Nay, I do not reproach you ; your conscience tells you, or should tell you, what I mean. I have confessed my fault—my crime, if you will have it so."

"Not altogether voluntarily, however," answered Cecil drily.

"That is true ; but take the pain of the rack into consideration, and even an extorted confession should count for something for the poor wretch who makes it. Husband, I have been on the rack for months, tortured with the fear of the exposure that has come at last—to-day. In judging me, or rather in meting out my sentence, remember what I have suffered. You say you are not one to bear malice, and I do believe it."

"Well, of course I'm not. When the eggs are broken and the milk is spilt, there's nothing to be done, that I can see, but to wipe it up, and look, or try to look, as if nothing had happened."

It was not a romantic way of expressing pardon, but Ella was grateful enough to have obtained it in any form. She put her hands upon his shoulders, and lifted up her face to his. "Kiss me, darling, and say I am forgiven."

"Well, there then;" and he kissed her.

It was not the sort of kiss to which Ella had been accustomed from him, being what in kissing circles is, I believe, called "a smudge;" but he did it. Her story had been told, and her apology had, after a fashion, been accepted. Anyone who has looked forward for months to an "operation"—not in the City, for that one soon gets accustomed to, but a physical one—knows what a relief it is to have got it over, no matter how; to find one is alive after it; and, above all, that it has not to be gone through again. It had not been a very successful one in Ella's case, but she had reason to be thankful for small mercies. "There will be no secret between my darling and me henceforth," thought she that night, and thanked Heaven for it.

In this, poor soul, she was doomed to be most grievously mistaken; but it is said, and I believe is truly said, that Heaven is never thanked in vain.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OLD FRIENDS.

A GREAT poet has told us that there are few things more delightful to a young matron, than to "bring her babe and make her boast" at her father's house; and second only to it, perhaps, is the pleasure she feels at entertaining, under her own roof, the girl, still unmarried, who has been her chosen friend in the old days. She has probably confided to her long ago—or what seems to her long ago—her affection for the man that has become her husband; they have speculated together upon that future which has now become her happy present; and it delights her to talk over these matters again, now that doubt is over, and her good fortune assured. If the visitor has a little love affair of her own on hand, so much the better; nothing pleases the young wife so much as to play the mentor, and dispense advice and comfort, from her new pedestal, to her who has not yet been lifted up above the throng of maidens to the high estate of matrimony.

Nor was Ella different from other young matrons in this respect, though perhaps somewhat less absolute and arbitrary. Under ordinary circumstances it would have enchanted her to receive Gracie—towards whom her feelings were at least as sisterly and sympathetic as ever—as her guest. But it was a disappointment and almost a humiliation to

her, that Cecil should be from home when her friend arrived. Moreover, although she had parted from him on good terms—that is to say, without absolute coldness—she was bitterly aware that the warmth had been almost wholly on her side. He had forgiven her her deception, for it was his nature to forgive; but she saw that he had not been able to forget it; that if it did not actually rankle in his bosom, it was there, disturbing—if not affecting still more seriously—his devotion to her. She had not that confidence in his affections which she had hitherto persuaded herself to feel, notwithstanding that she had been occasionally jealous of him. She had been impatient of his frequent absences, irritated at the flirtations of which she had been occasionally witness, for Cecil had certainly a demonstrative way of making himself agreeable to women; but in her heart of hearts she had believed in his fidelity, and in the love for his wife that secured it. But now she did not feel so sure of him; she felt that that warm, but too impressible heart, was not so safely anchored at home as it used to be. It was a relief to her that, since he must go, he was going away from town and its temptations. There was not likely to be any society in Wellborough of which he could become the darling, and be petted by young ladies, as had seemed the case, to her eyes at least, in London.

She loved her husband passionately, devotedly, and yet she felt she could not talk about him to a shrewd girl like Gracie, in a passionate, devoted way. It was difficult even satisfactorily to account for his absence. Most husbands—especially when they had been married so short a time—would, she knew it would strike Gracie, have taken their wives with them, upon an expedition, the duration of which was so undefined.

Nevertheless, she was sincerely glad to see her old friend, who arrived within an hour or so after Cecil's departure for the west; and whose presence, if it did not, as he had once so cruelly hinted, make up for his absence, at least prevented her mind from dwelling upon it.

Gracie was in deep mourning, of course, but looking well, and by no means lugubrious. She was not one to put on a mask of woe, in deference to custom. She felt her mother's loss as keenly as any daughter could, but she did not pretend to regret it. On the contrary, she had welcomed—though not on her own account—the end which the poor invalid had herself so long desired. Helpless, hopeless, and a burthen—the helping to bear which, though only with his little finger, she had well known was grudged by her liege lord—what attraction had life left for her? Her end, of course, formed the first topic of discourse between Ella and Gracie, but it was not pursued for long. The circumstances were too painful, and too well known to both of them, to be dwelt upon. Enough to say that, but for the mere breath she drew, Mrs. Ray might

have been carried to her grave months and months ago, so far as any indication of vitality remained with her.

"You must have had a terrible time, dear Gracie."

"It was very sad, dear, but not terrible. Dear mamma suffered no pain, and it was a great comfort to be able to be with her always."

"I suppose no one saw her of late months beside the doctor, save you and your father?"

"Papa was a good deal away; he could be of no use at home, you see; and people took compassion upon him—your uncle Gerard especially—and asked him out pretty often."

This defence of the commissary was rather unexpected, for Gracie had been wont to be a partisan upon the right side, and Ella at once came to the just conclusion, that this charity towards him had been his wife's work. In her latter days, she had besought her daughter to think of her father's conduct with charity. "I have never been the wife to him, my dear, that a husband has the right to expect, though I think I did my best. The fault is not all on his side, believe me." And then again she would say: "Gracie darling, never marry unless you are quite sure that you will love your husband. Work your fingers to the bone rather in getting your own living."

She seemed to take it for granted that her daughter would not long rely upon the commissary for support. Gracie had some little accomplishments of her own, which, as a governess, she had confidence would at least earn her bread and shelter; and about these slender talents and how to employ them it was her design to consult Ella, but she did not speak of them just now.

"You have not seen much of Uncle Gerard, I suppose, Gracie?"

"Not much, but more of late than usual. He has been very kind—kinder than I am afraid I gave him credit for being, Ella. I think he came of late quite as much to see me as papa."

"I am glad to hear it," returned Ella, a little stiffly; she had not forgiven the colonel for persuading her to keep her change of name a secret from her husband, notwithstanding Cecil had told her that he would not have married her under such circumstances, had he been aware of them. She was very clever, but she had certainly not a logical mind.

"Did he—did my uncle—ever talk to you Gracie, about that—that report you wrote to me about—the scandal, as you called it, respecting myself?"

"Never!"

"Well, it was no scandal dear," said Ella, looking down upon the floor; "it was, I regret to say, the truth."

"The truth! that you and Mr. Landon were never properly married!"

(To be continued.)

DOWN AMONG DRY BONES.

PARIS, ———.

MY DEAR ———, —Since I sent off my last budget to Canada, I have been down in one of the catacombs of this city.

Murray's Hand-book informs me that these excavations were originally quarries, out of which was drawn, from very early times down to the seventeenth century, the stone used in the building of the city ; and that in 1784 they became a repository for the remains of the dead of many ages, which it was thought advisable to remove from the Cemetery of the Innocents.

The catacombs were formerly open to the public, though such is not the case now, and I hear that many persons have been lost in them.

Mademoiselle Marie told me a sad tale of a bride and bridegroom, who, on their wedding day, gaily entered these dismal vaults, never to quit them alive—for not being able to find their way out, they perished through starvation ; and some weeks afterwards their lifeless bodies were discovered lying close together.

The hearing of this affecting story awoke in me a strong desire to visit the catacombs, and I was much delighted when, through the good offices of a daughter of Israel, a Danish lady, Miss Boning by name, and myself obtained the privilege of being allowed to go through one of these chambers of the dead. The rest were closed to us, but this was a circumstance little to be regretted, as probably a great similarity as regarded the appearance of their interior existed amongst them, and therefore seeing one was the same as seeing all.

On the day appointed my friend and I set out for the entrance to the catacombs. When we reached it we were instantly surrounded by a crowd of women and children, who clamorously offered for sale candles stuck into broad pieces of card-board, to those who contemplated going under ground. Our party consisted of about fifty persons, and, upon the arrival of our guide, we immediately began to descend the gloomy staircase which leads to the catacombs.

Each of us was provided with a lighted candle, which was carried high above the head to prevent any one running the risk of being set on fire by the person next him.

Notwithstanding this precaution I could not help fearing that my clothes by some mischance might get in a blaze, and consequently my mind felt quite relieved when we had completed our descent without any such catastrophe.

The foot of the staircase being reached, we found ourselves in a long gallery, which was broken at intervals by arches and buttresses. On either side were to be seen tiers of human bones, which were separated from one another by rows of grinning skulls; these last being in some places so arranged as to form crosses and arches.

To the walls were affixed several tombstones, which had probably been conveyed to the catacomb with the bones of those to whose memory they had been erected.

But I had had hardly time to look about me much before Miss Boning

startled us all by beginning to scream in a most dreadful manner. She and I were in the rear of our party, and when we had reached the foot of the staircase, our guide was so far in advance of us that he was totally lost to view, and it was the perception of this fact which caused her to make the catacomb resound with her shrieks; in a high shrill voice she showered down reproaches on our conductor, and in the same key predicted that we would certainly all be lost.

Fortunately for her peace of mind, somebody pointed out to her a black line, which was traced in the roof, for the purpose of indicating to those who visited the catacomb, the course they were to follow; and upon seeing this she became calmer, and ceased screaming. There was, indeed, no danger of our losing ourselves, for along either side of the gallery there extended an iron chain, which was an effectual barrier to our turning aside into any of the lateral chambers. Somehow we always seemed to be forgetting the existence of these chains, and as the light afforded by all our candles united only dimly illuminated the catacomb, our shins were constantly coming into contact with them; and I for one received in this manner several hard knocks.

Though Miss Boning now dimly comprehended that it would not be in the least difficult for her to keep in the right track herself, yet she would persist in feeling anxious on my account, fearing that by some almost impossible chance I might get lost.

However, in spite of her terror, and perhaps to a certain degree because of it, for as you well know I love to tease, I lingered behind the rest of the company to read the inscriptions on the tombstones, which, however, were for the most part mere records of birth, name and death, or to look upon some skull which seemed to fascinate my gaze by its expression of mournful comicalness. How difficult to realize, said I to myself, as I arrested my steps before one of them—

That this was once ambition's
airy hall,
The dome of thought, the
palace of the soul

But I was not long left to pursue my train of thoughts undisturbed. Miss Boning, as might have been expected by one who knew her as well as I did, could not long remain satisfied with being silently anxious on my account, but again made herself the cynosure of all eyes by chiding me at the top of her voice for my dilatoriness; this she continued to do until we had reached the end of the catacomb, and began to retrace our steps back to the staircase by which we had descended, and even then she did not leave off shouting entirely, but continued to call out my name at irregular intervals until we once more stood side by side outside the catacomb. I must confess to being a little disappointed with my visit to this home of the dead. I had thought that the sight of so many human remains would have inspired me with a pleasing awe, but the tiers of bones put me in mind of miniature wood-piles. I had fully expected that a stroll through a catacomb would have involved at least a spice of danger, and, thanks to the precautions taken by the municipal authorities, I ran far less risk of losing myself than I do when I take my daily constitutional in the environs of this city.

M. M. S.

Current Literature.

It is not in every case a pleasant experience when you take up for pure recreation and enjoyment a novel, attractive in title and general surface, to find before you have read very far that either by easy and gradual stages you are being lured on, or by a sudden plunge in *medias res* you are brought face to face with that *bête noire* of novel readers—an object. It may be political, scientific, philanthropic or religious, in another form an old hobby of your own; but whatever it is, it is foreign matter in a novel, and if you be a reader of novels, *pur et simple*, the book is discarded, or if any element of interest survive the cruel shock, you may perhaps languidly turn to the final page “to see what becomes of them.” However, personal prejudice is generally outweighed in such cases by the immense power that fiction wields, and which we are glad enough to see being wielded in the right direction. Mr. Reade is distinguished above all other living novelists by his fearless writing in more than one of his books on Social Reform, and his last effort, “A Woman-Hater,”* contains in the character and history of Rhoda Gale, M.D., a noble plea for the adaptability of women for the study of medicine. She is a splendid specimen of the cool, clear-headed, clever American girl, whose fresh, bright energies and grand will conquer all obstacles and make for her a useful and sensible career; and if Mr. Reade does equip her “in a uniform suit of grey and a wide-awake hat,” she is only the better for the dash of masculine in her costume, and never loses her femininity. Side by side with Gale, woman and doctor—stands another grand type, Ina Klosking, woman and artist, a genius of Danish extraction, whose glorious contralto makes the leading soprani sound like whistles, according to her agent and faithful friend Mr. Joseph Ashmead, and whose purity and integrity of life, together with a curious facility for singing his mother’s songs, overcome the base prejudice and cynicism of the Woman-Hater, who is no less a personage than Harrington Vizard, an English Squire, of vast rent roll, good looks, and fine, blunt, honest character. As a contrast to Rhoda Gale, we have Fanny Dover, with all the feminine keenness and tact which the former possesses, and which the author loves so in his women, but with a great propensity for excitement and flirtation—a sensible girl too, “and not a downright wicked one, only born artful.” She meets the usual fate of such girls—marries a mild young curate, and again as usual, is ever after “too hard upon girls that flirt.” Zoe Vizard, more beautiful than the Klosking, but weak and too confiding, is still attractive from the sweetness and openness of her character, though one sometimes marvels how even the insinuating

* *A Woman-Hater*: A Novel. By CHARLES READE. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Toronto: Belford Bros.

ways of the handsome camp Severne, who is in reality the Kloaking's husband, can influence her as they do. He is an admirably consistent portraiture of the thoroughly bad, yet always fascinating man.

Mr. Reade has evidently thought of the last moments of Charles II. when he makes poor Severne say :—"I declare—I have been so busy—dying—I have forgotten to send my kind regards to good Mr. Ashmead."
 "He just ceased to live. So quiet was his death, and a smile rested on his dead features, and they were as beautiful as ever. So ended a fair, pernicious creature, endowed too richly with the art of pleasing, and quite devoid of principle. Few bad men knew right so well, and went so wrong." The dialogue is exceptionally brilliant, and the descriptions of the Kursaal in Homburg, and the country home of the Vizards, are perfect in their way. In fact it is throughout the most charming novel of the season, and fully sustains, if it does not strengthen, the reputation of its author. As a love story, it is interesting, and as a plea for the Higher Education of women it should be read and welcomed by thousands. By elevating the sex, Mr. Reade says, "so will advance the civilization of the world, which in ages past, in our own day, and in all time, hath and doth and will keep step exactly with the progress of women towards mental equality with men."

Dr. Matthew's delightful book of essays is exceedingly seasonable.* It is not detracting from its distinctly able and, in some respects, learned character, to suggest that it is peculiarly a book for the holidays. It shows a great amount of reading and knowledge of the world ; but these are employed in so pleasing and attractive a guise that it cannot but prove an eminently agreeable companion for the vacation trip. Summer tourists—if we may use for once a noun we dislike—if they have forethought and intelligence also, never fail to provide themselves with a select company of books—the *compagnons de voyage*. The ordinary novel-reader fills his or her trunk corner with a batch of the latest stories, thus carrying out from town the same course of reading which formed the ordinary literary pabulum of every-day life. Those of higher tastes or, at any rate, of tastes not quite so omnivorous in one department of literature, are liable to the same fault. Now, if both classes were wise, they would, in choosing their holiday reading, eschew "shop," for it is that, even in the case of the reader of fiction, since he or she sees in novel reading the business of life.

Now "Hours with Men and Books" is one of a kind which are eminently suited to both classes. The light reader will not only be pleased, but may be informed by its perusal ; the other class will receive pregnant suggestions and salutary hints, even, which is not likely, if they knew all the wealth of anecdote and illustrations before Dr. Matthews uses the results of his reading in so different a way, and puts his facts in so fresh and novel a light, that his essays have all the effect of a literary surprise. Moreover, they are essays, short and sprightly—any one of which may be taken up and read without the slightest feeling of one's being bored. The lassitude of the ordinary reader,¹ and the laziness of the tourist, are admirably suited by this little volume. By

* *Hours with Men and Books*. By William Matthews, LL.D., author of "Getting on in the World," &c. Toronto : Belford Brothers, Publishers.

the seaside, where one very properly detests, above all things, to make an intellectual labour of his search after health and exhilaration, on the lakes, in the country, "under the shade of the beech-tree," or any other tree, where the greatest pleasure is "to lie upon one's back and think of nothing," a book like this affords just enough fuel to the wind to "keep the pot boiling."

It would be impossible, even were it desirable, to review Dr. Matthew's book as one would another, within the limited compass of a review; still it may be desirable to give a general account of its contents, so that readers may judge whether it really is worthy of the encomium we have passed upon it. The work comprises twenty-one essays in which there is much to attract readers of every kind. Every one is not obliged to read everything; each may select for himself, although the whole book is eminently attractive and instructive. It is scarcely practicable to classify the essays as we intended to do, because the lines which would, at a first glance, appear to divide one essay from another, will be found to traverse one another all through the book. Each separate essay is quite independent of any of its followers, but they are not sufficiently separated in general character for the purpose of classification. Nothing can appear more unlike, in probable tone, than "The Illusions of History," and "A Pinch of Snuff," and still they are cast in the same mould and bear singular relations to the author's method of treatment.

The longest essay is the first on the singularly strange and fascinating life of Thomas de Quincey, "The English Opium Eater," as he styled himself in that wonderful book of "Confessions." De Quincey wrote his autobiography and that must have been read by many of our readers as well as the confessions and *Suspiria de Profundis*. The merit of this essay consists in the care with which Dr. Matthews has collected and woven into one fabric the whole story of the man's life. Apart from his self-regarding writings, De Quincey was somewhat repulsive in style because of its quaintness, and of what, in our age and country, would be called pedantry. His learning was profound, and it bubbled out of him whenever he dipped pen in ink. Dr. Matthews' estimate of his character and genius are, on the whole, just; yet we can hardly agree with him that De Quincey was naturally "infirm of purpose." It certainly was opium which made him so, and also caused his genius to be so unstable and discursive. The youth, who "was scarcely ten years old when he had laid the deep foundations of that wonderful accuracy which he acquired in the Greek and Latin tongues," could hardly have been that without great strength of will. It was at the age of nineteen that, in order to relieve the pains of rheumatism he first had recourse to the drug, which became his spiritual delight, but soon his pitiless tormentor. Our author justly commends his essay on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," but to our mind the episode of his acquaintance when a boy with poor Ann, the generous and pitiful outcast, is the most touching passage in the history of the unfelt-for world of London, that "stony-hearted step-mother," as De Quincey aptly terms it. But we must hasten on.

The essay on Dr. Robert Smith may be recommended with confidence. It is a graphic sketch of an English Divine who is perhaps not as much read now as he ought to be, not merely for his admirable style and pure English, but for his terse and epigrammatic expression. "Nature seems to have made but one such and then broken the mould." A man who could condense a

whole body of truth in a sentence or two, and whose humour and satire were inimitable, is not met every day, perhaps every century. Of the art of vituperation he was *facile princeps*, and he is now chiefly read for his pure style, and inimitable power of compression. Mr. Beecher has declared, according to our author, that he studied South deeply, and "formed much of his style from him; if so, we fear he has strayed in other paths and lost sight of his master." The account of Mr. Spurgeon is also good, but we object to his being styled the great thing to visit in London, as St. Peter's is at Rome, or Niagara Falls in America. The "Recollections of Judge Story" are exceedingly interesting and full of amusing anecdotes.

There is a class of essays in this volume, because they are so fresh, and run so in the face of some of the prudent and cant maxims of the time which appeals irresistibly to every reader. Such are "Moral Grahamism," "Strength and Health," "The Morality of Good Living," "Homilies on Early Rising," "Working by Rule," and others. "Literary Triflers" is an interesting account, with examples of symmetrical stanzas, acrostics, riddles, enigmas and conceits of all sorts. But we have only space to refer to two other essays, the first of which is "The Illusions of History," in which Dr. Matthews tilts at the fallibility and prejudicial character of the historians. It is in fact, an interesting homily on the text, supplied we believe by Chatham, "Do not read me history for that I know to be false." He first takes up the evidently just position that, whether unconsciously or from design, historians have so represented the facts of history, either by distortion, suppression or high colouring, that our views of men and events rest upon a very precarious foundation. Not only so, but he proves that events, in modern as in ancient times, which used to be considered most certain, have been utterly disproved. The same is true of the celebrated sayings of great men. The writers of history also are proved to have been prejudiced and false. He is especially severe on Hume, Macaulay, and Froude, and does not spare Gibbon, who was generally considered strictly faithful in his record of facts, whatever may be said of his inferences. This essay is peculiarly brilliant, and we regret that space precludes the possibility of our giving extracts.

It may be remarked that "A Forgotten Wit," an account of the sardonic Chaufort, is notable; but the other essay we desire to note is "Are We Anglo-Saxons?" in which he not only denies that Americans and Englishmen are not of that race, but proves that the race never existed at all. He is inclined to the opinion that it is the peculiar merit of these nations that they are "akin to all mankind," and as the admixture of races has been carried farther in the United States than in the mother country, we presume that Americans must have reached the highest summit of eminence. At least, one would think so from a remark in the concluding paragraph of the essay—"America is not Anglo-Saxon any more than it is Norman or Celtic; it is the grand asylum and *home of humanity*, where people of every race and clime under heaven may stand erect," &c. The italics are the author's. General Grant, by the way, is said to be of Norman blood, *via* Scotland.

In commending finally this interesting volume to our readers, we fear that justice has not been done to the sprightliness and fund of anecdote. But if we have only presented the dry bones of the work, readers will find flesh, blood and marrow enough by turning over its pages for themselves.

Musical.

THE Wagner Festival in London is long since over—came to an end on May 20th, with a selection from *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*, consisting of the introduction to the third act and part of the second act of *Tristan and Isolde*; the introductory scene in *Das Rheingold*, and the last scene of *Götterdämmerung*. At the conclusion of the concert a rare scene was witnessed for England. Embracing, kissing, crowning with wreaths, &c., &c., excited the Teutonic portion of the audience immensely. Herr Wilhelmj fell upon Wagner's neck, overcome by his feelings, and the composer of the future returned the embrace with interest. Herr Richter, the excellent conductor, was presented with a silver-mounted *bâton*, and Herr Wilhelmj with a new bow. Possibly his own had been weakened by the terrific labour it had undergone. Wagner has not been spoken of in the most flattering terms as a conductor, but every one has agreed in the extraordinary gifts he possesses as a writer for the orchestra. The orchestral combinations in many of his works have taken the public ear; though to hear them, one may have to sit out whole pages of abnormal and anomalous sounds. His love of alliteration is one of the most noticeable features—listen to the song of the Three Rhine Maidens:—

"Weia! Waga! Woge du Welle,
Walle zur Wiege! Wagalaweia!
Wallala welala, weia!
Heihaha weia! Wildes Geschwister."

A capital travesty of the *Die Ring der Nibelungen*, and entitled "The Shoulder Cold! or the Master-and-Missis's Ring," has probably been read by this time. The Rhine Maidens are represented by three kitchen maidens, Marihaan, Lisajana, and Mytilda, who having been entrusted with the care of the larder during the absence from home of their master and mistress, neglect the same, and allow Plees mannex (a Nibbeling), to carry off the cold shoulder. Here is a specimen of the alliteration employed in the burlesque:

"How the dashed dry dust
Nebulous nothing
Nettled my Nasal
Nostrils, you noodles!
Ho! there, shy shufflers!
Shelved is the shoulder;
I am the ungering,
Unawares nibbelling."

Wagner completed his sixty-fourth birthday on the 22nd of May, on which occasion the London Lieder Krauz gave a banquet to about three hundred, mostly Germans. He was presented with a copy of the frescoes of Michael Angelo.

Thus writeth an enthusiastic member of the London press anent the fair and fascinating Marquise de Caux: "Adelina Patti," "Little Lina" as she used to be called, when not much littler, though some years younger, has returned, and now Mr. Gye's bright galaxy is three-parts finished. The Southern Cross is nothing to it! Fancy! Adelina, Emma, Zaré—the other being *in nubibus*, till the vapours disperse. . . . But to leave astronomical metaphor, Adelina has come back to England. On Tuesday she appeared as the shadowy Dinorah of dear old Heine-Wagner-bitten Giacomo; and when the moon came out, shone brighter than the moonlight. There were birds of song in Shelley's time—skylarks, "scorners of the earth," who "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," sang so as to arrest the music of the spheres, and make the heavens dumb for listening. Of such as these is Adelina, whose warbling, nevertheless, no bird, though rising in its flight so high as to become, as it were, a speck irradiating melody, ever equalled, or could possibly equal. Such a glory of tone and tune as gushes from the slender throat of Adelina, was never before heard from feathered or unfeathered biped. Shelley the divine apostrophised Apollo and also Pan; but, maugre his "sweet pipings," Pan would be nowhere, supposing Adelina within ear-shot, while Apollo, who tauntingly says (through Shelley's verse—he, the god, could not have said it for himself.)

"I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine."

would have been of little account. . . . As for Hermes and his tortoise, to Erebus with them both! But to quit the spheres—Adelina, on Tuesday, not only came, but saw and conquered two thousand amateurs, hungry for melody, sending them home transported. She was younger than ever, more beautiful than ever, more Syren-like than ever. Talk of Circe, and Calypso, and Armida!—no tying to masts could resist *her* spell." After such a flow of encomium, what can we say but that brilliant and critical audiences at the Royal Italian Opera fully endorse it? In *Dinorah*, in *L'Etoile du Nord*, in *Il Trovatore*, in *Don Giovanni*, has Patti again proved herself unapproachable.

At Mr. Mapleson's new, or rather old, house, the most remarkable performances have been, perhaps, the "Lucia" of Mdlle. Nilsson, which for three years she has not played, and the "Alice," in *Robert Le Diable*, of Mdlle. Caroline Salla.

Sacred concerts are to be henceforth dispensed with in the English Catholic Church. Cardinal Manning has issued a pastorate, directing that no music taken or adapted from the theatre, the opera, or concerts, or which has become familiar from secular usage, shall be sung at mass or benediction, or be used as voluntaries or interludes. At benedictions, solos are to cease, and the singing to be as congregational as possible. It may not be generally known that ladies have been excluded from the choirs of churches under Cardinal Manning's jurisdiction. The titled English followers of Rome have cheerfully concurred in the desirability of the step, which to many may seem unfashionable and mediæval.

Rubinstein made at least \$40,000 out of his late London season.

Since the departure of the President, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, the Royal Albert Hall Orchestral Society has entirely re-organized itself. The band numbers about eighty-four members, including Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, Sir Frederick Halliday, Dr. Stone, and other well-known amateurs.

A Cantata, relating to English country life, left by the late Edward Rimbauld, will be shortly published. The music is in the old English style, of which we cannot have too much.

M. C. Saint-Saëns has resigned the post of organist, held by him for nearly twenty years, at the Madeleine, Paris. He has started on a concert tour, during which he will visit Switzerland. M. W. Dubois, Professor at the Conservatory, and Chapelmaster at the Madeleine, succeeds him as organist.

In Dresden, *Fidelio*, originally sung there by the celebrated Madame Schröder-Devrient, has been performed for the one hundredth time.

A Finnish company is now performing in St. Petersburg, at a theatre in the mansion of Prince Galitsin. The *prima donna* is Mdle. Alma Fohström.

At the Opera House, Rubinstein's *Maccabees* has alternated with Verdi's *Aida*. Strauss has been engaged to conduct some promenade concerts at Párolowsk, in conjunction with Langenbach's band.

From Pesth we learn the marriage of the rising *prima donna*, Mdle. Etelka Gerster, who made so favourable an impression at Kroll's (Berlin), with the impressario Gardini.

Letters from Bayreuth leave little doubt as to the entire abandonment of the Wagner Festival Theatre. The composer, while willing to continue the artistic direction of the scheme, entirely declines any further share in the management—i.e., the financial part of the affair.

There will be, later in the summer, a series of performances of the historical play *Christoph der Kampf*, by Herman Schmidt, at the Practice Theatre of the Oberammergau Passion Players. The King of Bavaria has promised to be present.

At Salzburg, the International Foundation Committee are organizing a Grand Musical Festival, to be held in the latter half of July next, the duration of which is fixed at three days, and which will include social amusements as well as musical enjoyment. The programme includes two Evening Concerts and a *Matinée* in the Aula Academica; two cosy social evenings, with a Regatta, in the Leopoldskroner Lake, illuminated for the occasion; a banquet; an Artists' Excursion to the Lichtenstein-Klamm; a burlesque performance in the Imperial Theatre, by Viennese artists; and, lastly, a Park Festival in the Curgarden. The whole of the orchestra of the Imperial Opera of Vienna will co-operate, under the guidance of Herr Otto Dessoff, Court Chapelmaster. During the three days, moreover, a special tariff for apartments, service, and conveyances will prevail. In the Aula Academica, built in 1631, was erected in 1660, an academical theatre, in which, at the end of each scholastic year, sacred plays were performed by the students. It was under Archbishop Sigismund Schrattenbach that *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*, when only five and a half, played twice in the Aula, 1761, in the singing comedy *Sigismundus Hungariae Rex*, with music by Eberlin. "It is, then, in this building," says the article from which we learn the above,

"which presents to-day the same appearance as formerly, and which has been preserved with anxious care, that the music-loving crowd at the Festival will assemble for the purpose of listening to the strains of Beethoven, Cherubini, Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Goldmark, &c.!"

It would seem that the Old World has gone wild over Festivals. One held at Liege on the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 10th and 11th of June, and decreed by Government, coincided with the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the conservatory, so that a series of public manifestations, attended by the King, Queen, Count and Countess of Flanders, were organized by the authorities at the same time. Rifle matches, regattas on the Meuse, a grand review of regular troops and civic guards, illuminations, fireworks, concerts, balls, a vocal competition, open to choral societies of all countries, and a patriotic cantata by M. J. Michel, native of the town, were gone through right royally. The chorus numbered eight hundred, the orchestra one hundred and fifty; Théodore Radout was conductor, and Joseph Joachim solo instrumentalist. In England it is frequently said that "they do things better on the Continent," but we cannot conceive of such interpolations as the above in, for instance, the Handel or Leeds Festivals, and doubt if they would work in England.

Madame Friedrich Materna, who, it will be remembered, was the *prima donna* at Bayreuth, contemplates quitting the German for the Italian lyric stage. This certainly looks bad for Wagner and his prospects.

The chief experimenters with the telephone are Professor A. Graham Bell, of Salem, Massachusetts, and Mr. Elisha Grey, of Chicago. The former has made the more extensive experiments, but the latter has operated over greater distances. Professor Bell has operated over 143 miles, while Mr. Grey has transmitted sounds over 240 miles. On October 9th, 1876, the first practical proof of the telephone's success was given. On that day the conversation of the operator in Cambridge, carried on in ordinary tones, could be heard in Boston. With a wire 18 miles long, from Boston to Salem, Professor Bell succeeded, on January 21st, in transmitting words and tones and inflections of several voices. Professor Bell's maximum distance thus far achieved was 143 miles. His apparatus is described as consisting of "a powerful compound permanent magnet, to the poles of which are attached ordinary telegraph coils of insulated wire. In front of the poles, surrounded by these coils of wire, is a diaphragm of iron. A mouth-piece whose function is to converge the sound upon this diaphragm, substantially completes the arrangement." The telephone of Mr. Grey appears to deal chiefly with the transmission of *musical* sounds, and is of different construction.

It is almost too late to record the proceedings in Boston from the 24th to the 28th of May, which constituted the Handel and Haydn Festival, and yet our readers may be glad to hear again of certainly the best musical effort that this country has put forth for some time. The opening night, Wednesday, was signalized by the performance of the "Elijah," with a chorus of six hundred voices, Carl Zerrahn's wonderful conducting, and solos by Miss Kellogg, —who, however, did not impress the Bostonians favourably in Oratorio—Annie Louise Cary, charming as ever, Mr. Winch and Mr. Whitney. Thursday

afternoon was a miscellaneous concert at which Miss Thursby, Strakosch's new find, carried off the honours. Thursday evening were given two parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio, particularly well rendered, although the most enjoyable feature of that evening's programme was the Recitative "Deeper and deeper still," and Air, "Waft her Angels," from "Jephtha," sung by Mr. Winch with more than his accustomed power and pathos. Mr. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" was also given the same night, written especially for the festival, with Miss Cary taking the solos. A correspondent says:

"When it was over, I wish you could have seen what ensued. If Boston audiences are critical they are certainly the most enthusiastic I have ever witnessed. Miss Cary was half buried in baskets and standards of flowers, and they applauded and stormed and cheered in the most glorious fashion, but she would not sing again though she responded to all the uproar in her own bewitching way. When at last the audience were quiet, Mr. Ryan, of the Quintette Club and of the beautiful face, rose in the orchestra and called for 'Parker,' and then the storm broke loose again. He rose in his seat and bowed, but that would not do, and big Carl Zerrahn put on his glasses and turned round to look for him, when spying him sitting a little way down the aisle he dashed after him and brought him to the stage where the whole chorus and orchestra rose to greet him and handkerchiefs were waved, and such applause! I am not sure but they fired a gun, for I was too royally excited to know what was going on."

On Friday night were given *Samson*; on Saturday afternoon, a fine miscellaneous programme; and *Israel in Egypt* completed the festival on Sunday, May 28th. The interpretation was in every case most creditable; and the citizens of Boston may well be proud of the artistic spirit which characterizes their city, and of the native talent—both creative and executive—that gave form and expression to such a spirit, of which we wish there were more in Canada.

Max Strakosch, with his usual restless activity, finding that the Grand Opera House in New York has, in spite of his endeavours, vanished (if there was really anything in the scheme to vanish, for the report that the land had been purchased was denied), is now organizing a new opera company, to leave in August for the Pacific coast. It will include Miss Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Tom Karl, and Signors Tagliapietra and Verdi, with J. B. Behrens, as conductor. *Paul and Virginia*, *Le Prophete*, *Aida*, and *Lohengrin*, will be produced.

We are told that the Chickering piano firm, which recently completed the 50,000th piano in their factory, signalized the event by establishing a circulating library, the use of which is free to their employes. Says a contemporary, "This is an example worthy of imitation." By the Steinways.

Dr. MacLagan's great festival in Montreal, on the evenings of 28th and 29th of May, came off gloriously. It was purposed to give the Montreal public an opportunity of hearing two of the grandest choral works ever composed, performed by the best soloists on the continent, supported by a first-class chorus and orchestra. The first evening was devoted to the *Messiah*, and on the following evening Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* was given, together with Mozart's 6th Symphony, and a miscellaneous selection. The choir num-

bered about 160, and the orchestra about 60 performers, the largest organization yet attempted in Canada. Amongst the vocalists were members of the following choirs:—Mendelssohn Choir, Cathedral, St. George's, St. James the Apostle, St. John's, St. Patrick, Church of the Jesu, American Presbyterian, St. Andrew's, St. Paul's, Zion Church, Emmanuel Church, Côté Street Church, Baptist Church, Unitarian Church, St. James Street Methodist, Dorchester Street Methodist, and others. The soloists were as follows:—Soprano, Mrs Anna Granger Dow; contralto, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer; tenor, Mr. Wm. J. Winch; basso, Mr. J. F. Winch. The Festival was held in the Skating Rink, and met with great encouragement on all sides.

The really painful dearth of good music in our midst is only proved the more by an occasional concert such as that given lately by the well-known Quintette Club from Boston. The overture to *Semiramis*; the quartette in B flat (Haydn), and the beautiful Adagio from Beethoven, Septette Op. 20, which seemed to gain rather than lose in condensation, were all given with the ease and artistic conception so familiar to hearers of the Club. The solo for Double Bass was the most eagerly welcomed item on the programme, Alexander Heindl being a recent acquisition to the Club. The singing of Miss Lewis was perfect in organ and method; her dramatic power was even better displayed in "The Sands of Dee" than in a selection from "*Lucia di Lammermoor*."

Mr. Lauder's farewell piano recital and the delicious concerts (if we may be pardoned the adjective), given by the Swedish Ladies' Quartette, merit a longer notice than we can give them. The engagement of the latter will be a lasting disgrace on music-lovers in Toronto. The selections were of the choicest description, the Swedish Folksongs, with their quaint cadences and accentuation, pleasing the most from their novelty. Miss Bertha Erixon's wondrous voice showed to great advantage in the plaintive old song which, like Nilsson, these ladies gave for an encore, "Way down upon the Swanee River," her full tones seeming to vibrate and throb like an organ as they formed a sustained chord of accompaniment. We suppose the concerts would have been a greater success had they been given in Shaftesbury Hall instead of a theatre; but surely it is a pity to let Puritanical scruples such as these interfere with the support of good and true and pure music.

We have no new publications to notice except (and it is a valuable exception), the charming "*Souvenir Valse*," published by Messrs. Orme, of Ottawa, and which we owe to Mr. F. N. Mills, well known as a pianist and composer in Ottawa. He is now in Philadelphia, but has found time to remember his "Canadian friends" by dedicating to them a composition full of originality and merit. The frontispiece is very tastefully designed, our Canadian sports and emblems being happily conspicuous.

ALL IN THE SUNSHINE.

OR,

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Words by H. C. L.

FAUSTINA HASSE HODGES.

mf
All in the sun-shine sit-ting a -

f
mf
bout, With her but-ter-fly wings a - glow,

mf
Thread-ing the max-es in and out, Where ros-es and

mf
jas-mines grow, Her aim-less life with -

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "- out a care, Save drink - ing the sweets that fill the air." Above the vocal line, the markings "cresc." and "ritard" are present. The piano accompaniment also has "cresc." and "ritard" markings.

Refrain.

Second system of the musical score, labeled "Refrain." It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "Thus one by one the seeds are sown, And the". Above the vocal line, the marking "a tempo." is present. The piano accompaniment also has "a tempo." markings.

Third system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "har - vest is gath - er'd in heaps, Si - lent - ly, slow - ly the". Above the vocal line, the marking "slentando." is present. The piano accompaniment also has "slentando." markings.

Fourth system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: "seeds have grown, And what - ev - er she sow - eth, she reaps." Above the vocal line, the marking "a tempo." is present. The piano accompaniment also has "a tempo." markings.

Up and a -

mf *cresc.* *f*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G2, then a half note F2, and a half note E2. The first staff ends with a half note G4, and the second staff continues with a half note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5.

way in the morn-ing sun, With her hon-ey-bee wings a-stir;

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, a quarter note C5, a half note B4, and a half note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G2, a half note F2, and a half note E2.

Gath-er-ing sweets till the day is done, And the

p

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a half note F4, a half note E4, and a half note D4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G2, a half note F2, and a half note E2.

cresc. night bringeth peace to her, Ev'-ry flow'r she

cresc. *p*

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The vocal line continues with a half note C4, a half note B3, a half note A3, and a half note G3. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G2, a half note F2, and a half note E2.

cresc. *ritard.*

tastes has its joy, And the pleas-ures of du - ty have no al - loy.

cresc. *f ritard.*

Refrain.

a tempo.

Thus one by one the seeds are sown, And the

a tempo.

slentando.

har - vest is gath - er'd in heaps, Si - lent-ly, slow - ly the

slentando.

a tempo.

seeds have grown, And what - ev - er she sow - eth, she reaps.....

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1877.

AN ADVENTURE IN JAPAN.

THE contributions of Japan to the American Centennial Exposition have familiarized the minds of a large number of Canadians with the physiognomy, the dress and the arts of the Japanese. In the engraving on the following page many will recognise the curious night lamp or lantern, the little low table, and especially the screens or partitions presenting those ever recurring storks or flamingoes on the wing, the sketchy, struggling vegetation and the conventional pyramidal mountains; but the bed may surprise some whose notions of a Japanese couch are derived from that wonderfully elaborate carved bedstead which was one of the marvels of the exposition. The bed here shown is the common one found everywhere in Japan. The sleeping arrangements are heroically simple, requiring no extra rooms, the bed and sleeping apartment being improvised anywhere with large screens, a thin mattress of rice straw and a wooden pillow—the latter a sort of guillotine-block with a hard cushion on the top covered with many sheets of white paper. These sheets are turned or changed as they become soiled. This strange head-support, the same, we are told, as that used by the ancient Egyptians, preserves an elaborate coiffure, like that of the Japanese, from all danger of derangement during sleep.

The illustrations of this paper are from sketches made on the spot by a French gentleman, M. Collache, who was one of the corps of American military officers sent to Yeddo, in 1868, to instruct the Japanese troops in the art of European warfare. On one occasion he was received by some ministers of a provincial prince in a tea-house (*otchaya*). His description of the dinner is very interesting. Hot *saki*—a fermented liquor made from rice—was passed from hand to hand in a delicate

porcelain cup, thin as an egg-shell. Eggs variously prepared, a sort of radish preserved or pickled, fish, raw and cooked, boiled bamboo-roots, and shell-fish, formed the first course. Tables about a foot high were



PORTRAIT OF M. COLLACHE IN JAPANESE COSTUME

then brought, and placed one before each guest, who squatted on his heels, if able to do so; which Europeans seldom are, at least, for any considerable length of time. They generally sit on the mats cross-legged. The little tables on this occasion bore each a huge bowl of rice and two lacquered bowls, each containing a different soup, the principal ingredients of which were eggs, mushrooms, vegetables, rice-cakes and tiny fish. Broiled fish was served also, chopsticks, of course, being used in place of knives and forks. The dinner was enlivened

by singing, the performers being young girls, accompanying themselves with odd-looking, long necked guitars of three strings. The

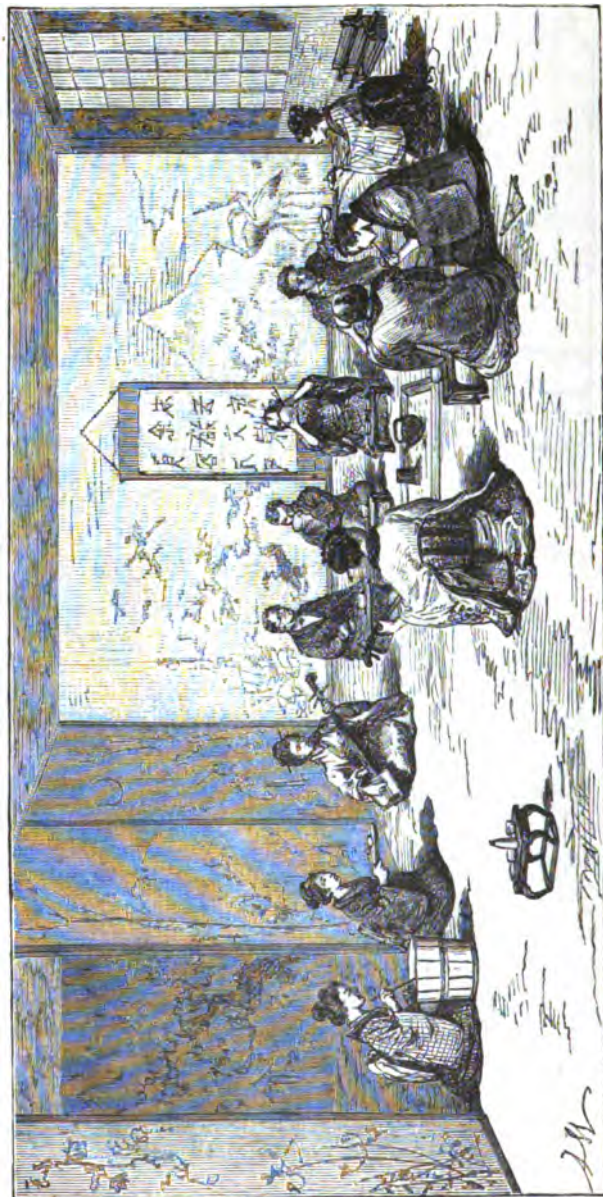
dinner ended with tea, served in little cups ; afterward came smoking in tiny little pipes, and the performance of dancing girls.



A JAPANESE BED.

The military instruction of the troops was interrupted by grave political troubles, the insurrection of the daimios or feudal lords against the

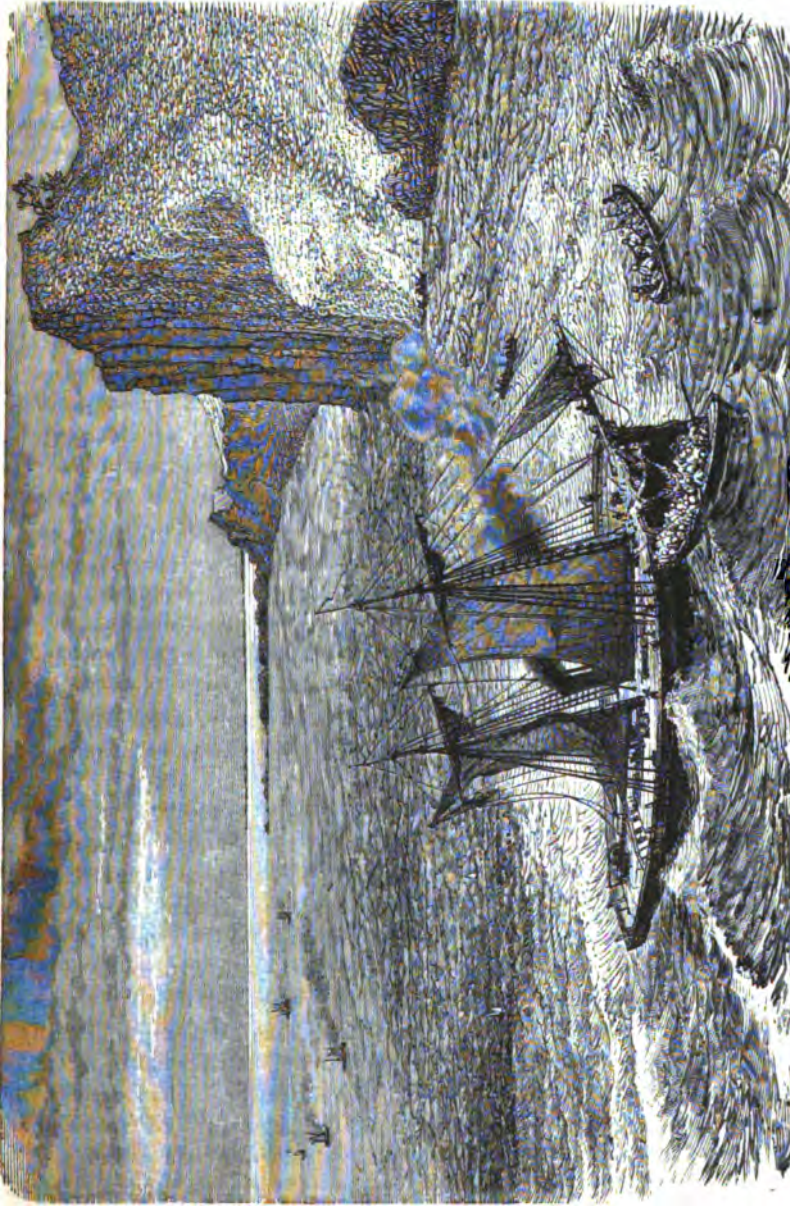
tycoon, who represents the temporal party and the party of progress of Japan. The French commission, however, remained in the country, and took up arms for the tycoon.



DINNER GIVEN BY A JAPANESE MINISTER.

On one occasion during the struggle it was decided to surprise and

attack the enemy's fleet, lying in the little harbour of Nambou. It consisted of eight ships, large and small, one being a powerful iron-clad



THE "ASCHWELOTTE" AGROUND.

bought in America, while the attacking force numbered three only—the "Kaiten," the "Aschwelette," and the "Hannrio," the first being

a steam corvette, armed with twenty-two guns of different calibres ; M. Collache commanded the "Aschwelotte. The expedition failed in its object, but the experience of the commander of the "Aschwelotte" is full of interest. At Saminoura the "Kaiten" sent a boat ashore for news. Scarcely had the boat returned, when a Japanese boat left the shore and came out to the fleet, which, in order to make this landing safe, had run up the enemy's flag. The "Aschwelotte" stopped, and some *yacounins*—Japanese officers—came on board to present their compliments. They had been deceived by the flag, and were amazed when they saw M. Collache, whom they recognised, having met him before. Here was a dilemma ! To keep these men as prisoners of war was not desirable, and to allow them to return was to betray the object of the expedition. The former course was decided upon, and the *yacounins*, having had the matter explained to them, took it very philosophically, or, in other words, with true Japanese indifference to the inevitable.

The next event of importance was the running aground of the "Aschwelotte" upon reefs in a fog, and the hailing of a fisherman, who came on board, and served as pilot. This was but the beginning of disasters. A severe storm not only delayed the attack, but so injured the machinery of the "Aschwelotte," that she was obliged to put into a port beyond Miako, the destination, for repairs. During the storm the "Hannrio" was lost sight of, but the "Kaiten" accompanied the "Aschwelotte" into port, the former under the American, the latter under the Russian, flag. The repairs of the "Aschwelotte's" machinery proved very unsatisfactory. Her speed was greatly retarded, and the other ship went ahead and engaged the enemy, expecting the "Aschwelotte" to come up with her fresh troops in the heat of the combat.

The expedition proved an utter failure. The "Aschwelotte's" crew heard the cannonade with terrible impatience at the slow progress of the ship, which could not reach the scene until after the action had ceased. Entering the Bay of Miako, they saw the "Kaiten" come out and sail north with all speed, refusing to reply to the signals of the "Aschwelotte." This was a mystery which was not explained until long after. M. Collache now saw himself, his ship and his men in imminent peril. Capture was inevitable, unless the ship could be run ashore and the crew escape into the mountains of Nambou. About thirty yards from the shore the ship ran on the rocks. Then occurred a scene of indescribable confusion. M. Collache, revolver in hand, compelled the men to defer lowering the boats until the cargo was thrown overboard, to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands. They spiked the guns, smashed the engine, and the commander, being the last to leave the ship, prepared a fuse for blowing it up. For this pur-

pose all the ammunition had been heaped together in the hold. Most of the crew of seventy natives had gone ashore in the boats, and were



THE LOVERS ROCK.

ordered to wait while a boat returned to the ship for the rest ; but seeing the "Stonewall" and another ship of the enemy close upon them,

they were seized with panic and scrambled up the cliffs in terror, leaving M. Collache to swim ashore—a feat he accomplished with one hand, holding his arms above the water with the other, to prevent their getting wet. The enemy's ships now opened fire upon the flying crew, but only two were killed. The rest reached the summit of the cliffs safely, just as a terrible explosion and a dense column of smoke announced the blowing up of the "Aschwelotte." The enemy sent some of his force ashore to pursue the fugitives, and a shower of bullets fell around them while ascending a hill some distance from the river. No one was hurt, however, and the pursuit was abandoned.

While passing along a romantic path through a wood, the party came across a rock upon whose numerous points were hung bits of folded paper. M. Collache put out his hand to take one of them. His companions cried out to hinder him, and explained that these papers were *yen mousoubis* (*yen*, "marriage," and *mousoubai*, to "bind"), bearing the names of unhappy lovers disappointed in their hopes of marriage. Before these rocks, thus consecrated, they come to pray to God to remove the obstacles to their union. "I perceived in this," says M. Collache, "one of the most touching traits of Japanese sensibility. Very grave in their outward bearing, the Japanese affect, especially before Europeans, indifference to everything relating to tender sentiment; but beneath this conventional mask beat generous hearts, loyal to the family affections and to friends."

The first night after abandoning the ship, the whole party slept crowded in two rooms of a small village, which was so poor that it did not possess a grain of rice. All that could be obtained was a small quantity of yellow and rather insipid grains or seeds, which keen hunger made palatable, as it did also an old and tough fowl, which M. Collache shared with his Japanese officers. A cordon of sentinels was stationed around the house, to prevent a surprise.

The next morning, M. Collache held a council with his men, to discuss the situation. He proposed that the party should separate—that the Japanese, disguising themselves as peasants, should each seek whatever destination he desired, while he, their chief, sure to be captured sooner or later, should give himself up to the enemy. The rest would not agree to this, but proposed that they should all surrender, commending themselves to the clemency of the victor. This seemed to the chief like a lack of courage, and he reproached them spiritedly, but finally said, "I am not a Japanese: do as you think best;" and without waiting for a reply, he ordered an immediate departure, the destination being a village on the sea, not far distant, where an abundance of rice and other provisions could be obtained. At this place the sight of fishing vessels anchored in the bay suggested the possibility of hiring

a junk to take them to Hacodaté, the place from which the expedition had set out. M. Collache made this proposition to his first officer, who received it with many idle objections, and, being pressed for better reasons, confessed that after a council held among themselves, he had written to the Prince of Nambou, surrendering the party as prisoners, the chief being mentioned as one of the number. To leave after this would be an act of bad faith, and not to be thought of for a moment. This prince had been on the side of the tycoon during the insurrection of the daimios, and had not abandoned his cause until after repeated defeats.

The following morning four yacounins arrived, and after a long conference with the Japanese officers, announced that the prince, their master, received the party under his protection, engaging himself to conduct them safely to Yedo at his own expense. All the men were then called, one by one, to lay down their arms, the chief alone excepted. This was a signal mark of respect, and most gratefully received. An escort of soldiers next appeared, with horses and oxen bearing pack-saddles. Each one chose the mount he preferred. "I confess," says M. Collache, "that I could not but laugh at the odd figure of my Japanese soldiers astride these horned beasts, which nearly all of them chose, not knowing how to ride a horse." Each prisoner had two guards, who walked one on each side of his horse or ox, and thus the cavalcade, numbering nearly four hundred, moved on toward the capital of Japan. The weather was magnificent, and the kindness of the Prince of Nambou unremitting. He gave to the chief and to each of the Japanese officers ten rios each (about sixteen dollars), and half that sum to each of the men, for the purchase of extras necessary on the journey. Everywhere they were treated courteously; and, as the messengers sent on ahead to engage lodgings carried the news that among the rebels there was a European prisoner, they found a considerable crowd gathered before every inn where they dismounted; but as M. Collache was beardless, bronzed by exposure, and wore the costume of the country, he was never suspected of being the European. They always mistook one of the Japanese officers for him—a man wearing a moustache, and dressed in the uniform of an American naval officer.

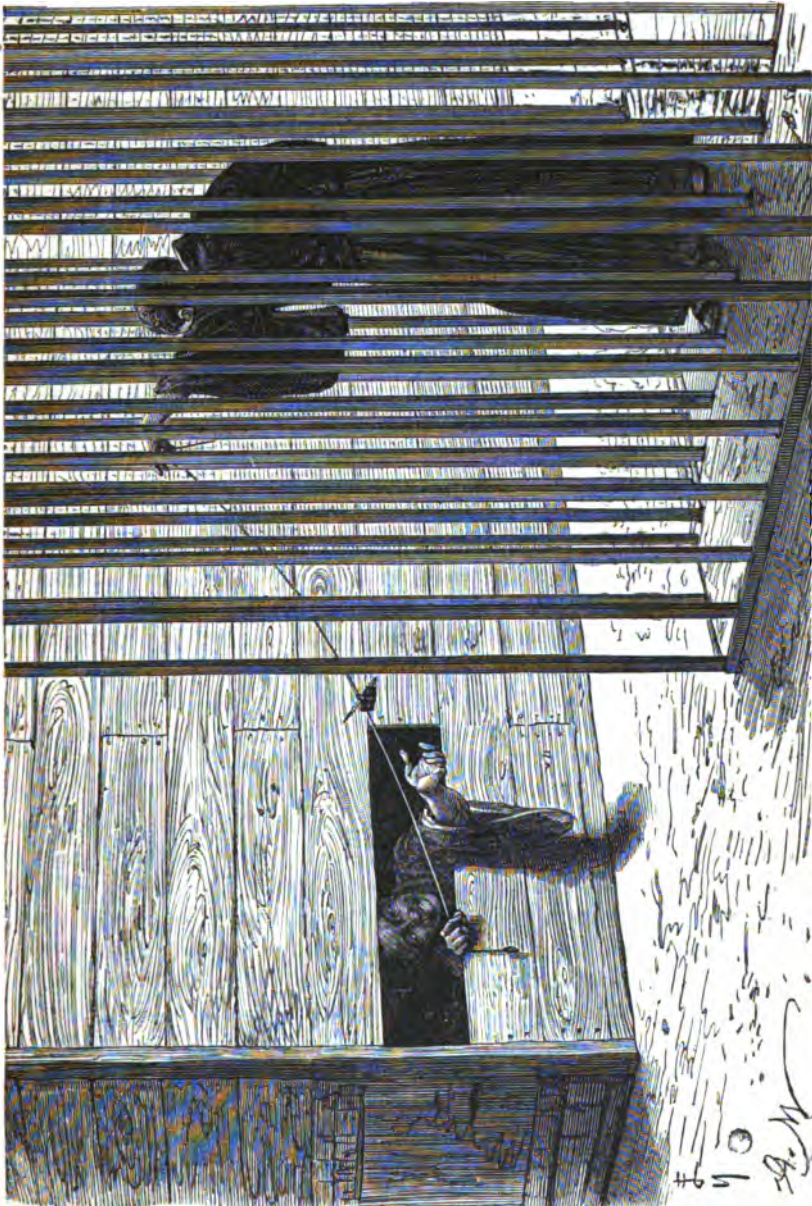
When the cavalcade reached the suburbs of Yedo, one of the officers came to M. Collache, and announced with evident embarrassment, that he had received the cruel order to take away his arms. Another came with a present of fifteen rios (one hundred and twenty francs) from the Prince of Nambou, and a gracious message demanding pardon for all the discomforts experienced during the journey, and apologizing for the modest sum remitted; the state of his fortune did not permit him to

do more. M. Collache was profoundly moved by the kindness of the prince, and returned a message to that effect.

From this last halting place the prisoners were carried in *cangos*, a kind of sedan-chair, to the prison. There they were divested of whatever they carried about their persons, an exact inventory being made in every case, and then conducted to their cells, which were literally cages, having a double row of bars. M. Collache was put in a cage with fourteen others. The sole article of furniture was a bucket of water. He remarks upon the gaiety of spirits of his companions, which, from the first, never left them, and adds, that this gaiety so reacted upon him, that he found himself, despite his position, and the fact that he might at any moment be led out to execution, joining in their laughter and their devices to while away the time.

Three meals were served to the prisoners daily, composed exclusively of rice, except at mid-day, when salt fish was added. M. Collache, not liking salt fish nor a diet exclusively of rice, asked for some of the money taken from him on his entrance to the prison. The request was granted, and this enabled him to procure soup at each meal, prepared by one of the jailers. On the third day his companions were taken away, and he was left alone in the cage. "I should have suffered intensely from solitude," he says, "but for a singular adventure which happened the next day. The barriers of my cage were sufficiently far apart for me to pass my arm between them. On three sides I had a view of prison walls, but they were distant from me about six feet. In these walls, high up, there were very small windows, through which my cage was lighted. By climbing up my bars I could see a small patch of sky, and the few trees embraced by my narrow horizon. The fourth side of my cage looked out on a board wall of a neighbouring prison. My companions had left me on the morning of the preceding day. As the night approached, and as I felt myself gradually being overcome by a gloomy melancholy, I heard some one call me in Japanese. I trembled in every limb at this call; I could not imagine from whence it came. It was a muffled voice, seeming to come from under the ground. To the prisoner every unusual sound suggests the hope of escape. Visions of trap-doors and underground passages rushed into my mind. I listened intently. The voice called again, but this time all mystery vanished. It came from the board partition. It was only a prisoner, like myself. Still, it was a pleasure to have any one to talk with, and an animated conversation ensued. My neighbour was also a prisoner of war. Captured at the opening of the campaign, he had been confined eight months in a dark cell, so low that it only permitted a sitting posture. I expressed pity for his horrible position. He replied, laughing, that he began to be perfectly habituated to his narrow dwelling, and, more-

over, he had found a way to render it more agreeable. Before revealing his secret he made me promise the most perfect discretion. Immediately



AMUSEMENTS OF THE CAGE.

one of the boards of his wall was silently removed, and in the opening there appeared the head of a young man. His face, which was fright-

fully pale, wore a pleasant smile. I cannot express the emotion I experienced at witnessing the sudden opening of this solid wall, and the appearance of a human face. It was like the opening of a coffin by the dead."

The prisoner explained that in the long silence and darkness of his cell, he had occupied his hours in creeping about and feeling every part of his wall, until at last he found a nail whose head projected slightly beyond the surface. To work at this nail, and finally loosen and remove it with his teeth and nails, and then to remove the board was an easy task for him. Thus he had been able to admit a little air and daylight to his gloomy prison. The conversation was kept up until far into the night. The next day, as soon as the guardians were out of the way, the board in the wall was again silently removed, and M. Collache had a better view of the unhappy prisoner. "His face was that of a man intelligent and sincere, but the darkness in which he had so long lived had made his complexion the colour of porcelain. Still, he was all smiles, and appeared to support his misfortunes in the most philosophical manner in the world."

A way was soon found for other communication than that of words. The French prisoner, with some soft Japanese paper, braided a cord some four yards long, and fastening a small weight upon one end, threw it to his friend. On this cord he sent him a little money, with which to procure much-needed articles, through the turnkeys. The things most coveted were India-ink and pencils. These were strictly forbidden, but M. Collache, by great perseverance, and especially by promising to give the turnkey some sketches, obtained them at last. These he shared with his neighbour, and from this time the continued interchange of sketches of all kinds became the most precious pastime.

Eight days passed. The cage was then opened, and two yacounins appeared. They came to conduct M. Collache before a council of war, held in a hall of the prison. A large part of the room was occupied by a platform, in the centre of which sat the president, assisted by two judges. On each side sat a reporter with writing materials. By one of the judges sat an interpreter. The four central figures held fans in their hands. Behind them was a folding screen, which concealed a person evidently of high rank. Papers, apparently bearing questions to be put to the prisoner, were continually passing from behind this screen. The prisoner knelt upon an old mat placed before the platform between the two officers who had introduced him, and who also knelt. After the first words, the interpreter said to the prisoner, that it would be better for him to state his case himself, as he spoke Japanese far better than he, the interpreter, spoke French.

After certain preliminary questions establishing the identity of the

prisoner, he was asked why he had espoused the cause of the *Toucoungaras* (the supporters of the Tycoon). "I explained as well as I could," he says, "making prominent the fact that the object of the French was one eminently calculated to benefit Japan—that the English, on the contrary, sought to exploit the Japanese. I added that the English, by lending immense sums of money, intended to cripple the government by an enormous debt, and then, having the country at their mercy, dictate their own terms of settlement. I then explained at length the project that we entertained with regard to Yesso, and the method we proposed to make it a grand centre of civilisation."

The Japanese listened attentively, and gradually the marked hostility with which they first received the prisoner disappeared. Four times he was led before this council, and each time, on being dismissed, the president asked what he could send to his cell that would be agreeable to him. On each of these days a plate of chicken was added to his rations. He was interrogated in every way, and cross-questioned, to make him admit that he had been sent on a hostile mission by the French government; and he had great trouble to disabuse their minds of this belief. The examination finally ended: the prisoner was condemned to die.

"You have been taken," said the president, "bearing arms against the Japanese. Now, when a Japanese kills a Frenchman, what is his punishment?"

"He is condemned to death and executed," replied the prisoner.

"What then do you think will be your punishment?"

"You will cut off my head," replied M. Collache, emphasizing the sentence with a gesture.

"Right," said the president; and this ended the examination.

The details of the trial were, of course, communicated to the prisoner before mentioned. He appeared deeply moved at the result. The next morning at sunrise, the cage was opened by yacounins, who, not knowing that the prisoner understood Japanese, and not wishing him to entertain any illusion, intimated to him by gestures, that his head was to come off. He asked permission to bid farewell to his fellow-prisoners, and was conducted from cage to cage for a brief word and a pressure of hands. In the court of the prison, full of armed soldiers, there was a cango and four stalwart bearers standing ready to carry the prisoner to the place of execution. "I do not wish to attempt the portrayal of my feelings," writes the prisoner, "as the soldiers closed around the cango, and the march commenced. I was calm outwardly, for I had long been accustomed to the idea of death; moreover, my pride made me wish to show the Japanese that Frenchmen can die as bravely as they."

After a long march through the populous streets of Yedo, the prisoner was set down in an immense court, bounded on three sides by high.

buildings, on the fourth by a canal. The troops all retired, leaving the prisoner alone. He opened the door of his cango, got out, but not



CROSSING TO YOKOHAMA.

knowing where to go, he stood dazed, looking around the court. Presently a door opened, and a Japanese, whose costume showed him to be

of high rank, appeared. The prisoner approached him, and asked what was to be done with him.

"We are waiting," he replied, "for a boat, which is to take you to Yokohama, where you will be delivered to the minister of France."

"I am not, then, to be executed?"

"No."

A terrible weight was removed from the heart of the prisoner by this one word. In a few seconds a boat touched the landing, rowed by two men, and bearing an escort of four yacounins. At the French legation a receipt was given for the body of the prisoner. There M. Collache found every article taken from him on entering the prison carefully preserved. A boat was waiting to take him on board a French ship, where he was amazed to find all his French comrades. Long explanations ensued. The "Hannrio," disabled by the storm, had put back to Hacodaté. The commander of the "Kaiten" had been grievously wounded, the ship had been captured by the Japanese admiral, and this explained why the signals of the "Aschwelotte" had not been answered.

SONNET.

My soul goes forth and searches through the dark
To find a passage for the weary bark,
That would pilot to the light beyond ;
But like the dove comes back my vital spark.
My eyes shall never see, with longings fond,
The top of the celestial Ararat,
Until the dove shall leave this toasing ark,
My body, never to return again.
And so man's spirit-feet can find no rest.
Though oft in contemplation we have sat
Together, O, my Soul, on shores of pain,
Counselling how the great gulf might be spanned,
Our thoughts returned, void, weary and oppress'd,
A golden mist still fell between us and the land.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Ottawa, Ont.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE last leap of Mr. Benson toward the darkness was a long one, and he realized that there was a great difference between trying to save himself from falling and endeavouring to defend himself after having fallen. The passage downward was marked by frantic efforts to catch at crags and jutting trees by spasmodic hopes and fears, by wild prayers and exclamations, but he was at the bottom and found the ground unexpectedly firm. As a man in a nightmare falls from some beetling cliff, and with the very grasp of death in his heart, plunges toward the profound, and alights, in breathless surprise, like a feather, and without a conscious wound, so had Mr. Benson fallen. He was half paralyzed with fear at first, but he felt the firm earth under him, and it was actually pleasant to him to know that he could fall no further. Whatever he had to do could be done at that level. There was nothing worse to be done than he had already accomplished. He could stand there and fight for his life, with such weapons as might be necessary for his purpose.

When he arrived there and realized his position, and saw how much respectable company there was around him, he was strangely content. He did not understand it. It was conscience already wounded and lame—that made the outcry in his long descent. It was conscience that inspired him to catch here and there at the feeble stays scattered down his headlong progress. It was conscience that had filled him with fear and pain; but conscience unknown to him had perished with the fall; and he was left alone with his pride and his blind sense of duty toward religious things, unmindful that the divine voice within him was dead.

The first thing to be done, after he had paid his creditors with the money, secured by the hypothecation of bonds that did not belong to him, was to raise money for their redemption at the earliest moment. To do this he would be obliged to sell property at any sacrifice or obtain a loan. His own property acquired during his prosperous and speculative days was so heavily mortgaged that he found it a hopeless resource. He could not deal with men, because they knew too much for him. He did not like to go to Miss Larkin, because she had lost faith in him, and had humbled him; but he seemed to be driven to her for help. He had made her



MISS LARREN FAINTS AND MR. BENSON FAILS.



investments carefully and she was comparatively safe. The interest on some of these had been defaulted, and they were at his mercy.

It did not take him long to conclude that his most hopeful way of securing his grand object was in obtaining a loan from her. The first thing to be done was to make up a schedule of her possessions, and a statement of their condition, in accordance with her wish, that had been so frequently and urgently expressed. With these in his hands, he called upon her one morning, and, in his calm and confidential way, went over the whole matter with her, and secured her hearty thanks for the service.

"You are all right," said Mr. Benson, with a sigh, "but I am all wrong. I ought not to hide from you the fact that I am in the most urgent distress. I am threatened with bankruptcy, and my family with beggary. I tell you, in confidence, that I am so pressed that I do not know which way to turn for relief. If I could raise money on my own property until times change—and times always do change—I could carry through everything, but, as it is, I see nothing but ruin before me. I have so many widows and orphans depending upon me—I shall carry down with me so many livings and so many hopes—I shall be obliged to surrender a reputation so precious to myself—that I might well choose death as a happy alternative."

Mr. Benson's voice trembled as he said all this, looking sadly out of the window,—for he could not meet Miss Larkin's questioning eyes—and at the close of his revelation he leaned back in his chair and buried his face in his handkerchief.

"Is it so bad as this?" inquired Miss Larkin in genuine sympathy.

"My child, it is worse that I can tell you," replied Mr. Benson. "I don't know why I should have said all this to you. You have troubles enough to bear without any burdens of mine; but I get weary, sometimes, of carrying my load alone."

Miss Larkin was much distressed. She had no doubt that her guardian was in great trouble. Her heart sprang up with an impulse to help him, but with her knowledge of the man, and her keen instincts, there was something about the whole performance that she apprehended as a trick. He had never approached her with any confidences before. He had steadily shunned her and refused compliance with what had been her most strenuous wish. She knew him to be profoundly selfish, and while it was hard for her to believe that he would wrong her deliberately, it was quite as hard for her to doubt that he had come to her for a selfish purpose.

In truth, the more she thought of it, the more plainly she saw that Mr. Benson had been playing upon her sympathies, in order to draw from her a voluntary offer of assistance. He was sitting and waiting for

this offer, in painful but earnest expectancy. His nature was a strong one, and it wrought upon her quick sensibilities with a power that almost determined her to lay her fortune at his feet, and risk the consequences. How could she gain time? How could she fight the approaching fatal determination?

Then there came to her aid an opposing tide of remembrances.

"Mr. Benson," she said, reddening, "do you know that you have treated me very badly?"

"My child, I confess it. Do not upbraid me. I have had great trials to carry, and until this hour I have tried to hide them from you, and spare you pain."

"Do you remember that I owe you nothing—that for every morsel of food I have eaten, and every service you have rendered me, you have been royally paid—that you have almost lived upon me?"

"Why do you put me these questions?" inquired Mr. Benson, roused into a moment of petulant anger.

"Because, as nearly as I can apprehend the object of your visit, you have forsaken the ordinary ways of a business man, and come to a girl who would be utterly helpless but for what she possesses, to obtain her aid—to get her voluntary offer of money. If I felt under the slightest obligation to you—if I could trust you—if you had been an affectionate father, or even friend, to me—I would give half my fortune to save you."

Mr. Benson's plan was not prospering, and he saw that he should be obliged to change his tactics.

"Grace," he said, "I came here relying upon your forgiveness—upon your generosity. I have never dreamed that you could harbour a spirit of revenge. I thought it would be sweeter to you to offer the help I need than to grant a formal request. But I must have the money. I must have it soon; and you compel me to put the responsibility for my future upon yourself. You can save me or you can ruin me. You can save or ruin my poor family. My fate—their fate—is in your hands. Circumstances over which I now have no more control than I have over the waters of the sea, force me to put the awful responsibility on your shoulders. Shall I die, or live? Shall a hundred widows and orphans curse me to the last day of their miserable lives, or bless me and my memory? The decision is with you."

"Oh, Mr. Benson!" almost screamed Miss Larkin. "Must you be so cruel? Horrible! Horrible!"

She rose upon her sofa, sitting upright, staring wildly into his eyes. Then she burst into a fit of crying, and fell back and buried her face in her pillow.

Mr. Benson sat and coolly watched her. He had made an impression. After her sobs had begun to die away, he said:

"My child, I have told you the simple truth. In the stress of my trouble I do not see how I could have said less."

"Then you must give me time to think about it," said Miss Larkin.

"Unhappily," responded Mr. Benson, with a firm, dogged voice, "I can do no such thing. My needs are desperate—this day, this hour, this moment."

Miss Larkin during all this interview had held in her hand a note. It had been read, but it had been unconsciously crumpled in her hands, and was wet with her tears. It was from Nicholas, saying, in a few words, that he would call upon her during the morning, on a matter of business. Why did he not come and interrupt this awful scene? Whither should she turn for help?

"I must have time to think—two hours—one hour," she said.

"Grace, this is a very simple question, and one which no person, whether friend or enemy of mine, can help you to answer. Besides, it is a matter that is not to be bruited. The question simply is whether you are willing, on security that I believe to be good, to lend me the money that will carry me over to a time of prosperity. If you will not lend it, I shall be a hopeless bankrupt within ten days. If you will, I firmly believe that I can reimburse every dollar to you and to every person I owe."

"Go to your library ten minutes, and let me think of it," said the distressed girl.

"Very well," said Mr. Benson, looking at his watch as he left the room. "In ten minutes I will return."

Miss Larkin kissed the note she held in her hands, and exclaimed:

"O my friend! my friend! why don't you come!"

But the ten minutes passed away in a tumult of apprehension and expectation, and then Mr. Benson returned, with a pen and ink in one hand, and written documents in the other.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I'm sure of your conclusion. A nature like yours can possibly come to but one."

"But I ought to ask counsel," said Miss Larkin, appealingly. "You cannot be my counsel in this matter, you know. You are personally interested in it. You are so much interested in it that your advice is good for nothing."

"Will you sign these documents, my child?"

"What are they?"

"They are a power of attorney for selling property, and a pledge to me that you will lend me the proceeds. The deeds will be brought for

your signature in good time. The pledge I propose to use to get extensions with, until I get hold of the money."

Mr. Benson moved a table to the side of his ward, placing the papers before her, dipped the pen in the ink, and, without looking into her face, tried to place the pen in her hand. She did not take the pen, and when his hard eyes sought her face she was in a fainting fit, and the crumpled note had fallen in her lap.

He first grasped and opened the note. The moment his eye apprehended its contents, he understood her hesitation. Crumpling the note again, and restoring it, he rose, without calling for assistance, and, sprinkling water in her face, brought her back to consciousness.

"Here is the pen, my dear," he said, "I am sorry you should permit yourself to be overcome by so insignificant a matter."

She took the pen in her trembling hand, and then she heard the door bell ring.

"Now! Before interruption!" sharply exclaimed Mr. Benson.

The servant knocked at the door, partly opened it and announced Mr. Minturn.

Not a word was said.

"Shall I ask him to come up?" inquired the servant.

"No!" said Mr. Benson, spitefully.

"Yes! oh yes!" half screamed Miss Larkin.

Mr. Benson was so angry that he could have smitten her upon the mouth, if he had dared to do so dastardly a deed with retribution so close at hand.

Nicholas was at the foot of the staircase, and had overheard every word. His quick apprehension detected the tone of distress in Miss Larkin's voice, and he did not wait for the servant's return, but mounted the stairs in a breath, and presented himself at the open door. Miss Larkin gave a cry of joy, and sank back into another swoon.

The young man and the old man bowed stiffly to each other, Mr. Benson saying quietly:

"Our friend does not seem to be quite well this morning. Perhaps you had better call at some other time."

Without saying a word, Nicholas stepped to Miss Larkin's side and rang her bell. It sounded the knell of Mr. Benson's purposes and expectations, for, in a moment Miss Bruce appeared, and entered with profound alarm upon the ministries of restoration.

Mr. Benson bit his lip, gathered up his papers, his pen, his ink, and, with an angry glance at Nicholas, started for his library.

"Can I see you a moment, this morning, Mr. Benson?" said Nicholas, as the latter passed him.

There was an air of restraint about both. They would not quarrel in

the presence of Miss Larkin, but both recognized the elements of a quarrel in the situation.

"It doesn't strike me that it is advisable for us to meet this morning," said Mr. Benson, coolly. "I'm in no mood for it. I doubt whether you are."

"Miss Bruce," said Nicholas, "if Miss Larkin can see me before I leave the house, I will return." Then to Mr. Benson: "I shall beg the privilege of a few minutes in the library with you. You know I don't trouble you very often."

Mr. Benson found himself under a strange self-control. He had deliberately proposed to lie, in the event of detection in any of his fraudulent transactions, and to take the consequences, whatever they might be. He would never submit to a confession of his misdeeds. When he had reached this point, he had found what seemed like solid ground.

The two men passed into the library together. Nicholas helped himself to a seat, and Mr. Benson took one between him and the sharp light that came in at the window.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what has so agitated Miss Larkin this morning?" inquired the young man.

"No; it's none of your business."

"Shall I tell you?"

"No; I know it already; and if a man may be permitted to speak his mind in his own house, I may say that your presence in Miss Larkin's room this morning was an impertinent intrusion, and that your presence here possesses quite the same character."

"I have not the slightest objection to your opinion on these points," said Nicholas, reddening with choler in spite of himself, "but it seems to me that you and I have quite a fund of knowledge in common. We both know why it is that you dare not resent my presence here. We both know that you were in Miss Larkin's room for the purpose of cheating her out of her fortune to save yourself. We both know it was one of the meanest acts of your life. But there is one thing that you do not know, and that I propose to tell you. I am here for the purpose of saving her from you. I apprehended this before I left home, and I have come here for no other object than that of thwarting your schemes. I propose to accomplish this object before I leave this house. I have just left Mr. Glezen's office, and if she will accept him, he will henceforward act as her adviser. Have you any objection to this?"

"Not the slightest."

Nicholas expected an explosion, but it did not come. He had no doubt that Mr. Benson lied, but his apparent compliance with his plan embarrassed him.

Mr. Benson, seeing that his words had had the effect he desired, then said :

"You ought to know that my time is very precious to me, and that you have no justification for compelling me to tolerate your presence here for another minute. Shall I bid you good morning, and leave you to your plotting against a man who never did you harm?"

"Not yet," said Nicholas, who began to feel very uncomfortable. "You have been kind enough to profess some interest in the recovery of the bonds that were stolen from me at Ottercliff."

"Well, what of the bonds?"

"I have a clew to them."

"Have you?"

Nicholas watched his *vis-à-vis* very closely, but he did not start. There had been a change in him which he did not comprehend. He had seen the plastic lime harden into stone. He had seen the molten iron flowing like water, and cooling into unimpressible forms. He had drank of the water in summer upon which he had stepped in winter; but never before had he seen a man in whom nerves had once tingled with vitality and blood had coursed warmly, transformed to adamant.

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I have a clew to them. I have a letter now in my pocket which I know to have come from one of the robbers. He has told me—or rather the lawyer to whom I committed the matter has told me—just what has been done with the bonds. I know the night on which they were transferred to the hands that now hold them. I know who has them in his possession."

"Does the man who holds them know them to be yours?" inquired Mr. Benson, in the most quiet manner possible.

"I have no doubt that he is morally sure that they are mine," said Nicholas.

"So you haven't found the record of the numbers yet?"

"No."

"Then what are you talking about? If you know where your bonds are, and know who holds them, why don't you claim them by due process of law? Perhaps you are morally sure where your bonds are, as the holder may be morally sure that they are yours; but moral certainty will not answer in a case of this kind. You are undoubtedly a sharp man,—for one of your age and experience,—and although I have not much reason for favouring you, I will give you some advice that you can use to your advantage. You have taken the word of a confessed thief, and believed it against some man whom I do not know, of course, but one who is likely to be a man of good standing. The thief is after money, and he has proved to you that he doesn't care how he gets it. Practically, he has confessed this to you, yet you talk as if you

were sure he had told you the truth. Now if he had known me, he would be just as likely to charge me with holding the bonds as anybody. No matter whom he charges with the act of purchasing, it is an affair that it will not do for you to talk about. I don't want you to tell me whom you suspect, for, if I should find a man slandering me in that way, I should prosecute him for libel at once. Take care of yourself, my good fellow, even if you lose your bonds."

Poor Nicholas was at his wit's end. He could make no headway against such flinty assurance as this. He had expected to bring Mr. Benson to his knees, as he had done on former occasions. He had pictured to himself this trembling victim of his righteous wrath, begging for his mercy and restoring his property. Glezen had been right, for once; and he was mastered; though he was just as sure of Mr. Benson's guilt as he was when he entered the house. In the present condition of Mr. Benson's mind, he saw that his plan was hopeless. Moral certainties were of no more account. There was no way by which Mr. Benson could be reached, except by legal process and legal evidence. He saw that his case was weak,—utterly hopeless in fact,—that his moral certainty was a legal uncertainty and that his evidence, in a court of justice, without such corroboration as he could not command, was not worth a straw.

He saw that charging Mr. Benson with guilt would not help his case, and so—disappointed, stunned, helpless—he rose to take his leave.

He had learned that the lion running for his life, and the lion at bay, were two very different animals.

After Nicholas went out, Mr. Benson was filled with a strange emotion of victory. He had lost Miss Larkin, but he had reached the point where he was ready to fight for the hypothecated bonds as his own, which made him independent of Miss Larkin. She was quite at liberty to choose her own advisers, and he would take care of himself in the only way that she had left possible to him—at her friend's expense! He found himself enjoying a subtle sense of revenge in this, and went out of his house at last in a state of mind more collected and calm than he had experienced for many weeks.

When a man is lost in a thicket, and all the ways which lead toward the light are closed against him, he has no choice but to go on in such paths as he can find, and take the chances. The path he takes may lead him to a precipice, and it may not. He will die if he remains—of that he is sure. There is, at least, excitement and hope in action. This was precisely Mr. Benson's condition. He would fight for life to the last. He apprehended the fact that Nicholas believed in his guilt, and knew that he had made no change in the young man's convictions; but he had learned that no reliable legal evidence was at command for

fastening conviction upon himself, and he believed that at this far distance from the robbery, the probabilities were all against the discovery of the only evidence that would place him *hors de combat*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS LARKIN had felt for many weeks that a malign influence was upon her. She knew that Mr. Benson was in trouble, and she strongly suspected or feared that she was to be disastrously associated with it. She had endeavoured in vain to get from him a knowledge of her affairs, and she had dwelt upon the trial of her faith and patience until she had found herself morbidly depressed. Her progress toward the recovery of her strength seemed to have been arrested, and her hope had begun to die out. Her attendant had noticed with alarm the waning of her courage, but there was one cause of depression which even the keen eye of Miss Bruce did not discover.

Miss Larkin could not but be aware of the fact that Nicholas was her lover ; and she had come to a determination with regard to it, which had cost her the most heroic effort of her life. The moment her hope began to waver, under the depressing circumstances which environed her, this determination was always ready to crush her into the dust. She wept in secret over her awful sense of sacrifice—a sacrifice of which the quick heart of Nicholas had given him a prophecy. She was sure that, sometime, Nicholas would reveal what had long since ceased to be a secret to her, and she intended for his sake, to refuse him. Her heart had discounted the great trial, and she had taken the result into her bosom long before its time. Of course it was poison to her. In her sensitive organization, brain and nerve that responded so readily to the quickening influence of hope, slackened and sank back before the front of despair. In some natures the mind lives upon the body, in others the body seems to live upon the mind. It drops before the fall of a hope as quickly as before the blow of a hand.

It was in her depressed mood that Mr. Benson found her when he sought her on the morning of the events which have been narrated. She was poorly prepared to resist his unyielding demand, and nothing but her fainting fit had saved her from the accomplishment of his scheme.

When Nicholas had come and retired, and she, returning to consciousness, realized not only that her fears in regard to her fortune were groundless, but that she had been saved from endangering or ruining it by her own hand, she was inexpressibly relieved. A great burden was lifted from her mind, and all her vitalities reacted, as the grass

rises after a rough foot has pressed it. Then she wanted to see Nicholas again, and perfect and confirm the work which had been so happily begun.

When the young man emerged from the library, after his fruitless interview with Mr. Benson, he saw Miss Larkin's door ajar, and recognized the seeming accident as an invitation. As he knocked, and quickly entered, Miss Bruce retired, and he found Miss Larkin sitting in a chair. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping, but her eyes met him with a cordial smile, and a blush that proved that her heart was beating bravely once more.

Nicholas had met with a great discomfiture, and his heart was heavy ; but her welcome warmed him and invited him to confidence.

"You have escaped a great danger, Miss Larkin," he said.

"For which I am indebted to you," she responded with a grateful smile. "Isn't it strange that in the great emergencies of my life you always come?"

"Especially when you are to be saved from your guardian," he said bitterly.

"Have you quarreled again?"

"No ; I feel that there are to be no more quarrels between Mr. Benson and myself. I am positively awed by the change that he has undergone. I must not tell you of what has happened, but I am just certain that a great calamity is coming to him and to this house as I am that a great sin has been committed here."

"You astonish me, Mr. Minturn."

"I have been astonished—almost terrified—myself. I want you to get away from him. I cannot bear to have you live another day under this roof."

"You are nervous," she said, looking smilingly into his solemn face.

"No, I'm not nervous. My nerves seem almost dead. It is a conviction and not an impression. You must see that I am perfectly calm. Miss Larkin, there is a cloud over this house, and there is lightning in it, and vengeance in the lightning.

"I have noticed the change in Mr. Benson of which you speak," she said, "but I'm not afraid now."

"Do you know Miss Larkin that all the life went out of me this morning ? I can deal with men, but not with the devil, or a soul in his possession. I cannot tell what the influence was. I shrank before it as if it came from one whom God had forsaken,—one so given up and bound to sin that I could not willingly give him occasion for further perjury."

"You distress me. Let us not talk about it any more."

"One thing you must promise me first," said Nicholas. "Mr. Benson

has come to the conclusion, I think, that it will be of no use to seek aid from you, after this morning, and the interview which he saw I was to have with you ; but you must promise that whatever may be his demands and importunities you will not yield to them without consulting Mr. Glezen. I have told Mr. Benson that Glezen will act as your adviser, and he has assured me that he has not the slightest objection."

"Then he has made it easy for me to give the promise, and I do it most heartily and gratefully," said Miss Larkin.

Another burden was thus lifted from her heart, and the business of Nicholas was completed ; but he lingered. He had been full of pity and apprehension for her, and his love for her had sprung to her defense. He had her promise, but he wanted something more. He had watched her as she sat before him, in her momentarily freshening beauty, and felt that the hour of his destiny had come.

"Miss Larkin," he said, while the colour forsook his trembling lips, "I have carried a thought in my heart from the first day of our meeting, and I must speak it now."

Miss Larkin apprehended the long-dreaded announcement. She had warded it off more than once, and intended to do it again, and always ; but she saw that there was no help for it now, without an interruption which she was not rude enough to make. She turned away her face, that grew pale under his earnest gaze.

"I must tell you that you have changed my whole being. When I first met you, I was aimless, and of course, useless. The touch of your hand has fructified my life. Whatever I am to-day, and whatever I am doing, are the record of your work upon me. I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing. Whatever may come of it—whatever may be your feeling toward me—you must permit me to tell you this, for you are a constant presence in my daily work and my nightly dreams, you are my angel of inspiration. It seems as if God himself had expressed his love for me through you, and that my return for the gift has been made through the same channel. Humbly, and without boasting, let me say that what I have given has been as pure as that which I have received. And now that I see you in danger,—when I know that you are in hands unworthy of your keeping,—my heart and hands spring to your defense. I wish to shield you. I long to make you mine—to hold the right to stand between you and all danger.

These words, inspired to such winning eloquence by the passion that moved him, came so swiftly and impetuously that Miss Larkin could not have interrupted him had she attempted to do so. At their close, she gave a convulsive sob, as if her heart had risen to her mouth, and she had forced it violently back to its place. Overcome by her emotion, it was a long time before she could speak.

"Mr. Minturn," she said, after a period of painful silence, "it is a hard return to make for such a confession as yours, but I must say to you—however much it may cost me—that you have given me the most terrible pain of my life. It cannot be! It cannot be!"

"It must be!" exclaimed Nicholas starting to his feet. "It shall be! What have I lived for? Why did God bring us together? Does he delight in mocking his poor creatures? Does he rejoice in their torture? Does he set traps for them, and beguile them into bondage, that he may laugh at them? Why has he spoken to me through you? Why has he held you before me as a prize and a reward, and made every moment of these last months more precious than gold with the thought of you? It must be! It shall be!"

Nicholas walked the room, back and forth, like a tiger newly caged, pausing at Miss Larkin's chair, and looking into her upturned eyes to emphasize his wild questions.

"My dear friend, do not talk in this way," she said, at length. "You cannot know how much you distress me."

"Then why do you say it cannot be?" said Nicholas, pausing at her side. "If you say"—and his voice grew low and tremulous—"that you do not love me—that you cannot love me—I will try with God's help to bear it, and bear a life shorn of hope and every aim except forgetfulness, but there is no other reason in God's world that I will accept. Do you tell me that you do not and cannot love me?—that all the blood that has flowed out of my heart has gone into the sand? Oh, my God! my God! why was I born?"

Miss Larkin had dropped her eyes, and did not dare to raise them. Oh, that she could feel at liberty to respond to this tide of passion, every drop of which was filled with life for her!—every drop of which was feeding her at life's fountain!

"Mr. Minturn!"

He came back to his seat, arrested and calmed by her quiet voice.

"You are a man," she said. "Can you bear pain? Can you bear pain like a woman? Can you bear pain with me?"

"I can bear anything with you," he responded.

"Can you bear separation with me?"

"I can bear any separation that is necessary. I should be a fool to bear any that is not."

"You have done me a great honour," said Miss Larkin.

"Don't! You humiliate me," exclaimed Nicholas almost fiercely.

"Oh, what shall I say to you? What can I say to you? What would you think of me—what would your friends think of me—if, in my helplessness and uselessness, I were willing to appropriate your life? I should forever be ashamed of myself were I to do so base a thing."

"You do not love me! You cannot love me," exclaimed Nicholas, hotly.

"I don't see why that should matter," she said.

"Are you so cold? Is it all a mistake? Do you suppose that I could be so base as to forsake and deny the woman I love, or permit her to sacrifice herself on any such considerations as seem to have weight with you. Why, your helplessness is to me the very glory of my love. It forever sets the seal of genuineness upon my passion. I'm thankful that God has put the purity of my love beyond question. I tell you that the contemplation of the task of taking care of you and administering to your pleasure and your comfort, has filled my future with its sweetest light."

"My friend—my best friend—cannot you understand that the measure of a woman's love is to be found in the measure of her self-denial?"

"What are you saying?" said Nicholas eagerly.

She looked up into his eyes while the tears rolled down his cheeks. He read it all. What divine intuition gave him light, what a revelation of the power of love was whispered in his ear, what miracle had been wrought upon her for which he had been made unconsciously ready, he did not know, but he extended his arms where he stood, and she rose and was folded in his strong embrace.

"Mine!" he said. "Mine forever!"

He held her to his breast in a long transport of happiness, and then, for the first time, he realized the change in her.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, putting her head away from him.

"Do you know that you are on your feet?"

"Am I?" she asked with a start.

This was too much for Nicholas. He had fought his way through all the difficulties of the hour, sometimes desperately and always bravely. But this miracle touched the deepest fountain of his emotions, and, leading her back to her chair, he abandoned himself—like the simple-hearted boy that he was—to his tears.

All her burdens were lifted now. The hand of love had touched her, and healed her. "Maiden, arise!" it had said; and she had obeyed the command, and felt that she was whole again. Full of gratitude, possessed by a glad peace that made heaven of the little room where she had so long been a prisoner, she sat and watched the young man at her side whom Heaven had bestowed upon her, and realized with ineffable joy that despite herself her life had been united to his. How long her new strength would last, she did not know. Her hopes had been roused more than once to be crushed; but she could not but believe that the new stimulus from without, and the refreshed and strengthened

faith and courage within, would confirm the cure so auspiciously begun.

She touched his hand.

"Why do you weep?" she said.

"My dear Grace, God has been here this morning," he responded. "He only knows how almost madly I have prayed for this; and now that, by what seems to me to be a veritable miracle, he has answered my prayers, I am awed and humiliated, I hardly dare to lift my eyes and look around me, and when I think how precious a prize I have won, with what boyish petulance I have fought for it, and how unworthy of it my impatience proved me to be, it almost makes an infidel of me. It seems as if God could not have respected such greedy and inconsiderate beseechings, and that all this change must have come through some happy chance."

"You'll soon run through this mood, I am sure," she said. "Let us walk."

She rose from her chair, steadied to her feet by his strength, and clasping his arm with her locked hands, they paced slowly back and forth through the room.

The newly recovered powers did not fail, and it was only after the persistent persuasions of Nicholas that she consented to resume her seat.

Then he said:

"It can be?"

"Yes."

"And it shall be."

"Yes."

"Now," said Nicholas, "I must get you out of this house. I do not wish to enter it again. It is a house in which I have experienced the greatest happiness of my life, but something terrible is going to happen here, and you must not be here to witness it, or share its consequences."

"Why, Nicholas! It seems to me that you are unreasonable—almost superstitious."

"I cannot help it," he responded.

"How can I forsake Mrs. Benson?"

"God pity her!" exclaimed Nicholas, sadly.

"And why should not I?"

"Pity her, by all means, and leave her to her griefs and mortifications undisturbed."

"But where can I go?"

"Leave that to me."

"Very well, since you so strongly wish it."

"Can I speak of this?" inquired Nicholas.

"Our engagement?"

"Yes."

To the man—glad and triumphant—this would be an easy matter. To the woman, there came considerations which embarrassed her. The cure and the engagement came too near together.

"Only in confidence, for the present," she said.

She rose to her feet and bade him good morning, and Nicholas went out into the cold sunshine, and saw men hurrying by on their petty errands, heard the empty roar of the streets, saw the vulgar traffic that was going on on every hand, and wondered that nobody had known about, or cared for, the events which had wrought so powerfully upon himself. His memory went to and fro between the darkness and the light of the two rooms in which he had spent the morning—between the chamber that had seemed forsaken of the divine presence, and that which was flooded with it; between the man who was sinking in the darkness, and the woman who was rising into light; between the man who had robbed him of his gold, and the woman who had given him herself, until, almost before he knew, his hand had rung the bell at the door of the Coates' mansion.

He could tell Miss Coates all about it, "in confidence." He found her at home, and watched her swimming eyes while he made his revelation. He could not tell her why he wanted to have Miss Larkin removed from her home, but he assured her that it must be done.

"I should be delighted to have her here," said Miss Coates, quickly. "I think my mother will consent to my inviting her to make us a visit."

"Suppose we ask her," said Nicholas, anxious to have the matter disposed of.

Miss Coates was too familiar with her mother's weakness to trust any hands but her own with the management of that question. Mrs. Coates did not approve of having young ladies in the house who would divide attention with Jenny, and fearing an awkward scene if she admitted her to the conference, Miss Coates said:

"If you will leave the affair with me, I think I can arrange it."

Nicholas was profuse with his thanks.

"No, you owe me nothing. I am only too glad to be of the slightest service to one to whom I owe so much," she responded. "You have made me very happy by your confidence, and by telling me of the fulfilment of a hope that has been one of the strongest of my life. I have seen it all from the first in both of you."

"Have you?"

"Yes, and I have approved of it."

She gave him both her hands at parting, and said:

"I am profoundly grateful for your happiness, and I congratulate you. I could wish for both of you nothing different and nothing better."

Before night, Miss Coates, charged with her invitation, called on Miss Larkin, and the following morning was fixed upon for the commencement of the visit.

Mr. Benson received the announcement without a frown and without a smile,—in the business way in which he would have received any statement on 'Change. He realized that she was dead to him, and that her affairs would soon pass out of his hands. Still, he would appear to be interested in her; and when Nicholas and Miss Coates drove to the door, he was there with helpful service and polite attention to see her off. He bore into the street, as she entered the carriage and drove away, a semblance of his old, courtly manner.

"Don't stay long, my dear! Don't stay long!" he said, as he lifted his hat at parting; and then he went back into the house, past his sad wife, to whom he did not even give a glance, up the staircase, into his library.

But Miss Larkin did stay a long time. Indeed, she never returned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NICHOLAS, with all the hopefulness of his temperament, and all the confidence that was engendered by his persistent activities and their grateful results, had many hours of doubt and discouragement. The longer he lived in the city, the larger it seemed to him. The more he became acquainted with the sources of pauperism, and comprehended the influences which fostered it, the more incurable it appeared. The unwillingness of the pauperized masses to be lifted from their degradation, the organized falsehood that prevailed among them, their disposition to transform all the agencies that were employed for their help into means for enabling them to live without work, their absolute loss of all manly and womanly impulses and ambitions, their intemperance, their apparent lack of power to stand even when placed upon their feet with a remunerative task before them, were circumstances which, in some moods of his mind, so sickened and disgusted him that he felt like retiring from the field.

He saw great rascalities in progress of growth, or in the descent of disaster, every one of which was bending with its crop of pauperism—organized bodies of speculators making haste to be rich without the production of a dollar, and getting rich at the expense of the impoverishment of large masses of men—single operators rising upon the topmost waves of affluence, while down in the dark hollows their victims were

crying for help or drowning—great industries overdone through the strifes and competitions of capital, and then thousands thrown out of employment and reduced to beggary !

He saw at the corner of every street the magazines of liquid death doing their poisonous work on body and soul, licensed and cherished by the politics of a great city, and entrenched behind the strongholds of law and public opinion. He saw comfortable men going in, day after day, and coming out poor and debauched, imbibing with their intoxicating and debasing draughts the habits of idleness which inevitably made paupers of them and of their wives and children. He saw ten thousand grog-shops absorbing not only the hard earnings of the poor, but the mistaken gifts of the benevolent, who were trying to give them bread. He saw uncounted masses of men, women and children, poisoned through and through with drink, and dark figures moving among them inflamed to cruelty and crime ; and he realized that the little he had done to stem this tide of degradation was only to be compared to the holding of his hand in the rapids of a Niagara. He looked around him, among the rich and the good, and saw them apathetic—overawed by, or content with, the respectability of a traffic and a practice which were the daily source of more misery, debasement, poverty and crime, than any which he knew, and felt that he was regarded by them either as a weak enthusiast, or an impracticable fanatic. No voice of warning that he could raise would be heard amid the jeers of the scoffing crowd. No importunities for reform that he could utter would be thought worthy of a hearing !

Then he looked about him to count up the influences for relief. He had studied these in every aspect with persistent inquiry. He had visited the hospitals, the charitable guilds, the great societies. He had found much conscientious labour in progress, but everything was for relief, and next to nothing for reform. Pauperism had been accepted as a fixed fact, and the great anxiety of the benevolent societies seemed to be to ward off suffering. Their work was done if nobody starved or froze. The causes of pauperism had little consideration, and less attempt to remove them. On one side lay the great world of poverty, and suffering, and deliberately chosen helplessness. On the other, the benevolent endeavour to shield this world of helplessness from the consequences of its dissipations, its idleness, and its misdeeds. Now and then, undoubtedly, worthy poverty was helped ; but in nine cases out of ten, pauperism was cherished. People had learned to live upon these societies. They knew that in the last resort—however basely they might part with their means of living earned in fitful labour, or picked up in the streets from door to door—they would not be permitted by these societies to starve. He saw, too, that the disease of pauperism was infectious, and that even

those who had the means of living hid them, and, with the basest lies, cheated the societies into their support.

More than all this, and sadder even than all this, he saw that these associations were in competition with each other for the public support, and that their officers were magnifying their importance at the expense of their neighbours—that they were the nurseries of political and church influence, and schemes for office, and personal support and aggrandizement. He saw petty jealousies among them, and heard the bruited of rival claims to consideration and usefulness.

Outside of these he saw an army of devoted Christian workers, engaged in the almost fruitless attempt to make Christians of those who had not the energy, or truthfulness, or ambition, to be men. Even these were engaged in rivalry. Sect was striving with sect for the possession of children—for the privilege of teaching them—holding them by the power of gifts and amusing entertainments. Sympathizing profoundly with the aims of these workers, but distrusting their means and machinery, he could hope for but little in the way of useful results. Here and there he could find a man who understood the work to be done—a man who understood that he could do little for a child whose home, in every influence, was wrong. Where there was one of these, however, there were a hundred whose influence was tributary to, and conformatory of, the pauperism in which the children of their Sunday charge had their birth and daily life. They were instructed without being developed. The chapels and school-rooms instituted by the churches had the fixed and everlasting fact of pauperism for their corner stone. There the teeming generations of paupers were to come and go, without even the opportunity to develop themselves into self-supporting schools and churches, or to attain any influence that would be tributary to their sense of manhood and womanhood. Building without a basis for issues without value there were thousands of Christian men and women spending time and comfort and money. They were winning much for themselves; they were doing but little for others.

This awful chasm between the rich and the poor!—what could come of it? This nether world and this upper world!—how could they be brought together? Envy upon one side, pity upon the other!—how could these widely separated realms be made to understand each other? How could they be brought into mutual sympathy and mutual respect?

These were the great facts and great problems that stared the young man in the face at every angle of vision. Surface views, surface work, surface results, everywhere! Nothing radical anywhere! much for palliation, nothing for cure! A world of benevolent intent and beneficent action, more than a moiety of which went to the nourishment of the monster who held the pauperized poor in its toils!

Yet, when Nicholas undertook to push his views, or express his apprehensions, or criticise the movements and operations of the benevolent people around him, he was always met with protests and discouragements. He was assured that the great charities were in the wisest hands the city possessed ; that the men who directed them had great experience and long observation ; and often it was kindly hinted to him that he was young, and told that he would probably change his views somewhat after having lived a little longer and seen a little more. He could not point them to what he had already done, for the final outcome of that was not yet apparent.

It was fortunate for him that he was young—that his heart was not dead, that his insight was not blunted, and that he had no preconceived notions to influence his judgment, or hinder his action. It was fortunate, too, for him that he had that boldness of youth which does not pause to consider personal consequences, or the possibilities of failure. To a certain extent he was conscious that he was working in the dark, but he definitely saw something to be done, he had no question that the instrumentalities which were in operation around him were incompetent to produce the desiderated result, and he was quick and fertile in expedients.

A great scheme unfolded itself to him ; how could he accomplish it ? How could he propose it ?

With the exception of the little speech he had made upon the spur of the moment at "The Atheneum," on the night of the opening of that institution, he had never undertaken even the humblest public address. Still, he believed that he could talk if he could keep his head. He realized the difference between an audience of ignorant men and men of the class whom he wished to reach ; but he believed that if he could get his idea definitely into his own mind, he could at least express it in a manner to be apprehended, though he might do it somewhat clumsily.

His first thought was that he would invite a number of gentlemen to his own rooms, but as he wrote out the names of those who were engaged in benevolent efforts, in private and official positions, he found that his apartments would be too strait for the number he desired to call together. Then he determined to invite every man connected with the different societies, every clergyman, every missionary, every agent and almoner, and a large number of private citizens, to meet him at "The Atheneum." So he immediately secured the printing and the distribution of his invitations.

The men whom he invited had all heard of Nicholas and his operations, and many of them knew him personally. His wealth and social consideration, his unique devotion to benevolent efforts, and a personal reputation which began with his heroism upon the lost "Ariadne," and

had been fed by the reports of his operations at "The Atheneum," brought together not only a respectable and willing, but a very curious audience. He trembled when he saw it enter,—the men of age, the men of substance and social importance, the men of eloquence and influence, the officials of the societies,—the great and learned and good, and those who lived in their shadow or their sunshine; but he was sure of his motives, at least, and he needed not to be afraid.

Without any formality of organization, Nicholas came modestly forth upon the platform, and was received in blank silence. He looked so young and assumed so little, as he appeared before them, he had seemed so old and assumed so much in calling them together, that his audience naturally assumed a critical and questioning mood. The atmosphere in which he found himself was not calculated to re-assure him; and during the first minutes he became aware that he was standing face to face with immovable prejudice and jealous conservatism. They had come to see him and hear what he had to say, without the desire to learn, and without a doubt that they knew more than he upon the subject of his communication. They had come to hear an interesting school-boy declaim, to pat him on the shoulder with approval if he should do his work well, and then good-naturedly to go home to their own plans, and self-complacently to resume their labours.

"It has occurred to me," said Nicholas, making his modest bow, "that you, who have had so much experience in dealing with the poverty of the city, and you who are interested in all benevolent enterprises may like to know what I have been doing here, and with what results. It is possible that I ought, at the beginning, to ask your pardon for not having consulted you upon my plans, but I beg you to remember that where there are so many rival claims to pre-eminence, and so much conflicting wisdom, a young and inexperienced stranger would have a difficult task in determining the truth."

A smile went around the audience, who appreciated the very palpable hit.

"I confess, however," he went on, "to having discovered in myself a certain inaptitude to work in an organization which I cannot myself direct. This may look to you like presumption, but I do not think it is. At any rate, I am satisfied with my experiment, so far as it has gone, and now, with your leave, I will give you a brief account of it."

Then Nicholas gave in detail the history of "The Atheneum" enterprise, with which the reader is already familiar.

Every friend and official representative of the charitable societies listened to the story with profound interest, trying to find something to ingraft upon his own enterprise. Each was alert to pick up suggestions which would add capital and practical working power to his own scheme,

and, at the close of the narrative, Nicholas was almost overwhelmed with questions from the various dignitaries before him.

When these questions were answered, and the brief discussions to which they gave rise had died away, Nicholas said :

"Gentlemen, the story of my work here is but the prelude to a proposition which I have to make. It should come through weightier words than mine,—from an older man and a man more widely known,—but if the proposition has any strength, it has it in itself and not in me. It is well, perhaps, that it will come to you without any great name and influence behind it, so that you may consider and handle it on its own merits.

"I have, during my few months of experience, become most discouragingly aware of the utter incompetency of the present modes of dealing with pauperism, and I have come to the profound, and what seems to me the irreversible, conviction, that there need not be one hundred willing paupers, at any one time, in the City of New York."

"Oh!" "oh!" "oh!" came up in tones of incredulity from every part of the hall.

Nicholas felt the sting, and it did him good.

"If there had ever been in this city," he went on, "a single great organization, either of benevolence or police, which embraced every district of the city in its surveillance and its offices of administration, and that organization had fallen into a hundred pieces, which had been grasped at and appropriated by opposing sects and rival guilds and associations, we could come to but one conclusion, viz, that the great enterprise of helping the poor was in a state of organized disorganization. That, as I apprehend it, is precisely the condition of this great enterprise to-day. Our organization is disorganization. These warring parts, informed and moved by discordant aims, vitalized by differing and often jarring motives, seeking incongruous ends, ought to be the factors of a harmonious whole. What are you doing now, gentlemen, but paddling around among palliations? What are many of you doing but nourishing—not designedly, of course, and not directly, perhaps, but still nourishing, in spite of yourselves—the very vice whose consequences you are endeavouring to assuage? What are you doing but trying to build up separate interests in a cause which, in its very nature, has but one? How much of private, church and political interest stands organized, aggressive and self-defensive at the head of your great charities? And what have you done? The station-houses are thronged every night with disgusting tramps and paupers who haunt your kitchens for food, who hold out their hands to you in the street, who refuse work when it is offered to them, and who shame the sun-light with their filthy rags. Does your work grow less with all your expenditures?

Is pauperism decreasing? Is it not coming in upon you and beating upon your sympathies and your efforts in constantly augmenting waves?

Nicholas was entirely aware that he had assumed a tone and directness of address that were unbecoming to him, but he had been stirred to them by the sneers and the quiet, amused glances that he witnessed before him.

"I do not intend to make myself offensive to you," he said, "and I beg you to forgive such extravagance as may spring from my deep feeling on the subject."

"Will Mr. Minturn kindly give us his scheme?" said a bland-faced gentleman who rose in the audience.

"With pleasure," Nicholas responded. "I would like to see every charitable organization existing in this city, including my own enterprise, swept out of existence. I would like to see established in their place a single organization whose grand purpose it is to work a radical cure of pauperism. I would like to see the city government, which is directly responsible for more than half the pauperism we have, united in administration with the chosen representatives of the benevolence of the city, in the working out of this grand cure. I would like to see the city divided into districts so small that one man can hold in each, not only a registry of every family living in it, but obtain and preserve a knowledge of each family's circumstances and character. I would have a labour-bureau in every district, in connection with this local superintendent's office. I would have the record of every man and woman even more complete than any that has ever been made by your mercantile agencies. I would have such vagrancy as we find illustrated by the tramps and dead-beats who swarm about the city, a sufficient crime for condemnation to hard labour in prisons and factories built for that purpose. I would make beggary on the street a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. I would have every helpless person understand where help in emergencies can always be had by a representation of facts, subject to immediate and competent examination. I would see the matter so arranged that a premium would be put upon the truth and a ban upon falsehood. Temperance and intemperance should always be considerations in dealing with the poor. There is no limit to the benefits which such an organization as this would have the power to inaugurate and perpetuate, and, gentlemen, I verily believe that under its intelligent and faithful administration we could banish beggars from the streets, introduce a new era of prosperity and virtue among all the suffering poor, and save ourselves forever from the terrible pauperization that curses and almost kills the cities of the old world."

It was a great scheme, or a great dream, and the audience listened to it in profound silence.

"Such, roughly sketched and with but few details, is the outline of a plan in which I have such perfect faith that I am willing to pledge for its support all the money that I feel at liberty to spare from my fortune. I believe in it so entirely, that I should be willing to give my life to it. No argument could heighten my conviction, no demonstration could make me surer of my conclusion."

A curious change had passed over the audience during the quick sketching of this grand scheme. The men who had come in, representing various organizations and enterprises, were at once united in a common front against a plan which would abolish their offices, level the eminences on which they stood, and not only subordinate but destroy their hold upon the public. There was perfect mutual understanding among them in a moment.

One after another rose, uttered his little compliment to Nicholas, expressed his conviction that the people were not ready for so sweeping a measure as this, admitted that the policy of cure had not yet received the attention which its importance demanded, and then each agreed with somebody else that this great army of labourers in the field of public beneficence, fighting their way toward one great end, under different generals, with different motives and watchwords, was a most inspiring sight. Sentiment and rhetoric were harnessed together to draw the dead bull out of the arena, and flowers were tossed upon the carcass as it disappeared.

Nicholas was sick at heart. He had seen the old, shabby trick of attributing to the people the lack of readiness for a desirable reform by leaders whom such a reform would carry out of business too often to fail to gather its meaning. He had been complimented and tolerated ; but the scheme from which he had hoped so much, and to which he was willing to sacrifice so much, had been carefully and politely pooh-poohed out of the realm of possibilities.

So far as he was concerned, the work of the evening was done ; and he was about to say this to the audience before him, when an old gentleman in spectacles arose, and, in moving a vote of thanks to the young man to whom they were all so much indebted, begged the privilege of saying a word on behalf of his Master.

"I have deeply regretted," he said, "that in the whole course of the discussion I have heard no reference to the religious aspect of the matter before us. Christianity, as I apprehend it, is the only available cure for the evils which we are trying to mitigate, and so far as we may be able, to remove. There is a great harvest before us, and what we want is reapers. We want the truth preached to these benighted masses. We need to have the quickening motives of our holy religion implanted

in these dead hearts and unworthy lives. When we accomplish this, we accomplish the only radical cure that seems to me to be possible."

Nicholas could not understand, with his view of the case, why these remarks should receive the secret approval and open applause with which they were favoured, but he had no time to reply before a thin man, with a thin voice, rose to indorse the speech in all its length and breadth,—a task to which a very small man was quite equal,—and to second the motion of thanks.

After the vote of thanks was rendered, Nicholas rose and said :

"Gentlemen, I accept your thanks for all that they mean, and more ; and you will confer a still greater favour upon me if you will all go home and read the parable of the sower. I think that in it you will find that soil is quite as necessary as seed,—indeed that the seed is thrown away, where the fowls of the air pick it up, unless a soil is prepared in advance. I regard an able-bodied pauper as beyond the reach of Christian motives. You might as well preach to a dog as to a liar by profession, which is what every able-bodied pauper is. Christianity is for men and women, and not for those in whom the fact and sense of manhood and womanhood are lost. Don't comfort yourselves with the idea that you are doing what you can for the cure of pauperism by preaching to it. I have a friend who believes in external applications. I do not agree with him entirely, but if I am to choose between a sermon and a rawhide, I am inclined to think that the rawhide will produce the deepest and most salutary impression. I believe in Christianity, but before I undertake to plant it I would like something to plant it in. The sowers are too few and the seed is too precious to be thrown away and lost among the thorns and the stones."

Strangely enough, this pertinent speech, with its very patent truth, received quite as much applause as the speech that drew it forth. Nicholas did not smile. He was not even pleased. He saw that his audience was ready to be moved in any way except that in which he had tried to move them with regard to his scheme. That scheme was dropped by unanimous consent ; and while many pressed around him after the breaking up of the meeting, and tried to assuage his sense of disappointment, he was sick at heart. After all had departed, he went out into the street, weary and despondent. Whither should he go for comfort ?

Whither does any young man go, in like circumstances, when there waits for him the affectionate and sympathetic welcome of one who believes in him, trusts him wholly, and never doubts the wisdom of his schemes any more than she doubts her possession of his heart ?

(To be continued.)

ONLY A PORTRAIT.

AH, lost for aye !—I see again
The features, still so dear to me,
Of one who crossed the angry main,
To fly a love that might not be.

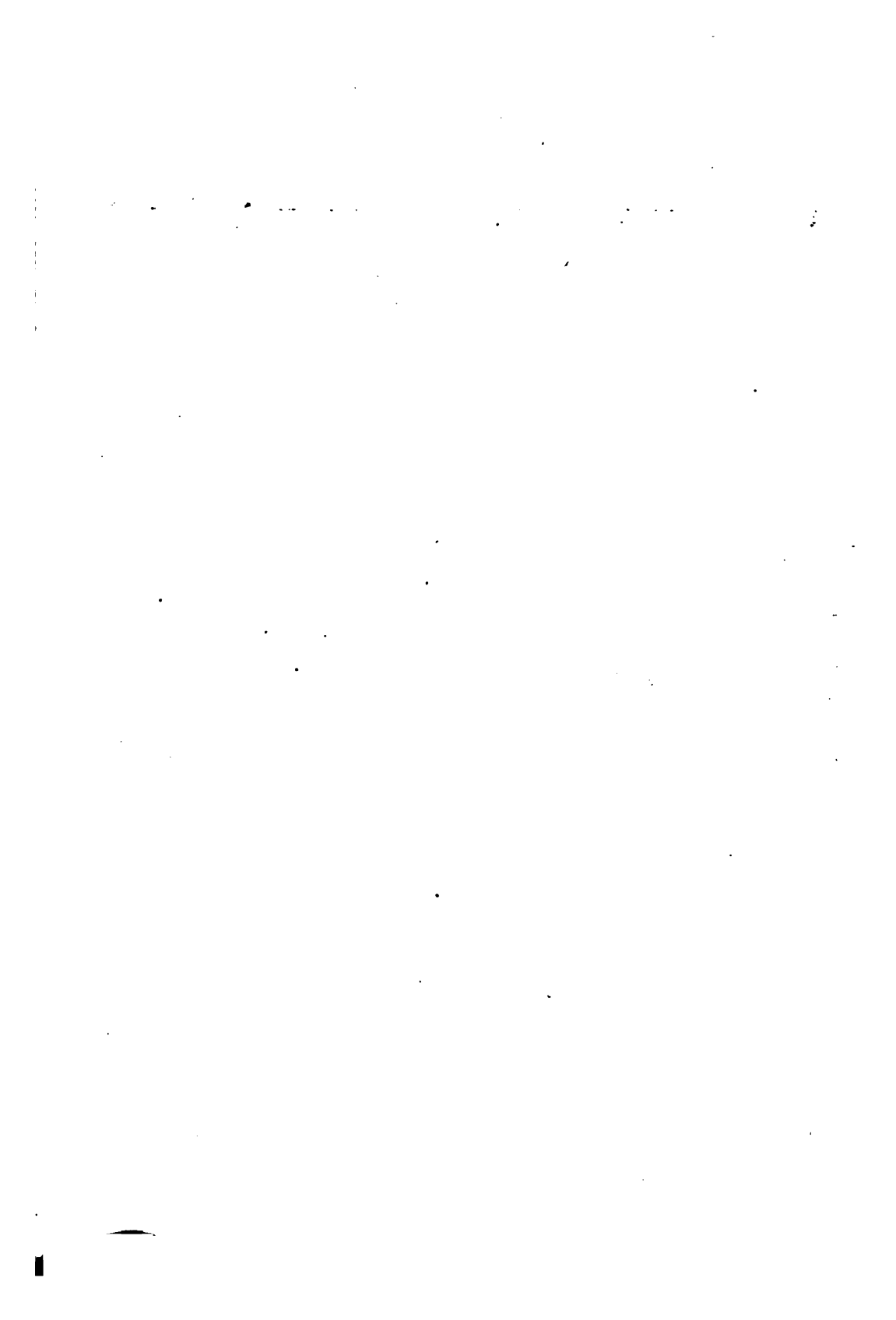
Unrighteous rites, that bound me fast
With worldly mammon's golden chain !
I dread the future, mourn the past,—
For all my love was loved in vain.

No words could tell how hard to bear,
No idle tears my sorrow show ;
I lost the true, and did not dare
To strike for freedom one bold blow.

We parted :—All that now is left
Is this poor portrait, that I hold
And cherish till, of life bereft,
My broken heart is still and cold.



ONLY A PORTRAIT



DUTY AND PLEASURE.

BY JOHN SCHULTE, D.D.

THESE are the two factors of all human actions. Some men pursue pleasure without regard to duty ; others pretend to mind their duties without any expectation of pleasure. As it is in our days so it has always been. Whilst on the one hand the wise saw, "Duty before pleasure," gives us little encouragement in our hard work, so that we are tired of having it dinned into our ears, on the other we are disgusted with the fast living and greedy pursuit of pleasure that meets us on all sides. And this is only a repetition of the experience of former ages. The Stoic philosophers made the path of duty irksome, and deterred men from its pursuit by depriving it of those attractions which nature has associated with it. They plucked the roses, throwing them away as vain allurements, and left the thorns alone in the path, teaching men that true wisdom consisted in being insensible to the pains and difficulties they had to encounter in the pursuit of stern duty. Their maxim, *Virtus per se amabilis*, had the effect of making virtue unloveable in the eyes of those who were unable to see any beauty in mere abstract ideas, but wanted something concrete and practical to stimulate them to perform those things which duty required of them. The Stoic philosophy was not calculated to benefit the masses, as its disciples did not understand the requirements of human nature.

The Epicureans went to the other extreme, measuring duty by the standard of pleasure. According to them nothing was good, attractive, and powerful enough to call forth the energies and pursuits of man, but what afforded pleasure either to mind or body. The constant chase of pleasure was thought by them to be the only business of life. True, they did not exclude mental or æsthetic pleasures. They rather gave them a preponderance over the sensual gratifications, and endeavoured to make them a motive power in the civilization of society, but practically the sensual element of pleasure gained the upper hand, so that to be a follower of Epicure meant the same as to be *unus e porcis Epicuri*.

The fact that meets us everywhere, both in our own experience and on every page of history, is that men want to be pleased. Such is, therefore, their nature ; and if they are required to do their duty, that duty, in some respect or other, must appear pleasant unto them. The orator or author desiring to inculcate the different duties of man will not be successful in his endeavours unless he know how to remove their

stern aspect, and to present them to the eyes of the public in their agreeable and pleasing character. The danger which our leaders in moral and intellectual pursuits and social progress have to encounter, is, that they may be too much given to mental abstractions, and feel inclined to present their abstract ideals for man's imitation, demanding that no element should be found in the concrete and practical act of duty, which is not contained in the abstract idea they have formed of it. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that duty becomes irksome, even detestable, if we have no other idea of it than what these would-be leaders of men give us, separating it from all the agreeable elements which enter into its composition, divesting it of all those pleasing aspects and surroundings with which nature has clothed it, and depriving it of all those delicious fruits which its due performance has to bring forth.

There is, indeed, a seeming antagonism between pleasure and duty ; but most of this has arisen from the limited horizon in which men have viewed either. The wise man knows how to combine and harmonize both together, so as to make pleasure subservient to the perfection of duty, and to derive from duty a reasonable amount of pleasure. Whilst penning these lines, the remark of a fellow-student, who now occupies a conspicuous place among the literary men of Germany, occurs to the mind of the writer. Whilst he used to partake freely of all the amusements of his fellows, he attended also to his studies, so as to be always among the first of his class. At one time he was strongly solicited to join a very agreeable pleasure party, but regretted that he could not do so on account of some important studies which he was bound to accomplish with honour. When his companions would not take his refusal, but temptingly suggested that he should neglect those studies rather than deprive himself of the pleasure the occasion afforded, he replied : "The idea of this neglected work would haunt me all the while, and instead of finding pleasure I would feel miserable." Likewise, many a great man has courageously resisted the temptations to enjoyments which were opposed to the career of duty and honour in which he had resolved to walk.

Yes, we should so combine duty and pleasure, that the performance of the former enhances the value of the latter, and the latter removes all disagreeable accompaniments of the former.

But in order to bring about this harmony, we must view them from a higher standpoint, and consider more deeply than is usually done the relations which God and nature assigned them ; and in doing so we shall endeavour to avoid all abstruse remarks which may weary the attention of the reader.

We said above that pleasure and duty are the two factors of all human actions. In order to understand fully this psychological fact we

have to bear in mind that in all our actions we have an end in view. Without any further argumentation on this point, we hold that this end is our own perfection. But when can we be said to be perfect? When all our faculties and powers have obtained their object. Man is composed of soul and body, and endowed with a number of faculties, each of which has its own particular class of objects, which it pursues with a natural tendency. According to the nature of these objects, and the manner in which they are apprehended, these faculties may be divided into higher and lower. When a faculty has arrived at the full apprehension and possession of its object, it may be said to have attained to its own perfection. And when *all* the faculties, in harmony with each other, have obtained full possession of their objects and are enjoying the fruition of the same, man is complete and perfect; and the fruition which results from this perfection is called happiness.

Having arrived at this point in our reflections, we are on the threshold of two orders, viz., the moral and the physical. These faculties, with their necessary and natural tendencies towards their respective objects, and the natural impulse of the whole man towards his final end, viz., his own complete perfection and happiness, are all lying within the physical order, independent of man. But so to direct his activity that the object of one faculty be obtained without encroaching upon the other, neither impeding nor destroying any God-given power; so to maintain order between the acts and states of these faculties, that the inferior ones never dominate over the higher ones, but all work together in due subordination and harmony; so to steer his course that all his faculties converge towards, and arrive at, the final end proposed by the Creator: all this lies within the sphere of the moral order. It is a practical order not, as yet, realized, but proposed to man's free will to realize it. It comprises all those actions which *must* be put if he wishes to arrive at his ultimate end. This *must* indicates a *moral*, not a physical, necessity. It constitutes what we call the *duty* of man. It is not a mere theoretic order, indicating the relation between certain actions and our final end: there is something more. That end is not posited by us; we perceive that our happiness, or the fulness of our pleasure, depends on our arriving at it; we feel, also, that we have a necessary physical influence towards it; we perceive, too, that this moral order contains the *practical* directions for obtaining it. The connection of such an order, yet to be realized, with the free will of a being that has a natural tendency towards a final end, produces what we may call the *categoric imperative*.

We shall not enter here into all the controversies that have arisen about the nature of this *must*, this command, or categoric imperative. It is agreed by all that it expresses our duty, and is evidently connected with our happiness or pleasure; nay, the very nature of duty consists in its being the means of leading us to happiness.

THE PANTEKALIDESCOPENECROPOLIS COFFEE-MAKER.

THE following paper was found inside of a volume that formed a part of a tied-up parcel of books knocked down to me at a New York auction. It was written in a small crabbed hand, on fine foreign paper, and the writer had dotted every *i* and crossed every *t* with the most perfect regularity. The auctioneer could give me no satisfaction as to the author, beyond stating that "he guessed the lot had remained over from Pyncheon's or Morlack's pile." In answer to a gentle enquiry, I found that Pyncheon was a clergyman of the Congregational body, lately deceased; and that Morlack was "a fool of an old bachelor that cut his throat." Following up the trail of Morlack by further enquiries, I was told that there was an account of his death in some issue of the *New York Times* of March, 1877. A visit to the office of that paper somewhat disappointed me, as there was nothing more on record than a short paragraph, stating that a Coroner's inquest had been held on Mr. Morlack, that the verdict was temporary insanity, that the deceased was known to a few friends as a gentle, inoffensive man, chiefly remarkable for his hatred of all the improvements of modern life and for writing magazine articles that were religiously rejected by all editors. Beyond this, I never heard anything of Mr. Morlack; but the oftener I studied his paper, the more I saw marks of that insanity, which, developing into a hankering after razors, ended in an incurable sore throat. I give the paper now to the public, feeling sure that that was the defunct Morlack's intention when he wrote it:—

MORLACK'S PAPER.

Once upon a time, in a certain house in a suburban region, there was an old-fashioned silver coffee-pot, in which the household coffee had been made for years. Unfortunately, some fiend in human shape bewitched the head of the establishment, Mr. Fashionsetter, to buy a new coffee-pot called The Pantekalidescopenecropolis coffee-maker. This engine was a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, worked by weights, wheels and cranks, and warranted to make coffee for forty people in three minutes. Well, it came home, and the old coffee-pot was consigned to an honourable tomb on the upper shelf of the pantry press, and forty friends were asked to a small coffee-party on the strength of the new investment. After receiving her guests Mrs. Fashionsetter slipped out of the room; in a few moments Fashionsetter himself followed her example; and then Fashionsetter, his wife, two servants, and the boy page, got around

the Grecian instrument (which was placed on the kitchen table), and put in the coffee. Off went the wheel with a whir-r-r, on went the whole apparatus for three minutes, making a noise like a well-to-do saw-mill, a railway engine at a crossing, and a nursery in an infants' home, and at long last (for the three minutes seemed like an hour) the coffee was made, and in due time brought up to the guests. Well, it was horrible coffee. In the first place, it was cold. In the second, it was full of gritty matter, defiant of all chemical analysis; and in the third place, it was bitter as gall. "How do you like the coffee?" asked Mrs. Fashionsetter, "I am really anxious to know for it is the first time we have tried our Pantekalidescopenecropolis coffee-maker." With a face on which agony was written—internal agony, deep, vital, and searching,—the lady nearest to her replied, "it's perfectly beautiful." "Oh, dear Mrs. Fashionsetter," said another verging on sudden death, and evidently a member of the defunct Washington family, who could not lie, "dear Mrs. Fashionsetter, I never tasted anything like it." "Oh," said a gentleman throwing his eye heavenward—possibly in gratitude, probably in pain—"what coffee." That gentleman was preparing to run as a member of Parliament, and was practising oracular expressions full of daring dubiousness. Well, the upshot of that party was, that, in spite of sick headaches, sick stomachs, sick morals (for an amount of ejaculations the reverse of blessings that lay round that drawing-room floor was awful); in spite of all these things, that coffee-pot became fashionable, and every guest invested in one, and that suburban region was cursed with vile coffee for at least one season. It came to pass, however, that one night I happened to drop in on Fashionsetter without any notice, and found him drinking coffee made in the old coffee-pot. Lovely coffee—coffee with an aroma sweet as a Persian garden—coffee worthy of a Mohammedan's Paradise. "Why Fashionsetter," I asked, "what has become of your infer—endowed Pantekalidescopenecropolis coffee-maker?" "Oh," said Mrs. Fashionsetter, coming to the aid of her husband, who was a poor hand at telling a quick, common lie, "we only keep that for our friends, the fact is, it makes the coffee too strong for the dear children." Here Billy (a godchild of mine, and fully able to bring me to the bishop as far as necessary knowledge is concerned) became communicative, stating that his mother had called it "a nuis—" but was cut short in his eloquence by being ordered out of the room; Fashionsetter scowling, his wife's face blazing, Billy's knuckles excavating the corners of his eyes, and the boy page on a broad grin.

Now why should reasonable men and women enter into a voluntary slavery such as this? If Fashionsetter had asked me to spend that evening with him, on which Billy was disgraced for telling the truth, he would have gulped down bad coffee, and so would I, and probably both.

would have complimented Mrs. F. on the perfection to which she had attained as a coffee-maker. The coffee-pot trouble, however, is a very small part of the evil, for the real trouble lies in the fact that fashion will be followed anywhere, even when its sole object appears to be that of making laughing-stocks of us, turning us into ridicule, making us thoroughly miserable.

Take public singing for instance. A crowd of English, Irish, Scotch and Canadian people get together to enjoy a musical entertainment; admission, reserved, one dollar; unreserved, seventy-five cents; humility seats one quarter. The majority come out to enjoy themselves, to gratify their musical tastes, and please their musical ear. Not one in fifty of them are first-class musicians, but all have a keen taste and relish for melody.

If it became fashionable to slip in a small dose of castor oil between the first and second course of a private dinner-party, and a spoonful of senna and salts between the pie and the nuts and almonds, would the guests put up with it? Certainly. What is it? Not as bad surely as badly rendered and worse understood Italian songs, hauled into English programmes, made up for the benefit and comfort and enjoyment of ordinarily educated English-speaking people. Out comes an amateur, a lady never out of Canada in her life, a lady that believes that what she is singing is Italian, but beyond that knows nothing of the language, and off she starts in this unknown tongue, out into the unknown regions of musical geography. Now shaking on a high note as if she had the palsy, now balancing a note till her eyes get very large and her face very red, now up in the sky, now down in a coal pit, and finally ending with a mournful cry as if something had snapped inside, and that she had hurt herself—poor girl. I turn round to my friend Fashioncopy who is sitting beside me in the reserved seats, and say, "Fashioncopy, you are musical, you play the flute, you sing in a choir, what do you think of that?" "It is exquisite," he replies. "Fashioncopy," I say, "look me straight in the face and from the depths of your heart and intellect, tell me the honest truth, what do you think of that?" "I think it is horrible, Sir." "Then why did you applaud and cry *encore*, and injure the floor, and the small toe of my left foot with the ferule of your walking stick?" "Because," whispers Fashioncopy, "it's fashionable to do so. Miss So-and-so is all the rage just now in Italian music."

Now, unfortunately for fashion, I had heard real Italian artists sing that song, and real artists, English born; soul artists, and every note seemed laden with a message of beauty, and the effect of the whole was as if some fairy vessel, rich freighted with spicery and balm, had anchored in the harbour of my soul. Such SOUL (thus in MS.) Singers are as much beyond fashion as an angel, whose lips tremble beneath its message

of Divine praise, is superior to a lifeless butterfly. You may set any words, Tartar, Mohawk, Cherokee, to Soul music, it makes no matter to what barbarian you wed the child of beauty, you cannot seal her lips, or snap the magic chord that binds heart and lip together,—the music thrills out its loving notes careless of earth and earthliness, soaring aloft to gain its destiny of universal admiration. Neither can you imitate Soul music; as well expect the galvanized corpse to blush your cheek with thoughts of love as it presses your trembling hand, or the painted canvass to give forth the sound of rippling water or roar of awful thunder.

And yet though I have no soul to throw into a foreign song, I may have a rich ripe soul that I can throw into some simple ballad or old-fashioned melody. It has been my fate more than once to sit on the platform during public concerts, and I have often felt amused in watching the faces of the audience—those tell-tale faces, those true indexes of spontaneous criticism. Out comes the singer, with the soulless song, and before the first verse is over, all sense of enjoyment has passed away from ninety per cent. of the faces present. Out comes the same singer half an hour after, and the first notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen," or "Coming thro' the Rye," or "Home they brought her warrior dead," lights up the singer's face with such a glory of soul life, that the faces of ninety per cent. are baptized with the reflection of its radiance. Ten per cent. (these are the gods, great Jove and Juno) shrug their fair or manly shoulders, and talk of a low school of music—but high or low or broad it matters not, for real music, after all said and done, is like real speaking, real preaching, real love, real anything; it should touch the heart, a touch that fashion hates, for it has no heart about it.

[The next paragraph seems to give the first plain evidence of that morbid feeling which finally blossomed into the actual madness of the author.—EDITOR.]

A "High School of Music" with its harmonious discords and marvelous fugues may touch the high-strung souls of the highly educated, but why force them on the masses who are only fairly educated? Why should organists, who are supposed to play in aid of worship, destroy the plain simple music of divine service by the introduction of harmonious discords that are perfectly revolting to the uneducated ear? As a rule, three parts of the congregation put down such trophies of art to gross negligence, to want of taste, to actual bad playing, and hence the musical genius who presides at the organ is as much out of his element in an ordinary American church as a fish would be out of water. The day may come (we hardly know if we can say, God speed it) when the public taste shall be so educated that this strong meat will suit them, but it is not now so educated, and it is not fair to a magnificent organist, that he should gain the reputation of being a bad player,

because he gives a crowded congregation, Sunday after Sunday, these classical performances. But the fashion says he must, and where is the Reformer who will dare to say her, Nay? Come ye organists, children of another world, musical prodigies, born before your time, authors of the jarring discord and murdered melody, come here—all of you, under my hands of benediction till I bless you. Go my children, go from this rough world of common melody, to some cool grot,—anywhere, so as you go. Emigrate where lofty winds will prize your every note. Try Boston, and if that fails, stand together my children, apart from vulgar mankind, and wait the openings of the glorious future.

[The next paragraph has madness in every word of it.—EDITOR.]

But singers and organists are nothing, the terrible evil worked by fashion has yet to be described. If I were going to cultivate some lots that I possess in the Moon, at the base of the Appennines, fourth concession of the County of Herschel, I would like previous to emigration to gather a tremendous audience round me, and assault, like a brave coward, the tyranny of fashion over the dress of women. I would not be very hard on men for the simple reason that taken at their best they are a poor awkward lot. I do not wonder at them trying anything that will make them better looking. But I would be hard on women. God has made them as a rule, pretty, It is not an uncommon thing to find them beautiful, and almost always graceful. Why women so formed and made should allow fashion to mar their prettiness, and injure their beauty, and destroy their gracefulness, it is to me amongst all the enigmas of womankind the strangest.

A witty writer (American of course) has fancied how puzzled one of the pilgrim passengers in the old *Mayflower* would be if he came back into the world and saw its changes. Amongst other questions the Puritan Warran is represented as asking the following:—

“ Once more we stepped into the street,
Said Warran—‘ What is that,
Which moves along, across the way,
Like a badly injured cat?

“ ‘ I mean that thing upon two feet
With feathers on its head,
With monstrous lump bedecking it,
Like an infant’s feather bed.

“ ‘ It has the gift of speech I hear,
But sure it can’t be human?’
‘ My resurrected friend,’ said I,
‘ That’s what we call a WOMAN.’”

Now nature never meant a woman to walk “ like a badly injured cat.” There is nothing so beautiful as the free, easy, ladylike carriage of a well

made woman "in whose step the goddess stands confessed." Nature never distorted the female form with a feather bed appendage, or intended that the graceful spinal curve should look like a fishing rod with a twenty pound salmon tugging at the line ; and surely nature never meant that that exquisitely shaped head, arched and dome-like, should be degraded into the position of a hay-cart, with a load of hay toppling to the fall. Not from nature came the order that woman should encase herself in coloured sacks so tightly drawn in warp and woof across the form as to destroy, once, forever and finally, the easy graceful carriage, the majestic and —— yes, out with it—the modesty of the fair sex. Nay, nature intended woman to be, what she is, a fool, if she is not, the loveliest, the most graceful, the most perfectly moulded, of all the living things of God's creation.

O ye women—O deadly fashion ! O—

Here the manuscript of Morlack came to a sudden end. I fancy that he never ended it, or can it be (awful thought !) that the terrible picture of womankind that his own morbid fancy had created so acted on his fevered imagination that he laid down his pen, and taking up the deadly razor gave it its final strapping. "Morlack !" replied the auctioneer, "he was a fool of an old bachelor that cut his throat."

JAMIX.

CAPTURE OF FORT DETROIT.

A. D. 1812.

THE summons spread throughout the land, the summons to the brave ;
 It speeded west to far Saint Clair and north to Huron's wave.
 And fast into the forest wild its thrilling notes did float ;
 It called the woodman from his toil, the fisher from his boat.
 And high upon the mountain lone and deep within the dell,
 The red man heard it's stirring tones and answered to them well.
 In haste they came responsive to their country's call for aid,
 The young, the old, the white, the red, for Truth and Right arrayed.
 Their arms were strong, their mettle true, but few in numbers they—
 To cope in arms upon the field against the great array
 That came with pomp and martial blare, with banners flaunting free,
 To hurl the Lion from the land, and drive him o'er the sea,
 So that the Eagle might have room it's pinions to expand,
 And shake its gaudy feathers over our Canadian land.
 On marched the force invading, looking at their foe in scorn,
 And sure that they would vanish like the mist before the morn,

But hearts of giant might were there that know not how to fear,
And willing hands were waiting to provide a bloody bier,
And warmly did they welcome the approach of that proud band,
That came to conquer and subdue their fair, free, noble land.
And then in haste and terror back unto their native shore
The boastful host went surging, their advance was quickly o'er.
Behind them thronged the heroes, while a bright chivalric glow
Went flashing o'er their faces as they chased the beaten foe.
"No time for rest!" cried Brock the Brave, "Let's conquer now or die
And swart Tecumseth at his side re-echoed back the cry.
And fast and far, from rank to rank, the thrilling orders came,
That they must cross the river in the face of shot and flame.
And on they went undaunted, they, the bravest of the brave,
They thought then but of honour, and they thought not of the grave.
Their leader's tow'ring figure stood erect in his canoe,
And o'er him England's banner out upon the breezes blew.
Ah! who at such a moment, and with such a leader there,
With such a flag above him would of victory despair?
Not one, I ween, who followed through the midst of shot and shell,
The grand heroic figure that they knew and loved so well.
They reached the shore, they scaled the beach, and from a favored post,
They hurled like chaff before the wind the huge opposing host;
That fled for shelter to the fort, where shelter there was none,
For flashing fire on ev'ry side boomed out each 'leaguer's gun.
"Advance! advance!" rang out the cry along the line of red,
"Advance! advance!" in trumpet tones their noble leader said.
With answering cheers upon their lips obeyed the willing men,
While far and wide on ev'ry side upstarting from the glen
The painted Indians whooping came and raised a dreadful din,
And rushed along with bounding step the carnage to begin.
But—oh, what now? The charge is checked, and all along the line
The men in wonder see, and stop in answer to the sign—
That by their leader's hand is made. My country, can it be
That he has craven-hearted turned? No craven heart is he!
See high above yon bastioned wall that flutt'ring flag of white,
Where Stripes and Stars a moment since were glitt'ring on the sight,
And list adown the joyous ranks the thrilling tidings go:
"The fort has fallen into our hands, and with it all the foe!"
A cheer triumphant rang aloud o'er forest, field, and plain,
And distant echoes caught its notes and pealed them forth again.
Right proudly beat the hearts I trow of all that gallant few,
As flaunting o'er the battlements the flag of England flew,
While clad in blue, with looks as blue, long lines of captives came,
Who answered back with sullen look the victors' loud acclaim,
As from the ramparts of the fort they made the welkin ring
With plaudits loud for Brock the Brave, and cheers for England's King.

C. E. JAKEWAY, M. D.

Stayner, Ont.

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

I.

"Two to one we beat them easily."

"What do you call easily? Put it in betting form, and I'll say 'Done.'"

"Well—of course it may be by runs or wickets, you know, but I'll give two to one in V's we beat them by thirty runs or four wickets."

The scene was the ante-room of a military mess—the time, after dinner,—the speakers, an officer and a civilian; the latter being captain of an eleven that was going down the next week to play against Port Hope, and who was quite ready, as we have seen, to back his team for an easy victory.

At that time the —th were stationed in Toronto, and although not a particularly strong cricketing regiment, they had several very fair players, and were to contribute three of them for service in the forthcoming match. Amongst these, it is scarcely necessary to say, was *not* to be found Captain Reginald Gordon, who had so readily accepted a bet offered as the readiest answer to his sneer as to the prowess of the military contingent of the Toronto team. For Captain Gordon was, with all his faults, far too much of a gentleman to utter a word which would reflect upon a guest or any of his civilian friends of the mess; while Bertie Osborne, the captain of the eleven, was quite ready to back his choice against all comers.

Have any of our readers ever met the bully of a military mess? If not, it is of little consequence, for he differs in no particular worth mentioning from those of the same *genus* who are to be met with in the family circle. There is a gentlemanly gloss, an observance, especially when guests are present, of a military etiquette, very rigid upon certain points, but the bully stands out none the less plainly; the man of whom the lovers of peace and quietness are all afraid, and who, though he has not one warm friend, has more done for him, and gets more of his own way, than the pet of the regiment.

Bertie Osborne, on the contrary, was a light-hearted, easy-going, good-natured fellow, who was very popular with men, as well as with ladies, a rather rare combination. He was short and squarely built, with grey eyes and light wavy hair, and looked, as indeed he was, the picture of health and activity.

Between these two gentlemen there had existed lately an unacknowledged rivalry for the favour of Miss Blanche Raymond, who was then the reigning belle of Port Hope. Osborne and she had been fast friends

for some time, although nothing of positive lovemaking had passed between them, and the question now was whether, owing to the great prevalence of *scarlet fever* (as the mania of young ladies for the military was then termed,) she would not throw him over for the sake of the captain, if he really made an effort to induce her to do so.

The opinions of the youngsters of the mess were divided upon this point, as they were also upon the result of the cricket match, and bets were freely given and taken, Bertie Osborne being backed to win or to lose *the double event*. And indeed matters were not as much in his favour as might be supposed, for the Port Hope Club were particularly strong that year, and Captain Gordon had made great running with Miss Raymond at a picnic the week before, and there lay up stairs in his room at that moment a pair of ear-rings, of the delicate pink shade of coral then so fashionable, which he intended giving her for a philopœna which she had won on that occasion.

Very probably Gordon had some idea of what was going on in the matter, but if so he kept it pretty much to himself, allowing his hangers-on to back him, with perfect confidence as to the result, at least as far as the love part of it was concerned; for the cricket he did not care much, beyond a dislike to Captain Alison, one of the team, and a habit of running down any sport which he did not himself care for.

"Oh! Alison," said Bertie Osborne, "don't forget that there is to be a dance afterwards at the Raymonds'—of course you will be asked, they will probably send an invitation to the Regiment; so you must take something more than your flannels."

"Yes," put in Gordon, with an assumption of entire indifference, "they will invite the Regiment, but I don't suppose many will go down, beyond the players, and they will be so used up with their exertions in fielding, that they won't be good for much."

"No doubt of it," said Osborne, "for we expect a good score from each of them besides. But they can look in for a little while."

"Ah! What they do between the wickets won't tire them," said Gordon. "Are you going to take your servant down, Alison?" he asked.

"No, but Llewellyn is; and he can do all that the three of us want. In fact, he is such a drunken brute he doesn't care to leave him behind."

"Fact," said Lieutenant Llewellyn, "he is a first rate man if you keep your eye on him, but—aw—if I left him, he might shut himself up in my room and drink all day, great man for the whiskey—is Flood."

"Well," said Gordon, "I haven't made up my mind yet whether to go down or not, but I certainly shan't take my man. You'll let Flood see after my traps, won't you?"

By what process of ethics Captain Gordon reconciled the foregoing

statement with his conscience, it is hard to say—perhaps he did not do so at all. Certainly he had not the slightest intention of being absent on that occasion ; on the contrary, he intended to make a very decided assault upon the citadel of Miss Blanche's heart, and was reserving the ear-rings to take down with him, rather than send them by post.

II.

Blanche Raymond was a frank, lively, good-hearted girl ; rather quick-tempered, but equally ready to forgive and forget. She was somewhat vain, however, and, as is not uncommon with vain people, very sensitive as well. Her's was a rather rare sort of beauty—dark hazel eyes, and a beautiful clear, fresh complexion, with the golden red hair which was then, and still is, we believe, so very popular.

The Raymonds were one of the leading families in Port Hope, both as regards family and wealth, and their beautiful grounds were admirably adapted for supplementing the fine ball-room at any festivity in the summer season. Mrs. Raymond, the mother, had been a widow for many years, but the family had had as its head, until about six months before our story opens, Frank, the eldest son. Just after Christmas he had married, and settled in Toronto, where he pleased his mother, and deluded himself, (but not his friends), with the idea that he was studying law. There was no pecuniary necessity for this as he had been amply provided for by his father's will, but the family thought it better he should have some occupation. It was during her last visit to him, terminating about a fortnight ago, that Blanche first met Captain Gordon, and seemed to hesitate between him and Bertie Osborne, whose undivided allegiance she had hitherto graciously accepted, and whom she now seemed half unwilling to throw over, although dazzled by the dashing audacity of the soldier, and the novelty and glory of having a military lover. Bertie had the doubtful advantage of being an old friend, and the undoubted one of being on such intimate terms with the family, that their house was always his home when in Port Hope. His greatest chum, Charley Raymond, was then at home for the vacation, from Trinity College, where he was studying with the intention of taking Orders. He was a first-rate cricketer, and was to play against Toronto in the forthcoming match.

The eventful day at length arrived, bright and hot enough to suit the most enthusiastic lover of the game. The Toronto Eleven had come down the night before, and Bertie Osborne and Charley Raymond were enjoying their cigars on the lawn after breakfast, reclining at the foot of a fine elm, where Blanche and her younger brother "Pudgery" as he was familiarly called, had been chatting with them. Pudgery was a mischievous imp of fourteen, who never hesitated at anything that answered

his purpose, and was at once the idol and terror of his only sister. He was her sworn ally in all proceedings offensive or defensive, and her chap-eron in the absence of his elder brothers, and yet for a good bit of fun he would not hesitate to sacrifice even her, and Blanche lived in constant terror of his allusions to the *old buffer*, as he termed Captain Gordon, whose thirty-six years seemed in his youthful eyes little better than the age of Methuselah.

"I think I ought to offer a cigar-case," said Blanche, "to whichever of you two makes the highest score."

"Pshaw, Blanche!" said Pudgcy, "do talk grammar! say 'higher score.' Besides, you don't suppose Charley would care for a cigar-case of yours. You had better say that if Mr. Osborne doesn't beat his score, you'll give it to the Old Buf——"

"Oh, Mr. Osborne!" broke in Blanche, rather excitedly, considering the commonplace nature of her question, "What would be the best time for us to go to the ground? Would three be too early? we want to see as much of the game as possible."

"Oh, no!" said Bertie, "I am sure the earlier you come the better; as far as the game is concerned, it will encourage us to put forth all our powers."

"Four would be soon enough," said Pudgcy, "I heard Captain Gordon say he would not be there before, as the ladies did not come until then, and they were all that was worth looking at"—. And he gave a hideous grin at the cricketers.

"Now Pudgcy," said Blanche, "you have not seen Captain Gordon, so don't talk nonsense."

"Indeed then, I did," said Pudgcy; "I saw him at the hotel last night, and I believe he was half screwed. He arranged with Dick Balfour to play a billiard match—three games of 100 points—for twenty dollars, at two this afternoon, and they would be done in plenty of time to go to the match. He said he could beat any d—— Canadian in that time, even at the American game."

After which speech Pudgcy seemed to think that he had put his foot in it sufficiently, so he made off as hard as he could, and Blanche following him, Bertie and Charley were left to prepare for a start to the ground.

III.

When the Raymonds reached the cricket field, shortly after three o'clock, the Port Hope Club were near the end of their second innings. They had gone in first and scored seventy-eight, which the Toronto men had followed with 103. Now they had six wickets down and had made about sixty, so that the more sanguine of them still entertained great hopes of winning the match. But these hopes did not seem likely to be

speedily realized, for though the *tail* of the eleven made a very fair stand, the last wicket fell for eighty-three runs, leaving Toronto only fifty-nine to win. Bertie Osborne and Llewellyn then went in, and playing a little carefully at first, seemed to demoralize the bowling before long, and knocked the ball about the field with apparent impunity. Bertie was in his element—his eye was in, and he was thoroughly warmed up to his work, nor did there seem much prospect of disturbing his timber-yard. Unfortunately, however, his eye caught the figure of Captain Gordon coming on the field, just as a *bailer*, which required careful handling, was bowled. Thinking only of the Captain, he hit at it with all his might, and though he managed to catch the ball, it was only to send it up into the air, making an easy catch for long-off. Still as the wicket fell for thirty-one runs, of which twenty-three were Bertie's, he seemed in a fair way to win his bet.

It was a source of consolation to him, too, that he was now at liberty to join the Raymonds, and that Gordon could not monopolize Blanche while he was occupied with the game. Captain Gordon, however, looked upon the matter in a very different light; he would almost rather have lost his bet, and let Bertie beat them off his own bat, if he could have a good talk with Miss Blanche that afternoon. He had the ear-rings in his pocket, and was looking out for a good opportunity of giving them to her. But the opportunity did not seem to present itself. Had it been otherwise, the cream of this truthful narrative would never have happened, and the "Double Event"—take it in what sense you will—would not have been worth recording. All along, indeed, circumstances had gone against the gallant Captain. He found that his servant had packed his portmanteau very carelessly; had left out all his white ties, and put in an old pair of dress trousers which had no less than two buttons off, and one loose. He had looked around in vain to find Flood, and had to tip one of the hotel men to take them to a tailor's for the necessary repairs. Then he could not find any white ties to his liking in all the shops he enquired at, and had at last to trust to Llewellyn, or one of the other officers, having brought some spare ones. In this frame of mind he met Dick Balfour, to play the match of billiards he had engaged to—an enterprize which had seemed much simpler after dinner the night before than it did by daylight. Nor did the defeat which he suffered at the hands of the valiant Canadian Champion tend to put him in a more amiable frame of mind. And no sooner had he made his salutations to the family, and addressed one or two commonplaces to Blanche, than he saw Osborne coming out of the dressing-room, with the evident intention of joining them.

"Really, Miss Raymond!" he said, taking but little pains to hide his annoyance. "It does seem as if I were fated never to have a word with

you. I had so much to say to you, and something to give you as well, if those horrid people would only let us alone. Do you remember the picnic in Toronto, and the——?"

"See the conquering hero comes!" shouted Pudgey, as Bertie approached them, and the whole attention of the party was drawn to him.

"We congratulate you, old fellow! go in and win—win a better match than this," he added, with a wink at Blanche, and a very knowing look, which caused Bertie and Blanche as well as Captain Gordon to turn very red, the latter with indignation at the whole affair.

"Be quiet, Pudgey! do!" exclaimed Blanche, in a whisper, "this is no place for such jokes."

"All right, Sis!" said Pudgey, with unusual meekness. "I tell you what," he added, "she's the girl to keep a fellow straight! give her her head, and she'll pull well, but if you try to drive her with a tight rein you'll find——"

"I suppose you must stay till the game is over," said Blanche, addressing Bertie, scarcely knowing, and not caring, what she said, so long as Pudgey was silenced.

"Not if you wish to go," replied Bertie. "I must take off my cricket shoes, but that will not keep me a moment," and he disappeared.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Blanche," said Pudgey, in a brotherly aside; "he didn't come down in his cricket trousers, and he can't leave the other ones behind. He might as well give 'em to you now, for if he ever gets you, you're bound to wear them sooner or later; and I'll bet——"

"Pudgey, this is intolerable!" said poor Blanche, turning scarlet. She could not tell whether Captain Gordon had overheard this last speech or not, but felt so miserable that she joined her mother, who was seated a few yards off. Now the Captain had not heard it, and could not understand Miss Blanche's conduct at all. So he contented himself with engaging her for the first valse that evening, and then left the ground, resolving to hunt up Flood, and send him to the house with the ear-rings and a note immediately.

In the meantime Bertie returned, having proved the truth of Pudgey's remark by changing his cricketing-dress; and he, too, was surprised and somewhat puzzled to find the Raymonds had no apparent intention of leaving; but, as Blanche seemed to be put out, he said nothing.

However, the game was not long in coming to a conclusion; for shortly after five o'clock Toronto was declared the winner, with five wickets to fall, and so Bertie Osborne won his bet.

IV.

Meanwhile Captain Gordon walked moodily to his hotel. He was angry with himself and angry with Blanche for not showing the more decided preference for him which he was sure she felt, and giving him

an opportunity of seeing more of her. It would have given him great pleasure to get hold of anyone with whom he could find a just pretext for a quarrel, and he laid up in his mind a store for his own servant and Flood, if he could find him, which would have struck terror into both their hearts.

It was not until nearly six, when Llewellyn came back from the match, that he was put into a better frame of mind by the lieutenant promising him two white ties, if he required them, and finding Flood for him to fulfil his demands. Flood, unfortunately, was not exactly in that state of clearness requisite for the execution of a very complicated message; but he was an old soldier, so he mustered all his steadiness and stood at attention, looking as wise as an owl. The waiter who had taken the trowsers to be mended, described the shop where they were to be found; and Captain Gordon and his master impressed upon him the locality of the Raymonds, and he was told to call at the tailor's for the trowsers, and then to leave the *small* parcel and the note at the Raymonds, and bring the *large* one from the tailor's to the captain at the hotel. At the start he was not very clear about the exact destination of anything, and a glass of whiskey which he took to clear his intellect had anything but the desired effect. However, he managed to find the tailor's, and they gave him the parcel he asked for. Then he started to fulfil the rest of his errand, taking one glass more at a tavern to assist him in the task. Fortunately (or the reverse, whichever our readers may prefer), he had the note addressed to Miss Raymond, and by shewing it to almost every person he met, he contrived to reach the Raymonds about seven, just as they had finished a hasty dinner, the invitations being out for eight o'clock.

The maid-servant who opened the door was half-frightened at discovering a very red-faced, gooseberry-eyed, individual, who held in his hands a parcel and a note.

"Parsh!—Mish Raymon—howshe?" he muttered, standing stiffly at attention.

The girl took them from him, and carried them into the drawing-room, just as the gentlemen came in from their wine.

"Why, Blanche, my dear," said Mrs. Raymond, "what can it be? I did not know you expected anything to-night. But I suppose the note will explain."

"Yes, mamma," said Blanche, as she opened the note. "Oh dear," she added, glancing at its contents, "how very unnecessary. It is a philopœna that I took with Captain Gordon in Toronto, and which he seems to think it necessary to pay."

"Come, Sis," exclaimed Pudgey, "let us see the love token. What has the Old Buffer considered worthy of being offered at such a shrine?"

"Yes, Blanche," said Charley, "we're all friends here, you may as well open it."

Blanche glanced at her mother.

"I dare say Mr. Osborne will excuse you if you do, my dear," said Mrs. Raymond, who was not devoid of curiosity, and having her own preference for Bertie, wished him to be treated as one of the family, and no secret made of the payment of a philopœna by Captain Gordon.

Accordingly Blanche proceeded to untie the knot, while Pudgley snatched up the note, and read aloud:

"MY DEAR MISS RAYMOND,

"Please accept the accompanying philopœna, which I would have given you before if I had had an opportunity. Will you wear them to-night for my sake.

"Ever yours,

"—— Hotel,

"REGINALD GORDON.

"Wednesday afternoon."

Just as he finished, his sister removed the string, and with a look of bewilderment which increased each moment, she opened the parcel, and unfolded a *pair of black dress trousers!*

"Good gracious! there must be some mistake," exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Raymond.

"Just the very thing for you, Blanche!" shouted Pudgley, while his sister turned crimson. "And of course you will wear them to-night, for his sake, dear Old Buffer!"

"It is perfectly disgraceful," exclaimed Charley, "I'll horsewhip the fellow myself, as sure as my name's Ray——"

"No, no, Charley," put in Bertie, "let me do Captain Gordon the justice to say that I am sure he would not be guilty of such a coarse joke upon any lady, far less upon Miss Blanche."

"But the note," replied Charley, "you can't get over that." And then, in spite of his indignation, he was obliged to laugh. "What do you think, mamma?" he asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Raymond, "it is certainly very extraordinary, but I agree with Mr. Osborne, that it must be a mistake."

"Not at all," said Pudgley, "you know what I told you this afternoon, Sis. He must have heard me, and he's of my opinion in the matter."

"If I might suggest," said Bertie, "the wisest course would be to suspend judgment. Captain Gordon will be here soon to answer for himself, and then the mystery will be solved."

And this was agreed to *nem. con.*

V.

But Captain Gordon did not appear to solve the mystery. He waited impatiently for the return of Flood, but that individual did not put in

an appearance. Finally, his brother officers, and the rest of the Toronto team who were staying at the hotel, started off, leaving him to follow, not without some suggestions that he ought to exchange into a Highland regiment, as in that case he would have no occasion to wait. None of this did Gordon take very good-naturedly, but he said little, being resolved to wreak his vengeance on Flood.

On arriving at the house, and paying his respects to his hostess, Llewellyn was surprised at a very pointed inquiry from Mrs. Raymond as to the reason of Gordon's non-appearance. He was rather embarrassed as to what reply to make, and so stammered something to the effect that he believed he was not very well, but perhaps would come later.

"Mr. Llewellyn," interposed Charley Raymond, "you would not, I am sure, purposely conceal anything, or be guilty of any prevarication; and when I tell you that we have a serious reason for asking you the question, I have no doubt you will answer it."

"Aw, certainly," said Llewellyn. "Fact is, he is, aw, delayed by my man not having returned from the tailor's with an article of dress; and he was to have called here on the way, too, with a parcel for Miss Raymond, so,—aw,—you may be able to tell us something as to his whereabouts."

"May I ask you what the parcel was?" said Mrs. Raymond.

"It was—aw,—I believe, a philopœna, a pair of ear-rings, Gordon said; but I have not seen them."

"I think that will explain matters quite satisfactorily to everyone but the gallant captain," said Charley Raymond. "However," turning to Llewellyn, "I must get you to set matters right with him," and he drew him aside with a suppressed chuckle. "Fact is, his trowsers didn't come home, that was it, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, they are here."

"Here?"

"Yes. Your man left them here for my sister, and has taken back the ear-rings for Gordon to wear this evening, I suppose;" and both of them, as they realized the absurdity of the mistake, burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"But look here, Llewellyn," said Charley, as the full bearing of the matter dawned upon him, "this must be kept perfectly quiet. It puts my sister in a very awkward position. You see," he very innocently added, "in the note he asks her to wear them this evening for his sake—meaning the ear-rings, of course."

"Oh,—aw—of course,—I see;" rather drily, and with a tremendous effort to look serious. "Perhaps it would be better for me to run

across—aw—and explain matters to Gordon,” he added, “I don’t mind taking the trowsers over.”

“Well, it would be very kind of you, I am sure, and you could bring Gordon back with you.”

“Yes, that is—aw—if he will come,” said Llewellyn, rather dubiously.

“Come? of course he will come!” exclaimed the hospitable Charley, “the story won’t go any further.”

But Captain Gordon would not come. He was perfectly furious while Llewellyn, who laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, described the whole scene, with such additions as his fancy painted. As soon as he satisfied himself that the Raymonds knew that it was entirely a mistake, he declined to have anything to do with them, or the party, or indeed Port Hope. He got the ear-rings from Flood, who was brought back later in the evening in a helpless state, but he never sent them to Blanche, or made any explanation.

Meanwhile a very enjoyable evening was spent by the guests at Mrs. Raymond’s, though the absence of Captain Gordon was remarked by all the young ladies with surprise and regret. They knew he was in town, for they had seen him in the street and on the cricket-ground, and the explanation that he was “not very well” given by his friends with a smile (tho’ they were ignorant of the best half of the story), only served to make it more mysterious.

The most that could be got out of them was a remark made by Captain Alison to a Miss Dove, from Cobourg, that he believed he was meditating an exchange into a highland regiment. And she having cross-questioned Miss Raymond on the subject without getting much information, resolved to settle the matter by an appeal to Captain Gordon himself the very first time she saw him.

The whole story was never known in Port Hope, and any of the inhabitants reading this, who may remember the Raymonds’ party, will learn for the first time the real reason of Captain Gordon’s non-appearance. Llewellyn was so far faithful to his promise of secrecy that he said not a word out of the regiment. In it, however, the gallant Captain had a very unhappy time; his old *prestige* was gone, and though little was said to him, the quiet smile was worse than the most direct taunts. A few weeks afterwards, too, he met old Mr. Dove, of Cobourg, at a large dinner-party in Toronto, and was very innocently asked if the report he had heard from his daughter was true, and that he was about to exchange into a highland regiment.

This settled the matter, for Gordon felt sure that the whole story was known, and he obtained leave of absence on “urgent private affairs,” and shortly afterwards was successful in negotiating an exchange though *not* into a highland regiment. And so Bertie Osborne won THE DOUBLE EVENT.

W. I. D.

TO-NIGHT.

How thou wilt smile to-night,
 And witching seem, to other eyes than mine ;
 Whilst my poor eyes,
 Bending beneath my lonely candle light,
 Con some sage line,
 And seek to grow more wise.

I almost hear the sound
 Of thy sweet laughter, charming other ears ;
 Whilst mine hear naught
 In the sad stillness compassing me round,
 And nothing cheers
 My melancholy thought.

My foolish wandering hands
 Half fancy that they feel thy snowy fingers,
 That thrilling touch
 Another's palm, weaving those unseen bands :—
 Oh, memory lingers
 About thy form, too much !

My throbbing anxious heart
 Half hopes that thine will be a little sad,—
 More sad than gay,—
 Because we are so very far apart ;
 Yet thou art glad,
 Hearing what others say.

Heart, hands and listening ears,
 Mourn not for what you never may attain ;
 But calmly bear
 Your weary burden through the coming years,
 Hoping to gain,
 At last, a rest from care.

Montreal.

BARRY DANE.

AN ORIENTAL POCAHONTAS.

It is somewhat alarming to observe how many of the historical verdicts long thought unquestionable have latterly been seriously challenged, if not wholly set aside. Looking through the spectacles of Mr. Froude, the Eighth Henry, almost universally deemed a moral monster, ranking with Nero, Domitian, and the like, becomes, not indeed a very scrupulous monarch, or refined or considerate gentleman, but an energetic and sagacious ruler, and a bluff, hearty, and rather deservedly popular man. Trusting Mr. Carlyle, Bosworth Smith, and others, Mohammed, long regarded as Anti-Christ, or Apollyon incarnate, was an inspired prophet of the Lord, as he is the accepted prophet of a hundred millions of people, and worthy a prominent place in the pantheon of history. Following De Quincy, Judas Iscariot, whose name has not hitherto been very savoury in Christian nostrils, was a weak, vain, and somewhat sordid creature, yet probably well meaning, certainly evincing by his subsequent penitence no slight susceptibility to good, and, however sinning, quite as much sinned against by humanity since.

Nor, only are we asked to revise our opinions of many of the prominent personages of history, but of many of its most interesting events—or alleged events—as well. For the book-worms, boring their way through shelves of dusty old toms, that nobody but themselves cares a brass farthing for, are ungraciously assuring us that most of the charming stories wherein a heroic virtue was manifested, and a poetic justice done, and which were so dear to our youthful hearts, are all sheer illusions : or with so slight a substratum of truth, that they might about as well be. Thus, our ideal friends, Damon and Pythias, contending which should die for the other, that the wretched despot might not fail of a victim, have vanished into air. The story of Tell and the apple, dear to all tyrant-haters, as one that certainly ought to be true, is resolved into a delightful myth without the slightest foundation in reality. And now come Messrs. Bryant and Gay, in their "Popular History of the United States," telling us that the romantic legend of Pocahontas saving the life of that dashing knight-errant, Capt. John Smith, by throwing herself upon his body just as was about to descend the fatal blow, must share the same fate. What might have been in the dusky Desdemona's heart to do for the fair and evidently captivating Othello, who seems to have been about equally successful in arms and amours, had opportunity offered, it is of course impossible to say. What she did do for him appears to have been *nil* ; though, that Smith, or some other

equally veracious historian of new-world adventures, is responsible for the tale is evident. But, if obliged to give up Pocahontas, in the rôle of the generous saviour of her people's foe, we may still cling to her in the character of the beautiful young wife of Rolfe, and the ancestress of some of the first families in Virginia. And this, if not quite as pleasing to the imagination, may be pronounced quite as useful a part to enact as would have been the rescue from death of the vagabondish and braggart Smith.

Nor are these, say our terribly incredulous friends, the only delightful illusions under which men have long lived. The animating story of regicide Goffe, appearing to rally the Massachusetts' colonists, when defeated by the Indians, and leading them—his white hair streaming on the wind—to victory; the legend of Casabianca, the boy-hero of the Nile, who would not leave his post till his father summoned—so finely celebrated by Mrs. Hemans; and the tale of the boy, Washington, confessing that he could not tell a lie, and that, with his little hatchet, him self had felled the favourite tree—are all relegated to the fruitful fable-land. In some terror we ask, What revered image is to be shattered—what long-credited history is to be invalidated—next? Perhaps Washington himself—we hope he will be spared through this century at all events—will be proved a myth; and Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts," concerning Napoleon be deemed conclusive of the non-existence of that doughty hero of a hundred battles. Possibly we may reach the condition of universal scepticism; doubting with Berkeley the existence of matter, and with Hume the existence of spirit—or at least the provableness of neither.

But before surrendering all faith in historical accuracy, and perhaps in objective reality, it will do us no harm to listen to a pleasant tale of an eastern, and, as the world goes, barbarous princess. Be it true or false we know not. We know that it is largely, and in its main features universally, credited amidst the scenes of its alleged occurrence. Its perusal may beguile a few leisure moments. Resembling so greatly the story before-mentioned, the scene of which was laid on the western continent, we venture to christen it a tale of *An Oriental Pocahontas*.

The little island of Mauritius lies about five hundred miles east of Madagascar, and just north of the southern tropic. So far as natural scenery is concerned, it is one of the most picturesque places on the globe. Though not its original discoverers, the Dutch twice attempted and twice abandoned its colonization; finding it apparently a somewhat more difficult enterprise than *the capture of Holland*, in which, as all the world knows, they have been remarkably successful. Soon after their final departure from the island, it was occupied by the French, and be-

came one of their most interesting and prosperous colonies. Who does not know it as the scene of St. Pierre's charming little prose-poem of Paul and Virginia ?

Though the Dutch, in essaying their settlement, had imported a considerable number of Malagash slaves into the island, they were quite unable to retain them in subjection. Many of them fled to the mountains immediately on landing, where they bade defiance to all efforts for their re-capture. Yet the French did not profit by the experience of their predecessors ; nor did they take warning from the presence of many maroons in the island, by whose depredations they were constantly annoyed. Scarcely did they touch the shore before they, also, dispatched vessels to Madagascar for human cargoes. The Malagash, however, are a very different people from the continental Africans. They are reputed to have more or less Arab blood in their veins ; are of a war-like temperament ; and have made some progress in civilization. Many of them have straight hair, regular features, and a rich, olive complexion, making them fair to look upon ; while more erect and comely forms than some we remember, it would be difficult to find anywhere. Such a people would not meekly accept a yoke of slavery. To protect the officers and crews of vessels engaged in this nefarious traffic against probable uprisings of the captives, it was found necessary to send on each ship a considerable armed force. The sort of persons that enlisted in such undertakings, those who remember the American slave-traders and slave-hunters of twenty-five years ago, will readily understand.

On one occasion it happened that a certain Grenville de Torval, was sent in command of the ship's guard. From the name and the traditions he seems to have been a somewhat superior person to most of those employed in the same business. The vessel in which he sailed, instead of seeking a harbour along the shore of the mainland, for some reason dropped anchor beside the little isle of Ste. Marie, a short distance from the coast of Madagascar, and where the French at this day have a settlement. Here de Torval and his suite landed, and entered into communication with the chieftian of the region. They were received with no little seeming frankness and cordiality ; were rarely and sumptuously feasted ; and amused with such primitive games and pastimes as the barbaric king and court could devise. To all these the legends abundantly testify, though they require no description here. After spending a day and an evening in boisterous revelry, and before the object of his unexpected visit had been fairly broached, de Torval and his attendants retired to rest in a house assigned him by his host. There, wearied by the pleasures of the day, suspicious of no danger, and lulled by the soft souging of tropic breezes and the gentle murmur of the waves lapping

the sandy beach, the Frenchmen were soon wrapped in the embraces of sleep.

The slumber of de Torval, however, was not broken by the morning light, but by a gentle pressure on his arm. Looking up, he was just able, in the gloom, to recognize the form of the young and graceful daughter of the Malagash chief, of whom he had caught several glimpses during the day. Silently, and as by instinct, she had threaded her way, amongst his companions lying around, to the leader whom she sought. Allowing him no time for exclamations of surprise at this nocturnal and unmaidenly visit, she hushed him by expressive symbols to silence, and beckoned him to follow her outside the building, whither she at once made her way with surer and more stealthy steps than the scarcely yet awakened Frenchman could well imitate. Once in the open air, and out of ear-shot of possible listeners, she needed no entreaties from de Torval to detail the reason of her strange escapade.

Her father's hospitality, she said, was seeming, and not real. All the feasting and amusement of the preceding day were only to lull the possible suspicions of his visitors, and conceal his own treacherous purposes. Already had a plot been devised for the complete destruction of de Torval and all his followers. It had been arranged that the chief was to pay a formal visit to the Frenchman on the next day; and her story was that, under pretext of doing him greater honour, her father would come to the meeting with a great retinue of his bravest warriors. Should the strangers be found at any moment off their guard, the king would break above his head a stick which he was to carry, as a signal for the onslaught to begin. But if anything, even at the last moment, should render the intended assault impracticable, then the king would throw his hat in the air as a sign that not only should no attack be made, but that the previous appearance of good-will should be kept up toward these unwelcome visitors.

Such was the plot formed for the massacre of the French. But how could she, a young and tender-hearted maiden, see it executed? Besides, she had seen the person and heard the voice of the gallant and fascinating young man at her side. To see and hear him—as the legend says her American prototype confessed of the adventurous Smith—was to love. And to love was to rescue from impending peril at whatever personal hazard. In what language, or with what signs, the dusky maiden revealed her love, who shall say? Lacked ever love ability to manifest itself! Have gentle hand and tender tones, have gleaming eye and heaving bosom, no significance? But whether by word, or gesture, or sweet osculation, she was not long in persuading the susceptible Gaul of both her own love and his danger. That she at once awakened some gratitude and tenderness in his heart in return would be but natural.

Was ever wretch so vile as not to bless the hand that snatched him from impending death ?

But sweet as was this meeting in the gloom and stillness of the midnight, under o'er hanging bamboos, the young princess could not tarry long. Every moment that she lingered rendered the discovery of her absence from her own people, and the consequent sounding of an alarm more imminent. It was with a tender embrace, and many protestations of affection and protection, that de Forval parted with his innocent young visitor, and returned to his couch—not to sleep, but to revolve the best method of action for the morrow.

With the first dawn of light the French commander aroused his attendants, and broke to them the news of their danger. After no little consideration it was decided not to retreat to their ship as might easily have been done, but to make all preparations to thwart a treacherous assault, and await results. Every man was ordered not only to look well to the condition of his weapons, but to have gun and pistol well loaded, and ready, with sword and cutlass, for instant use. Nor long were they in suspense. Before noon word came that the barbarous chief was approaching, attended by an immense retinue. De Forval, not to be outdone in seeming civility, had his little company drawn up in the usual military order to receive him. On coming near, friendly salutations were exchanged, and apparently none but friendly purposes entertained. To amuse the King, de Forval put his soldiers through such military manoeuvres as they could execute, keeping meanwhile as near the chief as he well could, and where he had him under constant surveillance. At length, seeing what he regarded as a favourable moment for the attack, the monarch, lifting above his head a small stick which he had carried in his hand, snapped it in twain. Instantly de Forval, with a loud cry, and with sword in one hand and pistol in the other, rushed upon the king, and would have slain him on the spot had not the frightened chief, taken wholly by surprise, thrown up his hat as a signal to his followers for peace. Of course the most profuse protestations of good-will followed. Nothing else was intended by the presence and war-like attitude of such a train, than a little grim sportiveness ! He would only frighten ; for the world he would not harm ! O no, no ! With these assurances were coupled tenders of any service he could render, and urgent requests that his guests would prolong their stay upon the island.

For various reasons, de Forval was unwilling to take summary vengeance on his treacherous host. It was wiser, he thought, to accept the explanations offered, and to regard the whole affair as a practical joke. His experience of Malagash hospitality, however, was quite sufficient. The following night, accordingly, he contrived not only to embark all

his followers, but to transport on board his vessel the tender-hearted maid, who, at the risk of her own life had warned him of the danger to his. For she, like so many another of every complexion, under the impulse of mighty love was only too glad to leave home, parents, people, and accompany him whithersoever he pleased to go. The morning light, kindling over the palm-girt isle, revealed the ship at some distance in the offing, speeding as fast as all sails would carry her to the beautiful *Ile de France*.

There, in due time, it arrived ; and whether by rites of nature, or of Holy Church, de Forval took the young princess as his bride, and installed her as the mistress of his home.* And there, as the legend goes, she passed several happy years. To his credit be it said, de Forval treated her with uniform kindness ; while her love neither faltered nor waned with the lapse of time. She readily accepted, and in good degree adapted herself to the customs of civilization ; soon learning to preside over her husband's household with success and dignity. Numerous children were born to her, filling in her heart whatever vacancy might have been caused by the absence of parents and childhood's friends. From her former home, infrequent and vague were the rumours that reached her ; and none of such a character as to re-awaken any profound interest therein. Her early life apparently well nigh faded from her memory ; or became like the confused and broken images of a long past dream.

At length, however, authentic tidings came of her father's death, and of his bequest to her of all his wealth and royal position. The news stirred in her half-civilized bosom long-slumbering emotions. What should she do now ? Leave her husband and children, and return to her people and their barbarous ways ? For surely she could do little to lift them out of their ignorance and degradation. Or should she quietly remain where she was, renouncing all claim to the wealth and savage dignity to which she was both the lineal and designated successor ? No little time and reflection were necessary to decide. But the decision when reached, was to revisit her former home ; not to remain, but to gather up what she could of the possessions of her father, and return to her Mauritian home. To her friends what more preposterous determination than this ? Did she once more set foot upon the islet of St. Marie, her people would never allow her to leave them again. Or if they allowed *her* to leave, they would permit her to take none of her father's wealth. But spite of all such representations she persisted that she

* A century and a-half ago, mixed marriages were not uncommon in that part of the world, especially among Frenchmen. A dozen years ago, when in Mauritius, the writer frequently saw, on gala occasions, not a few seeming gentlemen, apparently without a drop of African or Asiatic blood in their veins, gallanting their wives about whose blood just as evidently had no European or Circassian tincture. Such marriages, however, are far less common now than formerly. There, as elsewhere, mixed blood is at a social discount.

would go, and that she would return. All efforts to change her resolution failing, arrangements were made with the master of a vessel bound to the coast of Madagascar, to land Madame de Forval on the island from which she had fled years before. As she sailed away, her friends bade her, in thought, an everlasting farewell ; not one of them ever expecting to behold her face again.

Months came and went ; but no tidings of our Pocahontas reached Mauritius. The longer her absence, the fainter, if possible, the hope of her return. At length, as when one drops out of any community, her name almost ceased to be mentioned, even if her memory still lingered in the hearts that were nearest. But something more than a year after her departure there appeared one morning in the roadstead of Port Louis a vessel which had come directly from Madagascar. The rumour ran and soon reached de Forval that it brought him news of his long-absent princess. Repairing on board, what was his surprise to find that the ship had not only brought news of her, but herself. In accordance with her word, and notwithstanding his incredulity, she had returned. Nor had she come to ask him or any of her children to go back with her, and share her inheritance of savage wealth and power, but to live and die with him for whose dear sake she had, years before, ventured forth into a new and unknown world. Nor had she returned as she went out, or as she originally came from her native isle, empty-handed, but with hands well filled with what were once her father's possessions.

It appears, says the legend, that for some time previous to the old chief's death, his heart had warmed towards this long-lost daughter. Whether he had other children to comfort him in his decrepitude and inherit his greatness, we know not. But to see and embrace once more this favourite though disobedient one, he passionately yearned. Disappointed in this, but believing her to be still living, and that she might be persuaded to return to her own people, her father, a little time before dying, very distinctly and impressively designated her as his successor. Nor, strange to say, in the considerable interval between the king's death and the daughter's appearance, had any other claimant to the position arisen.

On her arrival at Ste. Marie the way was both open and inviting to the succession of her sire in both respects. Nay, it was at once almost forced upon her. More ardent partisans already hailed her as Queen of the tribe. That she, or any one born amongst them, could reject the wealth, barbaric pomp, and power now laid at her feet was something these simple children of the sun could not understand. So kindly and urgently persistent were they that she should accept their homage and become their ruler that she could hardly persuade them to the contrary. A woman, she assured them, should not rule over a tribe so war-like. She could not wisely advise them in council, much less worthily lead them in battle. If her father wished her to be his succes-

sor that was because of his parental partiality, which certainly should not be allowed to interfere with the welfare of the people. Besides, she had no wish for power, and no aptitudes for the discharge of its duties. Far dearer to her were the quiet and seclusion of her own household, to which, with such portion of her father's possessions as she could easily transport, it was her purpose to return as soon as she could.

Finding all efforts to persuade her to accede to their wishes fruitless, her dusky kindred ceased their importunities. Nor did they interpose any hindrance to her removal of what she could take of her inheritance. On this point her arrangements were made with little difficulty; then there remained for her only patient waiting for an opportunity to return to husband, children, and the pleasant home she loved so well. Nor was this waiting to be very long. A vessel, on a trading voyage in those waters, touched at Ste. Marie on its way to Mauritius. The opportunity was promptly embraced, and her effects soon transferred to the ship. But before going on board herself, she called her people together, relinquished for the common good all her father's possessions which had not been removed, renounced for herself and her descendants all right and title to the ancestral throne, exhorted them to live at peace with themselves and the neighbouring tribes, and to receive kindly whatever white persons might be cast upon their shores. Then she bade them a gentle and affectionate farewell. That many regrets were uttered, and some tears shed as she left the beach, and climbed up the side of the little vessel is very probable. No more then than now were the Malagash insusceptible to frankness and kindness.

With her arrival at Mauritius, her bestowal upon de Forval of all the wealth she had brought, and the nine-day's wonder which her return excited in the little community, the legend takes leave of this Indian princess—the Pocahontas of the Orient. How long did she subsequently survive? What children did she leave? What descendants, if any, still remain in the island? are questions which the writer has no means of answering. Judging from the various shades of complexion which one encounters there, it would be a small surprise to learn that not a few of the pretty young creoles of Mauritius had royal blood in their veins. Certainly some of them had a royal bearing in their manner. And since Randolph of Roanoke made it one of his proudest boasts that in his shrunk arteries coursed somewhat of the vital tide of Powhatan's famous daughter, with what reason for shame might any of the first families of *Ile de France* regard it that in their veins was flowing somewhat of the wild yet gentle, the affectionate yet heroic, blood that long ago sported under the palms of Ste. Marie, that rescued the gallant young Frenchmen from destruction, and that, whatever its tint, proved itself by its temper and conduct of the highest nobility.

M.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

"What!" cried Ella, in a flame, "did they dare say that? Then they told an infamous and cruel falsehood."

"Of course they did, my darling; such a falsehood as I should not have ventured to repeat to you, and which I only so much as hinted at in my letter, in order that it might be contradicted by the proper person."

"I see, Gracie dear, I see; don't suppose for a moment that I am angry with you. But the disgrace of it, the shame of it! That our name should have become a by-word! How good of you, it was, Gracie, to come and see a woman of whom such tales were told."

"My dear Ella, how you talk! Do you suppose I believed such a story? I only heard it once——."

"Who told you?" broke in Ella, passionately.

"My darling, that is not fair. It was an idle, gossiping woman, and I answered her as you would have had me answer her, you may be sure. I said that you were the frankest girl I had ever known, and quite incapable of any deception. I said that I would lay my life upon it, that Ella Mayne was Ella Mayne, and no one else. I said——. My darling, what's the matter?"

Ella had covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"It was true, Gracie, it was true," sobbed she; "not about the marriage, of course—the marriage was good enough; but I did pass under a false name."

It was curious enough that, anxious and apprehensive as she had been when she made her confession to her husband, Ella had not felt so ashamed as she did now in the presence of her friend. After all, it had been in a manner for Cecil's sake, in order to make sure of him as her own, that she had deceived him; but in Gracie's case there were no such mitigating circumstances. She had been false to her without excuse, though indeed it had been necessary, if she must needs deceive at all; and then this girl was herself so true and simple.

"You did pass under a false name?" echoed Gracie, like one who can scarce believe her ears.

"Yes, I did. It was forced upon me. You should know all before

you presume to judge." Gracie's tone, and a certain look of pain and disapprobation she unconsciously wore, had offended her. "Listen to me, while I tell you all, and then tell me what you would have done in my case."

And then Ella told her the whole story, just as she had told her husband.

"It is all very sad and deplorable, my darling," said Gracie tenderly, when her friend had finished; "and I pity you from the very bottom of my heart."

"I am sure you do," returned Ella, who wanted an ally, however, rather than a sympathiser, and was by no means satisfied with this commiseration; "never was such a victim of circumstances, you must admit, as poor me."

"It was a difficult position, indeed," said Gracie.

"Yes; there was nothing else to be done, was there?"

Gracie was silent.

"Nay," said Ella boldly, "if you would have acted differently, pray say so. What would you have done? Come, would you have told Cecil?"

"I should certainly have told Mr. Landon before I married him."

"But that, my uncle told me, would have invalidated the marriage; and, at all events, I feared that Cecil would never have consented to let me marry under a false name."

"I should have run that risk, Ella. You insist upon my giving my opinion, else I would much rather not; but merely answering the question as you put it, I should have thought it my duty to tell the truth."

"Perhaps you would have also thought it your duty to break your oath," said Ella scornfully.

"Most certainly I should," was the unexpected reply. "It was an oath like Herod's, that ought never to have been made, and still less kept."

"It is very easy to talk of Herod," said Ella, remembering that her husband had instanced the same historical personage in support of his own view of the matter; "but the cases are in no way identical. I cut nobody's head off, nor indeed did anyone any injury but myself, by bearing a feigned name."

"Does not your husband think himself injured?"

"Certainly not. He was annoyed, of course; but my explanation satisfied him better than it seems to satisfy you, Gracie?"

"I am truly pleased to hear it, dear Ella; whether I am satisfied, as you call it, or not, is a very small matter, if he is so. I should not have taken upon myself to offer an opinion upon the subject had you not compelled me to do so. If you really kept your feigned name—though I think

you were mistaken in so doing—because you had sworn to do so, and for no other reason——”

“Why, what other reason could there be?” interrupted Ella impatiently.

“I don’t know ; but if there was none, you were not so very wrong perhaps after all. It seems to me that your Uncle Gerard was more to blame than yourself.”

“Well, yes ; he knew that my discarding my proper name would pain my father, and that was so far agreeable to him, their quarrel being so very bitter. You look like Rhadamanthus and Minos rolled into one, Gracie,” continued Ella, forcing a laugh. “If I had had an idea that you would have been so severe upon me, I don’t think I should have had the courage to plead guilty ; and it is no use, it seems,” added she, bitterly, “throwing myself upon the mercy of the court.”

“My dear Ella, I am passing no judgment upon you, believe me. I am only very, very sorry. You have a father, who, with all his faults——”

“I had a father, Gracie, once ; I have none now.”

“You try to persuade yourself so, Ella ; but you are not such an adamant as you would have me believe. I have no doubt your treatment at home was very injudicious, harsh, and even bad. But time is a healer of all injuries, and nature is not to be denied. There will come a day when your father will open his loving arms to you once again, and you will run to them to nestle at his heart.”

“Never, never,” cried Ella, not defiantly, however, only incredulously. “You do not know my father. Don’t let us talk about it, please.”

There were other subjects that these young women, for various reasons, made “taboo” between them. When Ella observed, rather by way of “saying something” to break the silence that followed her last words, than from any interest she felt in the subject, “I must say it was very good of your papa to spare you to me, Gracie,” her friend had replied, “Yes, he will, however, be doubtless a good deal at the commandant’s,” so very drily, that it was plain that *her* father also must be excluded as a topic of conversation. Ella remembered what Mr. Whymper-Hobson had told her about the commissary and the governess, and understood at once that, however charitable Grace might be to her father for her mother’s sake upon all other points, she could not forgive his transgressions against her mother. Again, there was another subject upon which Ella ventured, and found it very delicate ground.

“Have you seen anything of our friend Mr. Darall lately ?”

At the sound of that name poor Gracie’s face flushed up, and the

hands, which as usual were diligently engaged about some useful piece of work, began to tremble over their task.

"Yes; he came over from Chatham, where he is quartered, you know, so soon as he saw the notice of dear mamma's death in the paper; and he—he—left his card upon us the day after the funeral."

"But did you not see him, Gracie?"

"Yes, I saw him; just for a little while."

"We were so glad, Gracie, to find he had got the Engineers; for though, if ever anyone deserved them he did, yet prizes don't always go by merit. It is the only corps, Cecil says, in which a poor man has 'chances,' appointments and things which enable him to marry and live in England. But doubtless," added Ella slyly, "Mr. Darall told you all that himself?"

"Yes, he told me; but it is no use, Ella, and it is very painful to me to talk about it."

And Gracie's eyes began to soften and melt. Then, of course, Ella kissed her, and they were very happy, in girl fashion, mingling their tears together. Ella understood that though, for the present, she must not flatter her friend's hopes by hinting at an engagement, the hopes existed, and that nothing would please her better than talking of Mr. Darall, so long as it was not in direct relation to herself.

"Cecil's regard for him is so great that I am quite jealous of it," said she, it must be confessed, with a little sacrifice of truth; she would have been well pleased if no one had ever given her more cause for jealousy than Mr. Darall. "Though circumstances have separated them of late, my husband has the same friendship for him as ever."

"And so has"—she was within an ace of saying Hugh—"so has Mr. Darall for your husband. But indeed his leaving the Academy was felt to be quite a public misfortune. He was far the most popular cadet, Mr. Darall says, in all the company. So brilliant, and so light-hearted."

"He can certainly make himself very agreeable," said Ella, with that mock-modesty which a loving wife always puts on when her husband is praised.

"Can! Yes, and does!" returned Gracie, with genuine enthusiasm. She knew little of Cecil herself, but saw him through her lover's eyes. "Everybody says you are such a lucky girl."

"I don't complain of the lot I have drawn from the marriage bag," said Ella, to whom Gracie's words afforded a genuine comfort. "I have surely no real reason to complain," was what she was saying to herself.

"No, indeed; nor has he anything to complain of in his wife, I am very sure. How grateful he ought to be to you for having reconciled.

him with his father. Do you remember that dreadful visit of ours, Ella, to Wethermill-street?"

And then the two girls began to laugh together, and Ella protested that she would ask the old gentleman to dinner, that he should renew his acquaintance with her friend. "If you play your cards well with him, Gracie, I am not at all sure that you may not become my step-mother."

Altogether the meeting between the two "old friends," as these young people called themselves, was very satisfactory, and Ella felt that, now she had made her confession to her, and had been absolved, Gracie's company would be a great comfort.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ELLA DOES NOT ENJOY HER NEWSPAPER.

IF there were no men in the world, it is my belief that women would keep house very differently. They think more of being warm and well-dressed themselves than of their dinners being so, and, indeed, care little or nothing for eating and drinking. Many of them—though this is not so universal a fault as some wicked men aver—are downright stingy, and have a natural yearning for saving and cheese-paring; and when a female friend comes to visit them, will preface their system of economy by the treacherous observation, "Well, my dear, I know nothing will please you better than my making no stranger of you;" and thereupon they put her on short rations. Ella had none of these notions of retrenchment about her—which are horrible when not dictated by necessity—but yet she fell at once into a different way of living, now that Gracie and she were alone, from that she had practised with her husband. Their meals were less protracted, but on the other hand were very seldom punctual; they drank little or no wine, but were very extravagant in candlelight, for they would sit up talking in one another's rooms till all was blue—or almost so—that is, till the small hours of the morning. Ella would have taken her to the theatre every night had circumstances admitted of it, but of course Gracie had no desire for amusement at present; so they talked together all the more. It is but fair to add that they did something else. For three hours every day Gracie pursued her studies in French and German, with the object of fitting herself for that educational calling she had in view; and as for Ella, she was an omnivorous reader.

"There is one great advantage, Gracie, in my dear husband's absence," said she gaily, as they sat down to their first morning's meal together, "that we shall have the newspaper to ourselves at breakfast; otherwise

I never get a sight of it till he is off to the City. I daresay the commissary hides himself behind the broad sheet of *The Times* just in the same way, so that you never get a word out of him."

"Papa doesn't take in any newspaper," said Gracie; "he finds them all in the mess-anteroom, you know."

"I shouldn't like that at all. I should feel lost without my newspaper. You must read all the tit-bits out to me while I make your tea, if you please."

"But what do you call the tit-bits?" inquired Gracie, taking up the paper in obedience to her friend's directions.

"Well, I think I like the accidents and offences best," returned Ella, gravely; "especially the offences; not the police reports exactly, though they are very interesting in their way; I am not a bit ashamed of saying I like the police reports."

"Oh, Ella!"

"My dear, it's all cant and nonsense; a person of intelligence, as I flatter myself I am, may read of anything that happens. I never read wicked books, I hope; I consider I ought to have got a good mark to my credit somewhere for eschewing almost all French novels. I might have read a thousand of them, for no one ever forbade me to do so, when I was a girl; but, having heard, upon what I believed to be good authority, that most French novels are not written for young ladies at all—though, I am sorry to say, some English young ladies seem to be of a different opinion—I always used to ask advice before venturing upon any of them. I can imagine harm being done to the mind by bad fiction; but to shut one's eyes to facts that go on under one's nose, is, in my opinion, weakness."

"But are not some of the facts quite horrible, Ella?"

"Of course they are; and those are the most delightful. Nobody wants a ship to be wrecked, of course; but if it is wrecked everybody goes down to the seaside to see it. Similarly I disapprove as much as you do, I hope, of murders; but when they have occurred why should I not get my little enjoyment out of them? I absolutely dote on murders. Come, I believe you have found one now, and are gloating over it all to yourself, you selfish thing."

"No, indeed, I have not," said Gracie hurriedly, and, unseen by Ella, changing the direction of her eyes to another part of the sheet.

"Well, what are you reading? What is it that seems to interest you so?"

"The Queen and the princesses walked out this morning on the slopes," read Gracie, aloud.

"Well that's not my notion of a tit-bit, Gracie," laughed Ella; "but pray go on. What dress did the Princess Mary wear at the Grove's

ball last night? I beg to say I was asked to that myself, but the claims of friendship intervened."

"Oh, I am so sorry, Ella; I should have been quite content to be left alone."

"My dear, I didn't 'care twopence,' as my father-in-law says, about the ball, especially as dear Cecil could not have accompanied me."

"Have you heard from your husband this morning, darling?"

"No, nor did I expect to do so. He is rather naughty about writing at all times, and it was only just possible—if it was even that—that he could have written from Wellborough by the evening post; he did not arrive there until quite late. It is a long way off, you know."

"Yes! and the line is not direct. He had to change at Pullham, had he not and then at Middleton, to get on to the branch line."

"Why, you are Bradshaw personified, Gracie."

"No, you told me about Middleton yourself, and as to Pullham, that is in the paper. Now don't be frightened, darling, because there is nothing the matter; your husband is quite safe; but there has been an accident at Pullham."

"An accident!" Ella's face had become a picture of horror; it was certain that all kinds of facts were by no means welcome to her—nor even, as it afterwards appeared, the narrations of them.

"How do you know my husband is safe;" cried she, "that he is not killed?"

"Because nobody is killed, Ella; and the names of everybody that are hurt are mentioned. There is nothing very shocking in the account; you can read it for yourself, darling."

"No, no, not I," answered Ella, with a shudder. "You are quite sure all the names are mentioned; there is nobody 'unknown' to whom the most dreadful thing of all always happens."

"No, darling; there is nothing of the kind. All the passengers, with the exception of those named in the list, it says, were sent on to Middleton by the next train."

"Thank heaven," said Ella fervently. "Now tell me all about it. Not in the newspaper words—it always exaggerates things so horribly—but in your own."

"Well, it seems the forty minutes past eleven train from London——"

"The very train he went by," murmured Ella; "yes, go on."

"Well, that arrived at Pullham in good time, and proceeded on its way; but the train for Middleton was kept waiting there for a certain up-train. It had to cross the main line it seems——"

"How horrible," cried Ella, wringing her hands; "it was cut in two."

"No, darling, it wasn't that. After waiting a long while, the station-master telegraphed to the next station to stop the up-train, while he sent the branch-train down the line to the point of junction which was some little distance off."

"Ah! I see," cried Ella, like one who is suffering an intense physical pain, "and the message never arrived: so the trains met."

"No, darling, that wasn't it. The up-train was stopped till the branch-train started, after which the former was released by another telegram, and came on. There was plenty of time for the smaller train to have got across out of harm's way, but the pointsman at the junction made a fatal mistake, and turned it on the main up-line; and before it could be stopped the up-train ran into it."

"How very, very dreadful!" shuddered Ella.

"Yet it was not quite so bad as you would think, for the line was fortunately a straight one, and the engineman of the up-train saw what was about to happen, and slackened speed. However, there were a great many casualties—broken bones and contused faces—but nothing worse; and all the passengers that are not in this long list escaped, it says, 'unhurt.'"

"But why did not Cecil telegraph to me that he was unhurt?"

"Well, my darling, that may not have occurred to him. When we are all safe ourselves it does not strike us that others may have their fears for us. You will, doubtless, hear by this evening's post."

"I shall telegraph at once to Wellborough, to make sure," said Ella.

She was one of the few women in the world who recognise the practical advantages of the "wire." This was done at once, before breakfast was proceeded with; for which indeed the poor hostess had quite lost her appetite. She had gained courage, however, by this time, to peruse the account of the catastrophe herself.

"What a brave fellow that must have been, Gracie, who jumped with his young wife out of the train!"

"Yes; it must take a good deal of courage to do that; the poor girl could not have done it by herself, no doubt. But I think he might have contrived to fall undermost. As it was, you see, she got her arm broken, while he escaped scot-free."

"He did his best, Gracie, you may be certain."

"Yes, indeed. I was only joking, in hopes to keep up your spirits, darling; but I think she must have loved him very much, to consent to jump with him from the carriage while it was in motion."

"I should jump with Cecil from the Monument—if he told me it was the best thing to be done," said Ella.

"Ah, that's what comes of marriage, I suppose! For my part, I

think I should exercise my own discretion ; or, at all events, see how it went with him before I followed his example."

"I wonder how long it will take?" said Ella thoughtfully.

"What? To reach the ground from the top of the Monument?"

"No, no; for that telegraph to get to Cecil."

"Well he may not be there, you know—I mean, at his place of business—when the message comes."

"But where can he be else, Gracie?"

"Well, I don't know; there may be a thousand things that prevent a telegram reaching him immediately. A man is not a magnet, my darling, that he should attract it himself."

In the days to come, Ella often thought of these attempts of Gracie's to preserve her from anxiety and disappointment from the very first. But, alas! not the most loving care can avert the arm of Fate. Poor Ella could "settle down" to no occupation that morning; but flitted like a ghost, from room to room—but all were rooms that looked towards the street. And yet when, about noon, the telegraph-boy knocked at the door, she waited for the missive to be brought up to her, and trembled with apprehensions of she knew not what, and which only love can suggest.

"Why, Gracie, there are two telegrams!"

She opened one, and uttered a shrill cry of delight.

"Cecil is safe," said she. "Oh! I am so thankful."

"I never had any fears, my darling; but what does he say?"

"I am all right, dear, though there was an accident to the train at Pullham. Full particulars by post to-day."

"Is not that just what I said, Ella? He had forgotten the news would be in the paper this morning, and not being hurt himself, he did not think it worth while to telegraph."

"But there is the other message, not from Cecil at all, but from the manager of the house at Wellborough. 'I opened your telegram, thinking it might require an immediate reply. Mr. Cecil has not yet arrived, but will do so, he sends word, this afternoon. There was an accident to the train, which delayed him, but he is unhurt.' Why, what can this mean? Cecil telegraphs from Wellborough."

"Yes, my dear—but if you look at the date, you will probably find it a few minutes later. He must have arrived just after the manager had sent off his dispatch."

"No; they are both dated Friday, of course, but Cecil's telegram was despatched a few minutes earlier than the other."

"Let me look at it, Ella. Ah, I see; the office this came from is at Middleton. He sent word from there, you see, both to you and the manager."

"But what business had he at Middleton to-day? The paper says that all the passengers that were unhurt were sent on yesterday, by next train."

"Well, you will hear all that to-morrow morning, darling," said Gracie, laughing. "The main point is that your husband is none the worse for the collision, and with that assurance, I do think you should be content."

"But he must have received some serious hurt, Gracie," persisted Ella. "He is not one to be stopped by a trifle. If it had been a mere shaking, he would still have been taken on; for that could have done him no harm."

"Very likely, my dear, it might even have done him 'good,' " laughed Gracie; "'before taken to be well shaken,' is a recommendation of the faculty. But I think I know your husband well enough to understand that the delay and discomfort at Pullham Station were not at all to his taste. He probably drove into the town, and slept at an hotel."

"Then why did he not telegraph from Pullham, instead of Middleton?"

"Nay, my dear Ella, you have now 'tracked suggestion to her inmost cell,' so far as I am concerned. To-morrow morning all will be clear as daylight, and in the meantime there is nothing to fear."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO VISITORS.

A YOUNG gentleman who weighs fifty thousand pounds in the estimation of good society cannot be thrown into eight feet of water without making some splash; and it was not long before the rumour of that incident reached Ella's ears. She had not questioned her husband respecting the details of Mr. Whympers-Hobson's immersion—the subject having been painful to her, as we know, upon a collateral account—nor had he volunteered any description of it; and very much disappointed her friends were upon getting no information on the matter from what they had very naturally considered to be head-quarters. Lady Elizabeth Groves called on the very afternoon succeeding the catastrophe, with the ostensible purpose of "hearing all about it from first to last." As the giver of the entertainment at which the mischance occurred, she deemed it her perquisite and privilege to learn the particulars of it at first hand; and, besides, it was necessary to her dear Julia's interests, as regarded Mr. Whympers-Hobson, that she should take some action in the affair. She was therefore far from pleased, on being shown up into Ella's drawing-room, to find Gracie sitting there with her friend. She had in readiness a number of questions which had been framed for a tête-a-tête interview, and which, if put in the presence of a third person, would require modi-

fiction. She was not a person, however, inclined to alter her plans on account of obstructions that could be swept away by the brush of brusquerie. Indeed, for so great a lady, she was, to say truth, by no means hampered at any time by a too delicate sense of politeness.

After a few words of conventional civility, she at once observed: "I had rather hoped to find you alone this afternoon, my dear Mrs. Landon; as I had something to talk to you about."

Gracie at once rose from her chair, but Ella, with a rapid gesture, signed to her to remain.

"Gracie Ray is my intimate friend, Lady Elizabeth," said she, "and is quite cognisant of the matter about which I conclude you wish to speak to me."

"Oh; she knows about Mr. Whympere-Hobson having been thrown into the water, does she? I think it would have been better to have spoken of that to as few people as possible."

Poor Gracie looked the picture of astonishment, as well she might, since it was the first time that she had heard of the catastrophe in question.

"She doesn't know about his being thrown into the water," observed Ella, quietly; "but she knows why it was done."

"Then be so good as to make me also your confidante in the matter," said Lady Elizabeth, promptly. "Why was it done?"

"It was all caused by his meddling with a business that did not concern him," answered Ella drily. The application of the remark was unmistakable, and her visitor did not affect to misunderstand it.

"The business, however, whatever it is, is certainly my business," returned she. "The occurrence happened, I may almost say, under my roof; and, at all events, affected one of my guests. I have a right to demand the particulars of it, Mrs. Landon, and I do demand them."

"I know nothing more of the matter, Lady Elizabeth, than your nephew told me; and the same source of information is open to you. Mr. Hobson was insolent, I believe, and my husband punished him; but he did not describe to me how it was done."

"Everybody knows, unfortunately, how it was done, Mrs. Landon. It was a positive mercy that the poor young man was not drowned; in which case, your husband would have been tried for murder. What I wish to know—and have a right to know—is, why it was done? What was the provocation given that could have—I do not say justified—but in any way accounted for, so violent an outrage? You say that Mr. Whympere was insolent—that is a very vague accusation."

"It is, however, supported by evidence. I understood from your nephew that other gentlemen, besides himself, were witnesses of Mr. Hobson's misconduct."

"Mr. Whympers-Hobson did not misconduct himself, Mrs. Landon ; or, at all events, there are two opinions upon that subject. Whereas, there is no doubt that an attempt was made upon his life."

"Which is doubtless very valuable," said Ella scornfully. "In future he will be more careful not to risk it by scandalous and malicious observations."

"But that is the very point of the whole matter, Mrs. Landon—the question is whether they were scandalous and malicious. I am justified in stating, am I not, that they had reference to the circumstances of your marriage?"

"You are justified in believing it, Lady Elizabeth."

"And I take leave to say, Mrs. Landon," answered the other, in a louder key, "justified in much more. For the character of the ladies that I ask to my house I am answerable to society."

"Your ladyship must have a considerable responsibility on your shoulders," answered Ella sweetly.

"She is a regular bad one," thought her ladyship. "Her impudence is shameless." But she only observed with dignity: "Up to yesterday, however, madam, I have never had any cause to regret my good nature. No lady, I repeat, has hitherto entered my doors, on whom the breath of scandal has rested for an instant; whose conduct, whether after or before marriage, cannot bear the strictest investigation."

Her ladyship paused, not so much perhaps for a reply, as in the expectation of some outbreak. If she had been a man, one would have said of her that she enjoyed a "row" rather than other wise; she was certainly never afraid of one.

But Ella's face showed nothing.

"This account of your friends is very satisfactory, Lady Elizabeth," said she drily; "indeed, considering their heterogeneous character, one might almost say unexpectedly satisfactory."

The remark was sufficiently irritating, even as it stood, but the "heterogeneous" was too much for her ladyship; if Ella had said a "scratch lot," as others had done, she would have known what it meant, and could have borne it better.

"How dare you say such things of my friends?" cried she, in passionate tones. "You, who I don't believe were ever married at all!"

At this Ella laughed right out; a laugh that was worth fifty protestations of respectability, had not her ladyship been too angry to accept her testimony. Even as it was, however, she saw that there was something in it, and changed her ground.

"If you were married, your husband didn't know it," exclaimed she viciously.

"Gracie," said Ella, in cold grave tones, "be good enough to touch the bell."

"I don't wish to be hard upon you, Mrs. Landon," continued her ladyship, in more conciliatory tones, for she felt that she had gone too far; "but I came here for an explanation, and I must have it. That there was something wrong about your marriage there can be no doubt. It will be better for you to tell me the whole truth. Society——"

Here appeared the footman.

"Show that—lady—out," said Ella. She had been within a hair's breadth of saying "that woman."

Lady Elizabeth was fond of "scenes," and "experiences," but she felt that she had had one experience too much on her way to the front door.

"My dearest Ella, what have you done?" exclaimed Gracie, as soon as they were alone.

"Got rid of a friend that was not worth keeping," said Ella. She spoke with cold indifference, but the passion within her, compared with that of her late visitor, was as a Siemen's furnace is to a gas-stove.

"But she has gone away with such an erroneous impression," argued Gracie. "Would it not have been better to tell her the—how the case really stands?"

"Certainly not. She is an impertinent, insolent woman, and I owe her no sort of explanation whatsoever."

"You should know your own affairs best, dear, but you have made an enemy of her, I fear; and she will go about 'saying things,' you may depend upon it."

"No doubt she will. Fortunately everybody knows her, and therefore nobody will believe her—— There's the bell again; another visitor, come, doubtless, upon the same errand. If it is disagreeable to you to see these people, Gracie, don't stay."

"I shall certainly stay," said Gracie, loyally.

"Lady Greene," announced the footman, and in walked a very different visitor from the preceding one. Lady Elizabeth was comparatively young, and still a beauty, though of a mature and Juno-like type. Lady Greene was a little, weazened old woman, who might in the good old times have been burnt for a witch.

"How charmingly you look, Ella," cried she, "notwithstanding your fatigues of yesterday? Miss Ray—did you say Ray, Ella?—I am delighted to make your acquaintance; all Ella's friends are my friends, are they not, my dear?"

"We have a pretty large common acquaintance, at all events," said Ella smiling.

"Common enough some of them, eh? Did you ever see such funny people as were at the picnic! That Mr. Rufus Bond, for example?"

"They say he owns half South America," said Ella.

"Does he, indeed? Then he must have a house there somewhere, and I wish he would live upon his property. I didn't think much of Miss Julia's young man that is to be. Did you?"

"I didn't know she had a young man."

"No more she has at present; but Lady Elizabeth has bespoken one for her—Mr. Whymper-Hobson."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ella, with an unexpected touch of interest.

This was the cause, then, of Lady Elizabeth's severity! She had been taking up the cudgels for her future nephew-in-law, in order to ingratiate herself and her Julia with that young gentleman. Ella had been so full of her own trouble on the day in question that her usually quick observation had failed to detect her hostess's manoeuvres, but now all was plain enough. She had not done her ladyship the injustice of crediting her with a disinterested indignation in the cause of social morality, but had set down her behaviour to mere inquisitiveness.

"Oh yes, she looks upon the affair as good as settled. She has caught him young, you see, before he has felt his wings; and if I had a daughter or a niece I should not envy her her catch. The lad looks to me like a barber's block, though he can't be that, or he would have floated, wouldn't he? My dear Ella, what made that dear delightful husband of yours throw him into Virginia Water?"

Lady Greene was one of those persons whose genuine good nature protects them from the consequences of "naturalness." If you could have said of her without a bull that she always spoke without thinking, and said exactly what she thought, that would accurately have described her character. She had strong opinions, though they had certainly not been induced by reflection; and since Ella had run counter to them she had not hesitated, upon many occasions, to reprove her; nay, as we have seen, she had even spoken to Cecil upon the subject in the most maternal fashion. With most persons who had taken any such liberty Ella would have been very angry, but with Lady Greene's naïveté it was difficult to be angry, as with the candour of a child. Though Ella was by this time fully cognisant of the hostility she was likely to meet with from Lady Elizabeth on account of this very matter, and of the grave influence it must needs have on her future relations with society, she could not restrain a smile at the point-blank question of the old lady's: "Why did your dear delightful husband put Mr. Whymper-Hobson in the water?"

"He was very impertinent, Lady Greene," said she, "and impertinent to me, which, of course, my husband could not stand."

"That's just what my Frank says." Frank was her nephew in the Guards, who had been one of the guests at the picnic on the previous

day. "Hobson was injudicious in selecting Cecil Landon of all men in the world to say unpleasant things to about his wife, and still more foolish to choose the waterside for the communication."

"Your ladyship and Mr. Greene seem to be already acquainted with the particulars," observed Ella dryly.

The thought that her late confession to her husband had been made the subject of debate by others, even before it had passed her own lips, was very galling to her.

"Of course we are acquainted with them so far, my dear. Everybody knows that Mr. Hobson took upon himself to rally Mr. Landon upon the subject of his marriage, but nobody knows what was queer about it. That it was something more than a runaway match—at all events of the usual kind—is generally agreed. Some say you ran away with Mr. Landon, others say he tried to impose upon you by a mock marriage. Others again go so far as to say——"

"What?" asked Ella; she looked so pale and grim, that the garrulous old dame had suddenly pulled up, in unaccustomed alarm. "What do 'others again say?'" repeated Ella, imperiously.

"Well, my dear Ella, people will say anything, you know, except their prayers. I am not speaking my own ideas upon the subject. Frank says that he will bet five to two that you are as 'straight as a die,' that's his expression. And he is not a young man to bet odds unless he feels almost certain."

"Almost certain, do you mean, Lady Greene, that I am an honest woman?" inquired Ella, speaking very slowly and deliberately.

"Well, no—— There can be no doubt of that, of course. Frank means—— But there, you shall come and dine with us—some day—you and Miss Ray too—and you shall get it all out of him yourself."

To this unpromising proposition Ella did not condescend to reply; but it did not escape her that the invitation—such as it was—was indefinite. Lady Greene was a hospitable old lady, and when she asked folks to dinner was always wont to name her days.

"The fact is," she went on, "so far as Frank is concerned, although he is a staunch friend of yours, my dear, the matter has made the strongest impression upon him in its humorous aspect. He says it was just like his luck to have missed seeing your husband throw Whympers-Hobson in, and then the others throwing the sweep after Whympers-Hobson."

"The sweep!—what sweep?" asked Ella.

"How should I know. A sweep who could swim at all events, and whom they sent in after him like a retriever. I thought Frank would have expired with laughter, when he was talking to me about that sweep."

"I think it must have been an oar," observed Gracie quietly ; "a long oar is sometimes called a sweep."

"Is it indeed, my dear?" said her ladyship. "Then that explains what I thought so funny—that they took no trouble about the poor sweep when it was all over, just because he was a poor man, and this Hobson has fifty thousand pounds. He doesn't look like a gentleman to my mind, and Frank says he is a prig, if not a sneak. Now, if he is a sneak, he is not likely to have spoken the truth about your marriage."

"If he said anything which would imply that my marriage was not a valid and a proper one, he told a wicked and malicious lie," said Ella gravely.

"Just so ; now that is so perfectly satisfactory. I felt sure it would be so, my dear ; and, as I say, Frank even offered to bet five to two upon it. You are not one to deceive an old friend like me, I know—especially when the whole thing must come out sooner or later. I don't quite understand, however, what was a little amiss in the affair, even now. You both married under false names, I believe."

"We did no such thing, Lady Greene, and I cannot permit you, or any other person, to suggest it," said Ella, haughtily.

"Quite right. 'You will find she will stick to her guns,' said my nephew Frank, and so you have done. It is such a relief to my mind that I have your authority to contradict all these rumours." Here she rose from her chair and her hostess rang the bell.

"I have ventured to assert upon my own responsibility, my dear Ella, that your husband has not left town for fear of Mr. Whympere-Hobson taking vengeance upon him."

"I think you may say that much, Lady Greene. I don't think Cecil was ever afraid of anybody."

"Quite so ; so courageous and also so affectionate ; I don't know a young husband so devoted. It isn't as if he had got tired of you, as Frank says, in which case he might have cut the painter ; taken advantage, he means, of any informality in your marriage contract. Even if it was ever so wrong, you know—especially as you have no children—you have only got to marry again, and there you are. Good morning, my dears, and God bless you."

The blessing escaped Ella's ears, but not the remark that had preceded it, and which wounded all the worse for the lightness of the speaker's tone. She looked like one to whom a blow has been given, and who dares not return it. Now that the occasion for it had departed, all her courage had fled.

"My darling Ella, that good lady meant no harm," said Gracie, consolingly. "If she meant anything she meant good."

"It is not she that I fear, Gracie ; she is but the mouthpiece of others,

who have not her good nature. I shall be the target for the public scorn "

"You will live it down, my darling, and that soon, since you have done nothing really wrong—at least nothing such as your enemies would impute to you. It must seem so hard—I know it must—to you who have been so happy."

"No, Gracie, I have not been happy." The tone in which these words were spoken went straight to Gracie's heart.

"But only about this business, Ella, surely," said she, throwing herself on her knees beside her.

"No—there is nothing else, only about this business," answered Ella, with hesitation. "But it was never out of my mind. I knew that this blow must fall some day."

"Poor darling," murmured the other.

"'I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet ; yet trouble came.' Oh, how true that is, Gracie."

"Yes, it comes from the Book of Job. I have known one who suffered as evil things as he did, though of another sort ; and who was never rewarded ; and yet who did not complain."

Ella knew that Gracie was talking of her mother, but she answered nothing. Her own troubles monopolised her wholly. Moreover, Mrs. Ray was out of the reach of trouble. For the first time in her life—for even yet she was very young—Ella wished that she was dead likewise.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

WELL was it for Ella Landon, in that time of trial and trouble, that she was not alone, and, above all, that such a friend as Gracie Ray was with her. Gracie possessed all the loving sympathy that a woman looks for when in trouble, and was not chary of exhibiting it ; and, in addition, she had strong common sense, which Ella lacked. It was by her advice that her hostess denied herself to no caller that terrible day, but met them all—and they were many—with a resolute front. None of them were so outspoken as Lady Elizabeth and Lady Greene had been, but it was evident enough that they came upon the same errand. To have refused to see them would have been, if not a confession of wrong-doing, at all events a sign of weakness ; and it was above all things necessary that Ella should show no such sign. For herself—as to what these people thought or said of her—she was indifferent ; but

for her husband's sake it behoved her to be wise as a serpent, that she might seem harmless as a dove.

"You have put me in a very unpleasant position," he had said ; and it was now plain enough he had spoken truly ; it was therefore her duty to do all that in her lay to extricate him from it.

She had been unable to avoid a breach with Lady Elizabeth. Not for one instant would she permit a slur upon her own fair fame and her husband's honour ; but with the rest she had done her best to conciliate them. Lady Greene, for one, was favourably disposed towards her, and there was Frank Greene, the Guardsman—a very popular young fellow—to stand up for her. It was a question, however, whether the latter ally would be advantageous. A woman's case is not enviable when men take up her cause against women. The best she could hope for, for the present, was to have the majority of her female friends upon her side. Terrible as it was to acknowledge it, she confessed to herself that it was a comfort to her that her husband was away, and out of hearing of the scandals of which she was conscious of being the subject. If he took it in hand to avenge her, it would now be necessary to throw half of London into the water.

Never had Gracie and she been so confidential together as they were upon that unhappy evening, yet not one word did Ella drop of any doubt of her husband's love ; nor, indeed, could she now be said to doubt it. Matters had come to that sad pass with her that she could not believe that, in addition to all her troubles, the consolation of his love should be denied her. One does not understand, in youth, how misfortune can follow on misfortune as wave comes after wave—save that there is no ebb. It is only the old who know how pitiless Fate can be. That Gracie thought very seriously of Ella's misdoing in that matter of the false name she did not attempt to conceal, and it was well that this was so ; for her friend's disapproval afforded Ella some sort of measure of the feeling which would be entertained against her by those who were not her friends. She had so smoothed the matter over in her own mind, that she would otherwise have been unable to regard it from their point of view at all, and would have resented even the advances of those who were inclined to be her partisans—since they still blamed her—with impatience and indignation. Her position was, in fact, extremely difficult ; she could not bring herself to tell these people the whole truth. To reveal the story of her quarrel with her father would be, perhaps, after all, but to give them a new subject for scandalous talk, and even if she had felt sure of its acceptance, she would have shrunk from such a disclosure ; and yet if she refused any explanation, it would seem even to her friends suspicious ; while to her enemies she would be "brazening the matter out."

Under these circumstances such an adviser and consoler as she found in Gracie was invaluable indeed.

But for all that, where she looked for comfort most was from her husband. She was up and about, next morning, hours before the post came that was to bring his promised letter; and when it came—at breakfast-time as usual—her emotion was such that her fingers could scarcely open the envelope. Gracie, in her tender discretion, had hidden herself behind the *Times*, and there remained waiting for her friend to speak. So long a time, however, passed by in silence that, at last, she ventured to look up at her. Ella was staring straight before her, with a strange look of woe and wonder in her eyes, and with the letter crumpled up in her hand.

"What is the matter, dear Ella? Is there bad news?"

"There is news I do not understand," said Ella, in hard unyielding tones. "Read it," and she put the letter in her hand. "Read it aloud please."

Gracie hesitated for a moment, and then obeyed her.

"WELLBOROUGH, Friday.

"MY DEAR ELLA,—I did not get here in time to write to you by yesterday's post. I could not have accomplished it in any case, I believe; but as it happened, there was a breakdown on the road, and, indeed, what might have been a very serious accident. Our branch-line train was run into by the up-express, and a good many people were injured. As you will learn by my telegram of to-day, however, I escaped unhurt, except for a bit of shaking. The points were turned on wrong by some poor devil, who, I suppose, as usual, had been sixteen hours at his post; but I spare you the details, which you will read in extenso in the newspapers. I have not seen Montague, our late manager, yet; but, from what I hear, I have got a good deal of work cut out for me. It may not, however, necessarily be at the office; and, on the whole, it will be better for you to direct to me at the Eagle Hotel, which will be my head-quarters. I am very glad to think that Miss Gracie is with you; pray give her my kindest regards. Imagine me alone in a second-class hotel of a country town, and be thankful for your own lot. At the same time, I am truly glad that you are not with me. I shall get through my business all the quicker, though, as I have said, I expect it will be a long job.

"Your affectionate husband,

"CECIL LONDON."

"What is your explanation of that letter?" said Ella, when her friend had finished.

"My explanation, dear Ella? What do you mean?"

Gracie had a vague idea that it was the tone of the letter with which

her friend was dissatisfied; and certainly it did not strike her as being the sort of communication she would herself have liked to have received from an absent husband. It seemed to be somewhat cold; and especially so when it hinted at the length of time he might have to be away. Still, there was nothing in it that to her mind required any explanation in the usual sense of the word. Its meaning seemed plain enough.

"Look at the date, Gracie. 'Friday. I did not get here in time to write to you by yesterday's post,' he says. He means it to be inferred that he reached Wellborough on Thursday night; yet Mr. Montague's telegram informed us he had not arrived yesterday morning."

"That is easily explained, Ella. He got in late, and went straight to the hotel; then, being doubtless very tired, he did not go down to the office till sometime after it was opened. The manager therefore concluded that he had not arrived."

"But Cecil's telegram of yesterday is dated Middleton."

"To be sure, I had forgotten that," said Gracie. "Perhaps he went to Middleton on business before he went to his office."

"Middleton is thirty miles from Wellborough, Gracie; and besides, if he had business there, why did he not stop there on his way down?"

"Perhaps he did," said Gracie. "He says he got 'a bit of a shaking,' and after leaving Pullham he might have felt the effects of the accident, and thought it better to stay at Middleton than to proceed that night. He did not tell you all that lest he should make you anxious, but telegraphed to the manager—as Mr. Montague says—and also to yourself."

"That may be so," said Ella, thoughtfully, and her set face began to soften a little. "It is just possible."

"Of course it is, and there are plenty of such possibilities. Whatever inconsistency may appear in your husband's letter, Ella, should be surely set down to his credit, so far at least as you are concerned. In my opinion it is always safest as well as best to be straightforward, but if his care for you has suggested another course, it is very ungrateful to find fault with him."

"I found no fault with him," said Ella.

"You looked very displeased, my dear, just as though you suspected something; and yet what could you suspect?"

It was upon the tip of Ella's tongue to cry out with bitterness, "Ah, you are not married;" for in fact she was consumed with doubts and jealousies of she knew not what or whom. Cecil was kind, but not considerate enough to take such precautions as Gracie had suggested. She felt sure that there was deception somewhere; and the tone of her husband's letter aggravated her suspicions. He seemed to wish to prepare her for an absence of indefinite duration. And "my dear Ella" and "your affectionate husband" were not the loving terms which he was

accustomed to use in his correspondence with her. It was cruel of him to make her feel, now that he was away from her, that things were different between them. Even if they were so he might have concealed it for her sake, for the pen, unlike the tongue, can distil honey and balm at its owner's will.

She was irritated and wretched, and ill at ease, but she already regretted that she had given the impression to Gracie of having any want of confidence in Cecil. Matters must be bad indeed when a woman complains to her female friend—and she unmarried—of the conduct of her husband; it is—for one thing—high treason against the married state.

"I suspect nothing, dear Gracie," said she, in answer to her friend's question. "'Suspect' is not of course the word to apply to Cecil. But I felt aggrieved, I confess, that he should have had any concealments from me, even for my own good, as he may have thought it; it is treating one like a child. However, it was doubtless foolish to be so 'put out,' and not very civil to you, my dear. Some guests would have felt 'huffy.'"

"Never you mind me, dear Ella. I am not likely to feel 'huffy,' as you call it, and you, on your part, must not be 'huffy' if I speak quite frankly upon matters on which you think proper to consult me."

"That means to say," said Ella, smiling, "that you want to give me a scolding."

"Not a scolding, Ella; but I do think that you are inclined to be rather hard upon your husband."

"I hard upon Cecil?"

There was a world of affection in her tone that witnessed for her beyond any protestations. "Does love then make one hard?"

"It sometimes makes one exacting. It seems to me that you have disturbed yourself quite unnecessarily for example about this letter from your husband. When he comes home, he will probably make everything that now appears to you mysterious quite clear in half-a-dozen words."

"You are right, my dear," said Ella, rising and embracing her friend. "I was going to worry him for an explanation, but now he shall be let off, and only begged to come home as quick as he can. What a model wife you will make, Gracie, when Mr. —Mr. Right has had the luck to win you."

Certainly Gracie was a great comfort to her friend in those first days of doubt.

CHAPTER XXX.

CECIL'S RETURN.

THERE is a pretty little story of an Irish gentleman who was asked to dine and sleep at a friend's house, and who remained there five and forty years ; and to this in after times, in intervals of sunshine, Gracie Ray would playfully refer when speaking of her residence with Ella. She had been invited, it is true, for a more indefinite period than her Hibernian prototype, nor did she stay quite so long ; but the parallel held good in some respects, and especially in the all important one that she didn't tire out her welcome.

Days and weeks rolled on, and still Cecil Landon did not return to his wife and home. The Wellborough manager had left soon after his arrival, and he was " up to his elbows," he wrote, in the dyeing vats. Nor did he express any objections to the calling that had formerly been so hateful to him, and against which he had been so lavish of oburgation. His letters were affectionately, if not lovingly, worded ; but to Ella's sensitive ear—for she would often read them aloud to herself, before she sought her pillow—even the affection seemed forced and strained. There was never the least allusion to what she felt to be the cause of their altered style. She would almost have preferred that he should have reproached her, that she might have opened her heart to him, no matter whether in self-defence, or in self-accusation ; but as it was, he gave her no opportunity of appealing to him. To all her entreaties for his return, he had replied that she might surely take it for granted that he would come home as soon as circumstances permitted ; nay, once he had even had the cruelty to hint that it did not become her to be impatient, since the business which detained him was one in which, but for her, he would never have been engaged at all. To this she answered nothing, but it prevented her from urging his return, which she sometimes thought to herself, with bitter sadness, was the very effect he desired to produce.

This little " rift within the lute," that had robbed her home life of its music, was, she felt, widening day by day, and she had no power to remedy it. Only next to seeing the natural provision of our dear ones diminishing day by day, and the pitiful looking forward to the inevitable hour when they shall be in want, with none to help them, is the consciousness of the loosening of the bonds of love. To the truly loving heart, indeed, the pangs of starvation may in such a case be said to have already begun. The duration of the process may, however, be infinitely long. Sometimes a reaction would occur. A phrase, or even a word, in her husband's letter would kindle the fading embers of hope. She would

endeavour to persuade herself that there was after all not much amiss ; a few weeks, or even a few months, might be absolutely necessary for the rearrangement of an important business ; when Cecil once undertook an affair, it was his wont to do it thoroughly ; no doubt her presence at Wellborough would tend to retard rather than hasten matters ; and when at last her husband did come home, he would—it was surely reasonable to conclude—make up for his lengthened absence by an unwonted devotion.

At other times she would feel very bitter and resentful, and as the long weeks dragged on this became unhappily her more usual frame of mind. Like the genius shut up in the bottle, in the Arabian Tale, she had been at first inclined to conciliation if Cecil would only return, and release her from her solitary imprisonment ; but now she felt that even in that case she would not have much cause for self-congratulation, and that he had earned small welcome at her hands. This upas tree of change and coldness nourished by continuous droppings of neglect, is, however, in kindly soil but of slow growth. It is not too much to say that at no time would it have been impossible for Cecil to have brought the love-light once again into those tear-worn eyes, by a few lines of genuine tenderness, in which she would have recognised him as of old. But those lines were never written, and on the other hand, it was become but too plain to her that no matter how tenderly she wrote, the words never reached his heart. Indeed it seemed as though when she endeavoured thus to move him, that he purposely ignored the attempt. To an ordinary reader of her husband's letters, this idea might have appeared fanciful, but the eye of love is not easily deceived, unless it desires to be so, and poor Ella, alas ! had passed the stage of self-deception, and almost reached that point wherein it would fain know the worst.

Six weeks had now elapsed since her husband had gone down to Wellborough, and still his letters, which came regularly enough—indeed they were so like one another, and were dispatched at such equal intervals, that she had bitterly written to him that he treated her like a business correspondent—contained no word of his return. He spoke as before of the pressing nature of affairs at the west-county office, but dropped no hint of their becoming less urgent.

In this strait, and contrary to Gracie's advice, Ella resolved upon appealing to Mr. Landon, senior. Gracie still took the more hopeful side of the matter, though her confidence in Cecil was greatly shaken, and she thought his conduct both inconsiderate and unkind. She said, " If I were in your place, dear Ella, nothing should induce me to call in a third party to settle any disagreement between myself and my husband—though if it must be done, I allow that his own father is the fittest person to select. What I should do, if I felt the unhappy distrust which it is

evident you entertain—and in which you must allow me to say I still do not think you are justified—is to go down to Wellborough yourself. Letter writing is well enough, and indeed the best plan possible in case of all ordinary misunderstandings, but between husband and wife, pen and paper are very unsatisfactory substitutes for words, and tone, and looks. Go down to him Ella with your 'heart upon your sleeve.' ”

“For him to peck at,” broke in Ella passionately. “No, Gracie, he shall not do that. If it is not worth his while to come to me, neither will I stir a step towards him. Should the presence of a wife be requisite to remind her husband of her existence? No, it would be a humiliation both to him and me,” she added vaguely.

The fact was, she was not only too proud to take such a course, but afraid to venture upon the experiment, lest it should reveal some wrongdoing upon Cecil's part. Like some women who have loving natures, Ella was inclined to be jealous upon very slight grounds, and the grounds in this instance could hardly be called slight. There must certainly be some attraction to keep Cecil so long in a country town, which he had himself described as dull and uninteresting, and when the occupation with which he was supposed to be engaged was notoriously unsuited to his taste. Moreover—and in this poor Ella felt lay the chief danger—Cecil had parted from her in no affectionate mood, and with a root of bitterness against her in his heart. She feared therefore to go to Wellborough, though at the same time she yearned to win her husband back to her by any means.

The latter fact Gracie well understood, but she had no suspicion of the former. Ella had opened her heart to her friend by this time as to the relations between herself and Cecil, but not all her heart; that secret chamber of it was still closed, which is—and should be—the last to be opened to human eyes; the one which held the suspicion of her husband's fidelity. And Gracie, who had not had the advantage of a first-class education, or of mixing in fashionable society, did not even suspect its existence. Her advice, therefore, was—in a measure—given in the dark, and occasionally met by arguments which seemed weak to her, because the root of them was hidden from her view. If her friend shrank from going to Wellborough, she thought it was through an unfounded fear of her husband's anger.

“I am sure he will forgive you, darling,” she said, “because he will understand that it was your love for him that caused you to take such a step.”

“I do not need his forgiveness, it is he that needs mine,” replied Ella, haughtily. “As to my love he is well assured of it, and yet it moves him not at all.”

“I would not speak to his father, dear,” said Gracie, ignoring this.

bitter speech ; "first, for the reason I have mentioned about third parties ; and, secondly, because in the present case you are placed at a disadvantage. Remember it was contrary to your father-in-law's wishes, or at all events his advice, that your marriage took place. In his ignorance of your feelings, and also, generally, of the matter in hand—for Mr. Landon is not, I should say, a person of much sentiment—he will perhaps reply: 'This is only what I expected, and what must be looked for in all such boy-and-girl marriages. You have made your own bed and must lie on it.' If I was you, Ella, I would not give him the opportunity of saying anything disagreeable of that kind."

It must be confessed that Gracie had not a very favourable opinion of Mr. Landon, senior ; she had not quite forgiven his behaviour towards her upon that memorable occasion in Weathermill Street. Ella understood this, but, nevertheless, she felt the strength of her friend's argument. It would be a humiliation to her only second to that which she had in her mind, to seem to confess that her marriage had been a failure to the very man who had, in a manner, foretold it.

"I tell you what, Gracie," said she suddenly, "it is you who shall write to Cecil."

"I ? I write to your husband to complain of his conduct to his own wife ! I am sure you cannot be serious, Ella."

"I am serious enough, heaven knows, Gracie. I don't wish you to complain of him, however ; I want you to write as if of your own head, and not at any suggestion at all, to tell him what is the simple truth ; that his continued absence—and especially the indefinite extent of it—is making me very wretched. It will be an unpleasant thing to do, dear, but how much more unpleasant must it be for me—his wife—to ask it of you ?"

And for the first time poor Ella burst into a flood of tears.

Gracie was shocked and frightened, as well as deeply pained ; for this catastrophe was also a revelation. There are some tears, those from "the depths of a divine despair," in which, the poet tells us, there is mystery ; but there are others which disclose more than words can tell. Those that flowed from Ella's eyes were of the latter kind, and revealed to her friend the full extremity of her woe.

"I will do anything you please," said Gracie tenderly.

"Then write to him, dear," sobbed Ella ; "I don't wish to see the letter ; tell him what you please, only let it be something that will bring him back to me."

No confession of her own incompetency to effect that object could have been more ample and exhaustive, no cup more bitter—it seemed to her—could ever be presented to her lips, than that she drained as she spoke those words.

"I will write to-day, darling," was all that Gracie replied to them, and she did write ; though never had she penned a letter more uncongenial to her mind, or which cost her such pains to compass. She scarcely knew how to address the husband of her friend, and much less what to say. At last she composed the following :

" Private and Confidential.

" DEAR MR. LANDON,—I take the liberty of addressing you upon a subject, that certainly does not lie within my province, and for venturing upon which you may very reasonably blame me ; nevertheless, since I do it out of affection for your wife, I have good hope of your forgiveness. Ever since I have been with her, but more especially during these last weeks, she has been very unhappy. I could not help observing it, and I cannot now refrain from informing you of the fact. It is mainly owing, there is no doubt, to your long absence, and to the indefinite terms in which you speak of your return. Of course, you are the best judge of your own affairs, and of the claims that business may have upon you, but if they be not very urgent, I think they should be postponed—or settled as soon as possible—for your wife's sake. I am very glad to be with her ; but I feel that I am, in her eyes, a wretched substitute indeed for yourself.

" Again apologising to you for what I fear you will think an unjustifiable interference, I am yours, very truly,

" GRACIE RAY."

Gracie was by no means satisfied with this piece of composition, but it was to her mind the best out of many efforts, and in order that no servants' gossip might be aroused by the circumstance of her writing to their master, she posted it with her own hand.

"The invention of letters," as the historians term it, is upon the whole no doubt beneficial to the human race ; but it has brought with it many evils. In old times, for example, that hateful form of selfishness—the not answering one's correspondent—could not have been exhibited. It is quite an extraordinary and morbid growth ; for no man would dare to be so brutal as not to answer if one spoke to him ; and yet when the question is really important enough to be put in black and white, he does not reply. And again, even worse—in its effect at least—than the not writing a letter which we ought to write, is the writing a letter which we ought not to write. What agonies have men and women—especially women—endured after letting a letter slip through their fingers into the post-office, which ought to have been kept outside it and torn up ! How often, if they had waited but twenty-four hours longer, would they have "thought better of it," or would the necessity—as they foolishly imagined it to be—for their sending it, have been shown not to exist ? A spoken word may be recalled, but the

manet of the *litera scripta* is irrevocable. Sometimes a telegram is sent after the fatal missive: "Tear up my communication of this day, I beseech you, without reading it." But human nature is weak, and one can never be sure that our wish has been complied with. In the case of Gracie's note one would have thought there could have been no harm done, yet directly she had posted it, she was sorry that it had gone, not on her own account, of course, but on Ella's. And Ella, though she declined to be acquainted with its contents, was sorry also. If her friend had written, "I send this without your wife's knowledge," she would have been better satisfied, but Gracie's sense of right had not permitted her—she knew—to make that statement, and now Cecil would be sure to lay it to her own instigation. These misgivings became bitter regrets, when a note arrived from Cecil the next morning, to announce his return on that very day.

"DEAR ELLA,—You will see me to-morrow before dinner time. In great haste. Yours affectionately,

— "CECIL LANDON."

His words were brief indeed, and by no means so loving as they might have been; but he was coming home. Both the women felt that a great mistake had been made.

"Will he have got my letter before he leaves Wellborough?" asked Gracie anxiously.

"I am afraid so, dear; it is very unfortunate; though, after all, it will only tell him the truth."

"But the truth is sometimes so unpalatable. Don't you think, Ella, it will be better that I should be away somewhere—out of the house, I mean—when your husband arrives. I can scarcely go back home, without notice, I fear; else I do think that would be the best plan."

"It is not to be thought of, Gracie. It is a great comfort to me, that you are here."

It was indeed. To say truth, it was on the tip of her tongue to ask Gracie to be with her in the drawing-room when her husband arrived. She was a prey to cruel presentiments. Her only ground for solace was that he was coming of his own free will, or at least at her request, and not in consequence of her friend's intercession. By the help of Bradshaw they found out the time of his arrival, and Gracie set out for a walk as the hour drew nigh. Then Ella waited by herself in the drawing-room, consumed with anxiety, apprehension, dissatisfaction—as she had never thought to have waited for her Cecil. From behind the window curtain she saw his hansom drive up to the door, and noticed the glance he cast up at the upper floor. To her fevered fancy it was not a glance of loving expectation. It was the look rather of a truant schoolboy, uncertain or apprehensive of the character of his reception. Should she run

down and reassure him with a loving welcome, as she had been wont to do on similar occasions? No; there would be the servant in the hall, and servants' eyes are keen to mark the least thing amiss between their master and mistress. She would wait where she was. He was—or seemed to her to be—a long time below, giving orders or asking questions, which was not his wont, and then his step came up the stairs, not three at a time, nor even two, as she had known it, but with a slow deliberate foot-fall, such as might have belonged to his father.

"Well, Ella, how are you? How is Gracie?"

She had run towards him as he entered, and he had kissed her cheek; but his arms had not encircled her. He had a book and some newspapers in his hand, which might seem his excuse for that omission, but she felt at once that this cold greeting was designed.

"You have been absent from me a long time, Cecil," said she piteously, "and do not seem to be very glad to see me even now."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD HOSPICE.

WE had passed a glorious day among the towering heights of the upper Alps. At nightfall we reached Bourg St. Pierre, the last village on the Swiss side of the hospice of the Great St. Bernard, and entered the defile of Marengo, so-called because the army of Napoleon passed that way on its march to the conquest of Italy. Imagine yourself in a narrow gorge or ravine. On either side there is a high steep wall of rock. Across your path arise the ceaseless mountain torrents. A river roars and foams and dashes onward at your side. Over your head is a starlight sky; in your ears are the fearful whispers of the pines. Sometimes you catch glimpses of your companions, weird shadows flitting before or behind you in the darkness. Sometimes you laugh and talk and are gay with them. But oftener you linger behind, and, leaning on your mountain-staff, yield your thoughts up to the mighty shadow which lowers over the place—the shadow of Napoleon.

Almost seventy-seven years! And yet it was as real to me that night as the day it happened. It was weird, awful, ghostly, that midnight walk in Napoleon's footsteps. I thought then that Napoleon's passage across the St. Bernard could only be worthily expressed by music. The hope and vigour of the start; the glad presentiment of victory; the one great master-strain, pervading, governing and showing through all the lesser tones; the weariness by the wayside; the lingering behind

to die in the snow; the tramp of horses, the beat of drums; the last desperate, struggling march onward, and the great glad cry when the glory of Italy, the promised land of victory, dawns upon their weary gaze,—can only be perfectly embodied in sound. With this I would weave some mystical strains of landscape—the starlight night, whispering pines, the roaring torrent, the moaning wind. And through all the splendid sweep of the march there should be a faint wailing undertone of human misery.

At midnight we passed two small stone houses, standing back from the path. I knew afterward that one of them was the old Morgue, and that its floor was strewn with human bones which had lain there neglected for years.

An hour later a great shapeless mass loomed up before us in the darkness, and we greeted it as the hospice. As we approached it a double flight of white steps gleamed out a welcome. We entered a dark hall and rang the great bell of the convent. The first thing that greeted our astonished eyes was a woman-servant with a candle. A woman-servant in a monastery and that monastery the St. Bernard! Alas for the illusions of youth! She directed us up stairs into the vestibule. Here were a black marble tablet to Napoleon, a staircase and a door, over which, instead of the quaint, delightful word "Refectory" that we had respected and hoped for, was written "Salle à Manger."

"Why, it is exactly like a hotel!" was the universal remark, with a shade of disappointment in the tone.

In a few moments a gentleman came down the stairs to receive us. For an instant we doubted. Then we felt that it must be a monk of St. Bernard, but it was not the monk whose image we fondly cherished from our earliest years. Our monk the old and gray-bearded, bare-footed, dressed in coarse brown, wore a rosary and a rope, and was not over-scrupulous on the score of cleanliness. But this monk was simply a gentleman. He was clad in a long black gown, belted at the waist, and a little square cap with a tuft on the top. A very narrow white ribbon was fastened on his breast, passed across his shoulders, and was gathered into the belt behind. He was young, handsome, and closely shaven.

In spite of our disappointment we could not resist the courtesy with which the young monk welcomed us. He had been receiving people all night, and continued unto a late hour in the morning, we afterwards learned, but his smile was as cordial as though we had been his only guests for months.

"We are very full to-night," he said; "I am so sorry. There is one room vacant for the ladies, but you gentlemen will be forced to sleep on the floor of the dining-room. I will send you in some mattresses

and pillows. But you must be hungry if you came all the way from Martigny to-day."

He showed us into the dining-room, requested us to be seated, and gave some orders for our refreshment to a fat boy, who laboured under the extremely romantic name of Camille. Then he sat down, inquired in his soft, well-tuned voice the particulars of our journey, and commented upon the large number of young ladies our party included, asking if we were a boarding-school.

Camille presently announced that our supper was prepared. Some of us sat down and ate a little bread and cheese or drank a little wine, but the greater number had no appetite and stood in need only of sleep. The young father asked if they were ready, took a candle from the mantelpiece, and escorted us up stairs through a broad hall to the door of our room. He gave us the candle, bade us all "good night," and left us to our own reflections.

We found ourselves in a long narrow apartment which contained eight beds, four in a row. They were four-posters, curtained with chintz, and looked like embryo mountains by reason of the immense pink calico feather-beds with which they were covered, and under which we were expected to stow ourselves away. At the farther end of the room there was a window, and near it stood a table with eight bowls and pitchers, eight towels, eight glasses, two soap-dishes and a mirror.

The next morning we rose with the sun, looked out of our window, saw snow lying just below it, shivered and went down stairs in search of the dogs. At the front door we found a man in a white jacket, whom I immediately inferred to be the cook. I asked him where the dogs were kept.

"Over there," he answered, pointing to a large building on the other side of the road. "But they are not out yet; at seven o'clock the door will be unbarred. From May to October they sleep in there at night; in the winter they are let loose."

Finding it was too early to see the dogs, we went down the steps and turned our faces toward Italy. Great was my delight to discover on the other side of the hospice a most enchanting little lake, embosomed in green turf and reflecting the flower-starred and snow-covered slopes which made up the landscape of the St. Bernard. The snow never melts entirely up there. Patches of it were gleaming in the sunrise all about the buildings. Think of stepping out of your front door on to a snow-bank in the month of July!

There is no view from the hospice. It lies in a hollow formed by the heights that press about it and shut it in. On the Swiss side a great snow-capped mountain soars up in the distance, and on the Italian

side sharp, jagged, bare needles shade purple and pink, orange and brown, in the varying lights. We took the path along the shore of the lake, and in a few moments were in Italy! Half of the dainty little gem of water belongs to Italy, half to Switzerland. At the other end of the lake valley after valley opens out, reaching down at last to Aosta and the pleasant Italian plains.

We promised ourselves a walk down that way after breakfast, and bent our steps hospiceward again. But what exquisite purple pansies were these raised up in the path along the lake! They nodded and smiled at us as we passed, and I am sure there was a tiny laugh among them when we had gone by. I could not bear to gather them, they were so beautiful. I left them to laugh and smile on in the fresh mountain-breeze. And the forget-me-nots! Larger and bluer and clustered more heavily than below in the plains. Just the colour of the sky they were, as though a bit of it had one day fallen and taken root in the mountains. All the hill-slopes were starred with these beautiful blossoms—these and no others. I wondered then if it meant something that just those two lovely things should grow there on the edge of the endless snows.

Just then I heard a succession of deep-mouthed bays in the direction of the hospice, and caught a glimpse of tawny coats flashing in the morning sun. I hurried toward them, and there on the open space in front of the house I saw the pious dogs of St. Bernard—eight magnificent creatures, dancing and galloping, playing and jumping, and giving vent to their joy in short, quick barks, they were so glad to be let out once more into the free Alpine air. Such wagging of tails! Such confusion of brown and white and black and yellow and tawny backs!

A great many erroneous impressions are abroad concerning the St. Bernard breed of dogs. Before I made their acquaintance face to face I had a vague idea that they were long-haired, long-nosed, and in colour a kind of grizzled iron-gray. The real St. Bernard dog is, and has always been, short-haired. His head is magnificent—large, square, compact, massive, with drooping ears, the upper lip very long and hanging low, the eyes dark, deep-set and expressive. His coat is mottled, tawny, black and white. He is the most perfect combination of physical strength and power with docility, gentleness, affection and intelligence. These dogs are conscious of what their mission is. They know they were born to save lives: you can read it in their faces.

A few hours later, when we were talking with our handsome young host of the evening before, I said to him, "My father, is it true that there are only two dogs left of the real St. Bernard Breed, and that the others are only hunting hounds from Würtemberg? Baedeker's guide-book says so."

"Baedeker is mistaken," he answered mildly. "Our dogs are at this moment what they have been for hundreds of years. And if you are going down the Aosta path to-day, you can stop at St. Oyen where the young dogs are kept, and you will see that they are exactly like those we have here."

We parted from the dogs for the time being, and went up the steps into the hospice. As you enter the building you are struck by the massive Romanesque arches which support the walls and testify to their antiquity for this is the original edifice which Saint Bernard's holy thought called up from the barrenness so many hundred years ago. The structure is long, high and narrow, almost ungainly, squarely built, with a sloping roof. A short corridor from the front door to the back is divided half-way by a long passage, which leads on the right to the kitchen offices and the rooms where the poorer guests are lodged. On the left it is lined with more dormitories, and at the extreme end is the entrance to the chapel. We heard music coming from this side, and we went in.

I sat there some moments before I could shape a distinct impression. Then, like the keynote of my thoughts, came into my mind Milton's line, "And bring all heaven before mine eyes." There was something not of earth in the full, beautiful tones of the organ and the rich, solemn voices of the monks. Remember, we were among the highest Alps, and the mystics of the ancient time always sought the mountain-tops. From Moses to Saint Francis of Assisi, the dreamers of dreams and the beholders of visions have always made their home on the heights.

Sitting there among the everlasting snows, with the grand old Latin chant ringing through my soul, I knew for one moment what religious mysticism meant. The whole marvelous power of asceticism stood revealed to me. I felt that the exaltation which for one moment took possession of me was what had glorified the lives of martyrs and saints, persecuted or inspired, since Christianity began. It was as though the chasm of years which separated me from Saint Bernard and the spirit of self-abnegation he represented were bridged over, and I were walking by his side through the snow, consoling the sick and comforting the dying.

It was when the cloister-life was in its best and most ideal phase that he lived, the blessed saint ! when it was a refuge for the poor, the sick, the troubled, the desolate, the pursued, the weary in mind or body—the one green spot in a desert of war and rapine, murder and blood-hed, violence and hatred between prince and people. Such did he make his mountain-sanctuary, such did he leave it, and such has it been from then until now. Thank God for this one precious monument of what was best, purest and holiest in mediæval religion ! Like the blue forget-me-

not growing on the slopes about, it is a bit of sky, that has taken hold of earth in the mountains to draw it nearer to heaven, and has spread its grace and beauty over thousands of suffering human souls and bodies.

Directly in front of me, on the right of the chancel, was a picture of Saint Bernard, dressed in his priestly vestments, pointing the way he shall take to the dog which stands by his side. The dog carries a basket in his mouth, and looks up most lovingly into the saint's face. A beautiful face it is—youthful, dark-eyed, reverent, tender, thoughtful—the face of one who, having recognised the sum of human misery, was manfully striving to lessen it. It is the face of a poet, dreamer, student and lover of humanity, and the painter has cast a glorifying white light, seemingly reflected from the snow which lies about him, over his face and garments. A beautiful thought, that his halo as a saint should shine up from the snows midst which he wrought out his canonization.

Just under the picture the young monk who had received us the night before was saying mass at a side-altar. His vestments were the same as those of the figure above, and there was also a certain resemblance in the faces, for they were nearly the same in age, and both wore that mild, benign expression common to all whose lives are given up to others. Near the organ-loft, in the back of the church, is the tomb of Desaix, who, dying on the battle-field of Marengo, made his friends promise to bring him back to the hospice and there bury him.

Mass being over, we went up stairs to the dining-room, and saw the young monk who had prefigured Saint Bernard to me so perfectly breakfasting with a party of English, and talking with them upon different subjects connected with the hospice, smiling now and then so cheerfully that I wondered how any one could associate him with the idea of an ascetic life. In fact, by this time I had discovered that this was not at all the convent of romance—of scourging and penance, of long fasting and superhuman strain of mind and body. It is simply a kind of Utopian community, as though a number of young men (for none of these pious monks have reached the prime of life) of lofty aspirations and longings for higher, purer devotion of self than can be found in the plains below, with love for study and reflection, with adoration of Nature in her wildest, grandest phases, with noble underlying purpose to make their lives a sacrifice to their kind, were to form themselves into an association, take upon themselves vows, and make their home up here in the mountains the better to further their unselfish ends. It is only a kind of "Brook-Farm" ideal realized, or one of those primitive republics which Southey and Coleridge dreamed of founding in America, where poets and philosophers should be rulers, and noble deeds and beautiful thoughts the occupation of all.

From a more worldly point of view it was like visiting one's friends in a luxurious country-house. We were seated at a nicely-set table, and had plates of dry toast before us, flanked by cakes of thick honey with whole acres of Alpine roses embodied in it. Then Camille poured out coffee for us, and we began our breakfast. The monks do not eat in this room, but in a real refectory situated somewhere in the interior of the building. Only the few who are appointed to do the honours of the hospice sit at the table with their guests. This room is reserved for the better class of travellers: the poor are served in a room down stairs.

Just seat yourself with me at the table, and you will see what a charming apartment it is, the "Salle à Manger" of the hospice of St. Bernard. The table extends across two sides of the room. On the mantelpiece are stands of artificial flowers, which are reflected in the mirror behind. In the corner is a small upright piano, and near it a stand holding a quantity of music—masses, chants, English ballads, mazurkas and opera scores, among them *L'Africaine* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Near the door is a table bearing the visitors' record, our own hats, and other domestic articles. On the other side of the door is a sideboard, Camille's province, and near the fireplace is a writing-desk.

But the pictures form the chief beauty of the room. Over the door there is a fine copy of Carlo Dolce's exquisite Magdalen in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. It bears the inscription, as do others of the pictures, "Presented to the fathers of the St. Bernard as a testimony of gratitude and affection." On either side of the door are engravings of Gérôme's "Golgotha" and "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," and on either side of the fireplace are "Christ Healing the Sick" and "Christ Blessing Little Children." Behind us is a photograph of "Little Samuel in Prayer" and a companion to it. On the pannels between the three windows are a little gem of a water-colour—a copy of some old Tuscan tabernacle of saints and angels—and an engraving from Ary Scheffer's beautiful picture of St. Augustine and his mother. Do you notice anything conventual or restrained about the little parlour? True, it is furnished with a view to the comfort of guests from the outer world, but in winter I fancy it is made the abiding-place of the good fathers themselves.

The hospice of St. Bernard is the centre of good works for miles around. The poor wretches who live in the sterile wilds about depend upon it largely for succour in time of sickness and trouble. As we stood in the corridor that morning we saw such miserable humans, some with goitres, some crétins, and all barefooted and tattered. They had received their night's lodging and their breakfast, and now each had some favour to ask of the young monk who stood there. It was the one who typified Saint Bernard to me, and never have I known an ideal more

perfectly realized than when I saw him moving, a gracious spirit of consolation, among that mass of misery-stricken humanity, promising to write a letter for one, listening with a face of compassion to the bodily ailments of another, comforting a third who was lamenting his miserable lot, having a kind and soothing word for every one, and followed wherever he went, by their blessings. The spirit which animated Saint Bernard's life of self-devotion had fallen upon this young ascetic, I was sure. He had been courteous to us and to his other guests of the better class, but these poor, tattered, lonesome souls he treated with an exquisite grace and politeness and consideration which sprang from a large-hearted charity, a great and tender pity for their sufferings, and a supreme longing to give them help.

They do not live for themselves, the monks of St. Bernard. They put all thought of self aside when they climb to the snow-bound hospice, for they know they are going to certain death. No human being can live a dozen years together in the rigorous climate of this almost the highest winter habitation in Europe. There is a hospital in Martigny where the monks go every few years to recover the health they have lost among the snows of the St. Bernard, but even then they die before their hair is gray. Could there be any higher type of that self-abnegation after which Christianity bids us strive than the monk of St. Bernard waiting for death among the snows, with smiles of polished courtesy and graceful charity upon his lips?

We were on the point of setting out for Italy when somebody exclaimed, "There! We have not yet seen the Morgue! We must see that before we go. It may be dark when we come back."

A small, rude stone house, with a square aperture in the wall through which the stranger gazes and feeds his love of the horrible—a small open space outside, where skulls and ribs and hands and feet have been bleaching in ghastly confusion for years—that is the famous Morgue where are preserved until they fall to dust the corpses which are found among the snows of the St. Bernard. The monks cannot bury them because the ground is so hard. But oh, it was a horrible sight, what we saw through that little opening in the wall! There is no glass between: you are brought face to face with Death. There are a dozen skeletons propped against the wall in various positions—some standing erect, as they met their fate; some sitting on the ground, with their heads drooping on their breasts, as they fell asleep in the snow; some with their hands clutched in agony; some in attitudes of prayer, and all wrapped in fast-decaying winding-sheets. In one corner there is a mother standing over her daughter to shield her from the grinning Death that threatened them. Her empty eye-sockets glare out at you now as the eyes did at the spectre which met her on the mountain-path. They

make you shudder as you look. You feel that Death clutched her in that awful instant of dark, agonized despair, of deep, fatal horror. The daughter's fleshless frame crouches at her feet and clings to her for safety. Her face is turned away as though she had hidden it in the mother's dress to shut out the dreadful figure that was creeping toward them.

There is a soldier leaning against the wall of the Morgue as he leaned that fatal night upon his gun to take breath and pray for help. His head rests on his hands, and his hands are folded over the muzzle of his gun, but the gun is not there now: it has fallen to dust. Beneath the folds of his winding-sheet his tattered gaiters are still visible. Poor pitiful skeleton! You were once a young Italian soldier, setting out across the mountains to see your sweetheart or your parents, with a song on your lips to shorten the way, and bright thoughts in your gallant young breast. The snow fell: you wandered from the path, grew weary, leaned on your gun to rest, the song died on your lips, the fatal mountain-sleep crept over you: your sweetheart waited and waited, but you never came.

"Is it long since any one has been found dead on the mountain?" we asked the monk who had opened the window for us.

"Three years. This was the last," he replied, pointing to a blackened skeleton which lay at full length under the window. Its shroud was whiter than the others. "He was a young man of good family. We went to his friends to see if they wished his body, but they said 'No, it was too much trouble to bring it down the mountain; they lived some distance off; better it should stay where it was.' That winter three years ago was very severe: there were several people found dead."

"How is it they lose themselves? Is not the path well defined?"

"Sometimes a heavy fall of snow will cover it altogether, but oftener it is because they stop to rest and fall asleep, and to sleep in the snow is certain death. We often find corpses sitting or lying at the foot of rocks where they have sought shelter. In winter we mark the path with a cord for several hundred yards on either side of the hospice."

"But now that the Mont Cenis railway is open, why do people ever come this way?"

"The poor find it cheaper. A great many of those who pass are workmen who come from Piedmont to Switzerland to find employment."

The monk closed the shutter and locked it. We who were bound for the Aosta side started. When we returned late in the afternoon we asked the others how they had spent the day.

"Oh, we've been taking short walks and playing with the dogs."

"Did you dine with the monks at noon?"

"In the room where we breakfasted. And oh, we had such a dear little monk to entertain us! He talked to us all the time. And so young!—not more than twenty."

I asked what had become of the dogs, and somebody said they were in the kitchen. Accordingly, three or four of us intruded ourselves upon the cook's province. It was a small room, and in and about it were lying all the dogs. They were cold, poor things!

"Ah," said one of the cook's helps, "they get frightful rheumatisms up here, poor beasts! just like Christians. It shortens their lives."

"What are their names?" I asked.

"This one with a black patch over his eye is Pluto, mademoiselle. This one is Jupiter, this one Castor, and that one in the corner Pollux."

"Is it possible to buy a St. Bernard dog?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. One two months old can be bought for three hundred francs. The fathers never sell the old dogs."

When we went up stairs to the dining-room we found only one or two secular strangers, two visitor priests reading their breviaries, and two St. Bernard monks presiding over the social circle.

"There's the little monk who dined with us," said one of the girls.

"He's such a dear!—so charming! He promised to show us the library before dinner. Why doesn't somebody remind him?"

He must have thought of it just then, for he came forward and offered to show us the way. We followed him up the stairs into a room lined with bookcases. There were works on botany, chemistry, medicine, physics and ethics, besides travels, histories and essays, in a dozen different languages, ancient and modern. In one corner of the lowest shelf there was a score of English novels, kept for the benefit of travellers. In the centre of the room was a case of antique bronzes which had been found in the neighbourhood. The walls of the little cabinet adjoining were covered with paintings and engravings. Nearly all these pictures have a history: many of them were given by distinguished people.

"You have a splendid library here, my father" (the title seemed supremely ridiculous applied to him) I said to the "dear little monk." "It must be a charming life—so many books, magnificent dogs, and doing good all the time. I should wish for nothing better. One can never know what *ennui* is."

"Yes, in winter we study a great deal. Each has his special branch of learning to pursue. But sometimes we are very lonely when the snow rises up above the dining-room windows and we cannot go out for days together. Then there are the avalanches. The building opposite was erected to keep them off, but nevertheless sometimes they slip down at the sides, and we are almost covered." He was interrupted by the great

bell of the convent, which rang just then for dinner, and we went back to the dining-room to take our places. You may imagine my delight when I found that the little monk was to sit next to me. Such a modest little monk he was! When he was not talking he kept his eyes rigidly fixed upon his plate, and upon the slightest provocation blushed as prettily as any girl of us all. I stole a look at him when he was eating his soup, and seeing how very young and timid he was, it wickedly occurred to me that it would be much better for him to take an alpenstock in hand and come along with our party of gay young people than to stay in that solemn home among the avalanches. I wondered what his mother had said to his taking the vows, and speculated as to whether he thought he had found his vocation in becoming a monk.

Of course you will be interested to know what we had for dinner up among the eternal snows. Soup first: then bones stewed with gravy; roast veal with boiled potatoes; boiled rice with prunes for dessert; bread and wine. It would be a very good dinner anywhere, and if you consider that everything, even the wood for fuel, is brought up from Martigny or Aosta, you will agree with me that it becomes a sumptuous repast by comparison.

"Does nothing at all grow up here?" I asked the little monk.

"Nothing. We tried to raise a little lettuce this year on the hill-slope opposite, but it is blighted already, and it gave us a great deal of trouble. Next year we shall do better. We mean to take the old Morgue for a hot-house and grow flowers. They are sure to succeed there."

He said this with so much enthusiasm that I was sure it was his pet project. With Alpine heartsease and forget-me-nots at his very door this poor little monk was sighing for lowland blossoms. And a curious hot-house it will be! Flowers springing from dead men's bones in that little stone cabin of six feet square.

"We suffer a great deal from the cold in winter," he went on. "Some of us are always ill. Consumption and rheumatism are our besetting evils. Then in winter were are not allowed to walk out separately; we must go altogether, for fear of being lost. We usually walk out on Saturdays—an hour from the hospice and back again."

"Please tell me what has become of the little barrels the dogs always wear at their throats in pictures. I asked the men down stairs to show them to me, and they did not seem to know anything about them."

The little monk smiled. Probably everybody he talks with asks the same question: "We did away with that custom long ago. We found it did not answer. When the dogs were sent out alone with barrels of wine at their throats, those people passing who did not stand in need of it would call the dogs and drink it all themselves, leaving none for the faint and weary who might follow. You noticed that small stone house

near the old Morgue ? In winter we send a servant there every day with bread and wine. The dogs go with him, and if there be any one buried under the snow they are sure to find him."

When we had finished our dinner we strolled forth, and clambered up the slopes before and behind the hospice. We gathered a few pale pansies for "thoughts" when we should be far away from this Alpine tabernacle, and a cluster of rare forget-me-nots to make it ever present to our fancy. I am sure it was ordained that those two significant flowers should grow upon the St. Bernard to consecrate its memory to the traveller who should carry them away with him.

It was dark now, and we went home. We saw the poor little lettuce-patch of which the monk had spoken, sending up its few, puny, pale-green leaves through the gathering dusk. I felt sorry for it, I hardly knew why, it seemed so lonely and out of place.

We found a bright fire of logs in the dining-room, and a circle formed about it of our people and a few strangers. Presently the little monk came forward, opened the piano and invited such of us as were disposed to play or sing. A gentleman seated himself and offered to accompany all the young ladies.

"Only the piano's so bad," quoth he. "The Prince of Wales gave it to them, so it must have been good in its day, but it's in a dreadful state now."

"Perhaps we can dance to it, if we can't sing," said another stranger. "Do you think the monks would allow dancing? Let's ask them."

He was sternly informed that none of our party were capable of showing such disrespect to the pious brotherhood. Dancing! The Dance of Death, as Holbein drew it, is the only one that would not jar upon the temper of that Alpine sanctuary.

We were up before sunrise the next morning, -breakfasted, went to chapel, put into the poor-box what paid for our two nights' lodgings, subsidized Camille, said good-bye to our hosts, had one last romp with the pious dogs of St. Bernard, and started down the mountain. From the distance I looked back at the beautiful great creatures with tears in my eyes. It was all over now. I had dreamed a dream all my life, and now it was realized, and the realization, perfect as it was, made me unhappy. It was one experience more, one anticipation less. The hospice, the dogs, the snow, the dying wanderer, were now a vision of the past, as before they had been of the future. I had seen and lived through it all. I had fathomed the depth of Saint Bernard's work of blessedness. I had been dwelling midway between heaven and earth, in an atmosphere of exaltation and ecstasy within, of rarest, purest æther without, and now I was going back to the plains to live a dull, uninspired existence all my days.

C. A.

Current Literature.

MADemoiselle DE LA RAMÉE has changed her tactics. We cannot believe that any honest compunction or virtuous scruples have visited her, prompting and guiding the writing of her two latest works, for in that case they would never have been written at all. But it is quite evident that some force has been at work compelling, if not converting, her to a less openly offensive immorality in plot and character. Probably the cynical discontent and sickening *ennui* which reduce all things, even "enjoyment," to "vanity," and which "Ouida" has laboured so long to establish as the reigning attributes of all high-born and high-bred personages, have at length seized on her, and the ghosts of Chandos and De Vigne may be pursuing her as the man-demon of Mrs. Shelley's terrible narrative pursued its creator. However, let it not be imagined from the foregoing that there is before the world the grand and glorious and refreshing spectacle of "Ouida" turned the professed champion of innocence and purity and truth and honour. The Ethiopian is content, it seems, for the present to hide his skin; the day may come when he may change it, but it is vastly improbable. "Ouida" is evidently writing with Burke's line in view, "that vice loses half its evil when it loses all its grossness," and a greater falsehood was never penned; a fact with which, we presume, she is already acquainted. Accordingly, the grandly-limbed, golden-haired, white-handed English aristocrat, who finds his highest enjoyment in being crowned with wine-steeped roses (uncomfortable, to say the least, for ordinary men), and in leading generally the vilest and most abandoned of lives, which we are expected to admire as the consequence of "blood," is banished, along with his mistresses and his money. We have instead a hero of the old school, worthy of Miss Porter or the voluminous James. Of course he is immensely handsome, but in a new way for "Ouida," he is "grave, pensive and poetic," and carries himself "with stateliness and grace." He is noble—a Prince, Duke and Marquis, rolled into one—and, *mirabile dictu*, he is poor. We are told that he had been brought up to regard marrying for money "as a painful but inevitable destiny," and until the heroine, Lady Hilda Voraëlberg, appears on the scene, "he had never seen amongst the many young persons pointed out to him as possessing millions any one to whom he could prevail upon himself to sell his old name and title." Fortunately for his dignity and his pride, which the authoress felt must not be imperilled rashly, Della Rocca* concludes no such bargain, but resolves to make the Lady Hilda love him, being interested in herself and her money. It is something new to read in "Ouida"

* In a *Winter City*, by "Ouida," Author of "Ariadne," "Under Two Flags," "Strathmore" "Chandos," "Puck," &c., &c. Crown 8vo. Paper, 75cts; cloth, \$1. Toronto: Belford Bros., Publishers.

the following sentiment: "It is not a *beau rôle* to woo a woman for the sheer sake of her fortune, and he was too true a gentleman not to know it. 'After all, she would despise me and I would despise myself,' he thought; the old coronet had been sadly battered in war, but it had never been chafered and bought." The object of this righteous sentiment is the Lady Hilda, who is beautiful, "and knows it," has an extraordinary way of dressing herself and her hair, the latter in one place described as being "in a cloud in front, and in a club behind," a widow immensely rich, terribly artificial, "very passionless and cold," in fact a woman "*without a past*." "Ouida" having introduced two such proper characters to the reader and to each other, seems to think she is entitled to somebody and something more pungent; her soul longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt. And they very soon arrive, in the person of Madame Mila, Countess de Caviare, an Englishwoman, who had been "grandly married in her first season to a very high and mighty, an almost imperial Russian, himself a most good-humoured and popular person who killed all his horses with fast driving, gambled very heavily, and never amused himself anywhere so well as in the little low dancing places round Paris." This is the usual "popularity" of "Ouida's" world. Madame Mila is a detestable compound of enamel, Worth costumes, silliness and vice, who is not above "risque stories," or taking "a little nip of some stimulant at afternoon tea," and who is not happy (!) unless "Maurice" be with her, of which attendant "the Count de Caviare never complained," but "was careful to dine with her in the Bois and pass at least three months of each year under the same roof with her, so that nobody could say anything." The Duc de St. Louis, a great friend of Della Rocca, and who is vastly interested in the future fate of the Duke, is called a gentleman but his claim to the title is something vague. Speaking of the Lady Hilda, "I confess," he added, with a sigh, as if confessing a blemish in a favourite horse, "that, perhaps, she is a little too cold, a little too unimpressable. That gives, perhaps, a certain hardness *Une petite faiblesse donne tant de charme*." However, if one could expunge all this dallying with morals and writing up of social and domestic evils, which "Ouida" assuredly does not lessen by her attack, and read only the story of Della Rocca and the Lady Hilda (why always the article ?) there is much that is interesting and instructive, unpolluted by even a suspicion of vice. There are true pathos and touches of feeling, genuine and innocent in their way. Take this passage: "The Lady Hilda was gazing at the clouds of angels in the picture, who bore aloft the martyred souls in their immortal union; and from them she glanced at the little fair, wondering faces of the peasant children. She had never thought about children, even in any way, save as little figures that composed well in Stothard's drawings, in Sir Joshua's pictures, in Correggio's frescoes. Now, for a second, the thought glanced through her that women were happy who had those tender, soft ties, with the future of the world. What future had she? You cannot make a future out of diamonds, china and M. Worth." There is a pretty picture, too, in the love and adoration with which the people of Palestrina regard Della Rocca. "He was their prince, their lord, their idol, their best friend; as their fathers had followed him to the death, so would they have followed him. Half-a-dozen flew to do each word of his bidding; brought in the horse, brought out an oaken settee

for her in the sun, brought fresh water from the spring, fresh lemons from the tree, fresh violets from the hedges. . . . The green and gracious country was around, the low sun made the skies of the west radiant, the smell of the woods and fields rose fresh from the earth." And certainly "Ouida" has risen higher than one might expect in such a passage as the following: "In her great misery, her soul was purified. The fire that consumed her burned away the dross of the world, the alloy of selfishness and habits and vain passions. 'Oh, God! give me his life, and I will give him mine!' she cried in her heart through those terrible hours." With glimpses, like these, of faith, and feeling, and appreciation of beauty in nature and character, it is a great pity that the genius of "Ouida," which seems to be realizing in some small degree its obligation, should stop short of the morality which alone will rescue it from condemnation and contempt.

Few clergymen have done more, in a brief time, to bring themselves into prominence in Canada than Mr. Bray, pastor of Zion Church, Montreal; whether the means by which he has achieved this prominence are to be commended or condemned it is not within our province to say. Mr. Bray rejects many old ideas. Sacerdotalism is to him an abomination. He is but one of the people. The mere preaching of theology, to which so many pulpits are confined, he does not regard as his mission. He preaches upon an infinite variety of topics, as readily denouncing the municipal government of Montreal as those sins incident to humanity which the Roman Catholic Church designate mortal. Such a man will, at all events, find a large constituency; and it may be assumed of him that he is a pretty strong liberal at heart.

Mr. Bray's lectures on the Churches of Christendom,* recently delivered at Montreal, attest the character of the man's mind. Those who look to him to find additions to the general knowledge of Church history will be disappointed. The lectures are sharp criticisms, and yet wanting neither in warmth nor in balance. The time at his disposal limits him to six representative Churches—the Eastern, the Roman Catholic, the Waldensian, the Episcopal Church of England, the Puritan, the Unitarian. With great plainness of speech he brings into relief what he considers the good and the bad points in all these Churches. Those who are in the habit of regarding Constantine as a demi-god, fighting nobly for the truths of revelation, will not find much comfort in what Mr. Bray has to say of him. We have but place for a single extract. "In dress, Constantine was a barbarian, in eating, a beast; all the world knows him for a glutton. He murdered his son, Crispus, also his nephew Licinius, and then suffocated his wife, Fausta, in a steam bath. A great saint surely! He was converted after a fashion of his own. For he put off baptism until the pains of death had taken hold upon him, that he might sin in safety through life, be washed in dying, and thus float clean and safe into heaven upon the broad bosom of baptismal waters." A man is usually supposed to speak well and reverently of his own order. Let us see how Mr. Bray speaks on this point. "To me that is one of the strangest things I meet in the way of experiences, clerical opposition

* *Churches of Christendom.* Being, Critical and Historical Sketches by Rev. Alfred James Bray, The Melton League. 1877.

to all and every reform. Christ found His deadliest foes in the rabbis and priests; they it was that hated Him most, and crucified Him at last. When Wesley and Whitfield came with a lofty purpose and a work of life, it was the clergy who raised the mob against them and often imperilled their lives. Thousands of honest men were now longing to see the Episcopal Church set free, that she may take her right place in the nation, and, unfettered, do her part in the work, and the clergy again bar the way of reform." He regards the ritualists as the most powerful agents for disestablishment in England. Athanasius he calls "the most refined and elaborate curser of any age." There are many points in the several addresses we should like to dwell on, but we must content ourselves with referring the reader to the pamphlet.

The biography of eminent living personages is at all times a difficult task, and seldom, if ever, undertaken with impartiality. In such biography, the writer is either a partizan or an opponent. In either case, just and fair treatment is out of the question. While the latter has no access to documents necessary to a comprehensive criticism, the former makes use only of such materials as will place his hero in the most favourable light. Such considerations as these lead naturally to the conclusion that an eminent man's life should not be written until after his death; for death hands him over to history, which is the only impartial biographer.

These reflections are suggested by reading a history of Pope Pius IX. by the Rev. Richard Brennau.* The author is evidently a "Hebrew of the Hebrews"—an ultramontane of the ultramontanes. We have read carefully every page of the volume before us; but not one line can we find which could be construed in a light unfavourable to Pius IX. We think a biography should not be a mere eulogy; but, whilst it places before us the good qualities of a man, it should not be silent as to his faults—and all men have their faults, Pius IX. not excepted. The author believes, with all his religious ardour, not only in the infallibility of Pius IX., in matters of faith and morals, but he goes further, he has an intense admiration of all his acts, both of a private and political character. Not a scintilla of censure anywhere.

There are few dispassionate and sober-minded men who do not admire the private character of Pius IX. The writer of this review had occasion to have more personal knowledge of him than, probably, Mr. Brennan ever had. It will, therefore, be satisfactory both to the author and his readers, when he here expresses his conviction that the facts put forth in the biography are historically correct, and that the character of Pius IX. is truthfully portrayed. In this sense, the book will be interesting both to Protestants and Roman Catholics; but whenever the author leaves the legitimate sphere of the biographer, his intense ultramontaniam manifests itself in glaring colours. The superstitious element obtrudes on many a page: miracles are related to

* *A Popular Life of our Holy Father, Pope Pius the Ninth, drawn from the most reliable authorities.* By Rev. Richard Brennan, A.M., Pastor of St. Rose's Church, New York. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benzinger Brothers, Printers to the Holy See. 1877. A. H. Hovey, & Co. 48 King Street E., Toronto, Sole Agents for Ontario. (Sold only by subscription.)

have been wrought on behalf of the Pope, and the Pope is represented as a worker of miracles for the benefit of others. The mere tyro in criticism will smile at the pious credulity of the author. Mariolatry occupies a prominent part in the life of this pontiff. The definition of the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary" is held forth as one of the crowning acts and glories of his pontificate.

In regard to the politics of Europe in general, and of Italy in particular, the author is altogether at fault. In this point, his ultramontanist blinds him completely. He misjudges, in an unjustifiable manner, the motives and acts of the Italian patriots. Such men as Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, not to mention the Roman patriots, are portrayed in the blackest colours and held forth to the scorn of all Roman Catholics. He does not understand the spirit of modern civilization; and is blind to the signs of the times. The temporal government of the Pope appears to him immaculate, affording no pretext whatever for introducing a new order of things, while the many abuses of this government are well-known facts. Did not Pius IX. himself acknowledge the necessity of political reforms, in the beginning of his pontificate? If the masses of his subjects were content with his government, why the rebellion in 1848? Why the French invasion and protectorate? Why the enlistment of foreign soldiers? Why the powerful and unanimous union of the subjects of the Papal States with the people of united Italy? The author maintains, in different parts of his book, that the temporal sovereignty is necessary to the Pope for the efficient discharge of his duties as head of the Church, and yet the whole biography shows that there is no greater hindrance to such a discharge than this very sovereignty. Almost all the troubles of Pius IX. arise from his being a temporal sovereign; his high priestly and spiritual duties recede into the background in order to make room for the many engagements which his secular dignity as king places on his shoulders. The whole book bears witness to the incompatibility of the priestly and kingly offices. The faithful discharge of the one involves the neglect of the other. Mr. Brennan and his co-religionists will see that the papacy will become more spiritual and more efficient for good as soon as it resigns itself to the inevitable and irrevocable loss of the temporal dominion. Of course, we admit that Pius IX. is placed in a peculiar position: for on his accession to the papal throne he swore that he would preserve intact the temporal sovereignty. He is unwilling to violate his solemn oath; hence his "*non possumus*" in reply to all the overtures of the Italian government is quite intelligible. We can, also, well understand his wounded feelings at the loss of his temporal crown, and are not astonished that he secludes himself within his palace and gardens, in a city where he formerly reigned supreme. We do not belong to those who ridicule the expression "Prisoner of the Vatican," for a prisoner he is, but a voluntary one. His successor will, probably, not be trammelled by any oath of office in regard to the preservation of the States of the Church. We hesitate not to say that, if the dogma of infallibility stood not in the way, a better and more glorious day would soon arrive for the papacy, in which, untrammelled by the dictating cares of temporal sovereignty, it would solely and exclusively devote all its energies to the spiritual welfare of its adherents. And, even

in spite of this dogma, a spiritually-minded Pope, free from temporalities, might bring about mighty and salutary reforms. All the hope of Roman Catholicism for the future lies in a good Pope. We are therefore of opinion that the biographies of the future Popes will be of a new style and character ; for the Pope shorn of royal dignity will run a different course from the former *Papa-Ré*—the Pope-King.

In reading the present biography we noted many pages with which we found fault, principally because the author views the events in the life of Pius IX. too much from the ultramontane standpoint. But, perhaps, it would be of little avail to dwell upon them. We give the author credit for sincerity. The work is written in an easy and elegant style, captivating the attention of the reader. The life itself we have reason to believe to be true, and, as Pius IX. is really a good man, the biography cannot fail to be highly interesting. The book contains many fine engravings, all of which are true and correct.

The educational features of the Philadelphia Exhibition were not only full of interest and novelty, but, in their bearing upon the progress and civilization of the world, of the first importance, in that magnificent display of human skill and industry. All nations claiming to be civilized and aiming at higher civilization are in sympathy with educational progress ; and, probably, no subject of human interest, now agitating the world, not even religion, commands higher consideration amongst the advanced nations of the earth than that of educational development and improvement. The formal recognition of education as an art, at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, was, therefore, a wise and timely response to a great public opinion, which, in advance of governments, had long asserted the necessity for the best education of the masses, and now desired and demanded a place for its results and its aspirations, as far as these can be represented by mechanical and material appliances. The products of mechanical and manufacturing skill necessary to life or luxury, and forming the special objects of trade and commerce might claim precedence with the mere business man ; but to the philanthropist and politician who regarded questions from a higher stand-point than that of commercial prosperity, this educational exhibit presented features of profound interest, speculation, and hopefulness. The recent exhibition in this department at Philadelphia presented gratifying and satisfactory evidence of the good results of the Paris exhibition. Not only was there a striking advance in the variety and magnitude of the objects displayed, but the general arrangements presented more of that scientific aspect which would make the exhibit easy for historical record and valuable for its educational usefulness. It is in this view that the elaborate and admirable report* of Dr. Hodgins commends itself to public attention. It professes to be a special report on the Ontario Exhibit, and in that character it is a valuable record of the efforts of a British Province which, in the excellence and magnitude of its display in this regard, took the foremost rank amongst the nations. The report quotes the opinions of distinguished visit-

* *Special Report on the Ontario Educational Exhibit and the Educational Features of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia.* By J. G. HODGINS, LL.D., Deputy Minister.

ors and the press of the United States and the Dominion on the character of the Ontario Exhibit—all of which bear undoubted and gratifying testimony to its excellence and superiority. It is, however, not alone as a record of our provincial success in this department that the report is interesting. As an educational display the exhibition at Philadelphia would only be useful to those who saw it. But Dr. Hodgins, under the unpretending title of a special report on the efforts of a British Province has with great labour and judgment prepared a comprehensive digest of all the educational features and statistics connected with the international exhibition. Each country had its specialties and excellencies; and the peculiar features which distinguished the exhibit of one nation from another, whether to its advantage or otherwise, would naturally excite enquiry and speculation upon the methods, and educational and financial statistics in relation to each country. It is in this view that we attach so much importance to this Report. It is an abstract of the educational history and condition of the world. Whatever was done by the States of the Republic, by nations or by eminent institutions to swell the magnitude and strengthen the educational value of the display has been preserved and presented with great clearness and beauty in the Report. But in addition to this valuable record of what has now passed away, Dr. Hodgins has added valuable abstracts of the educational systems of the civilized world, including methods of organization, programmes of studies, regulations for the training and instruction of teachers, and their qualifications and compensation, with such ample statistics and deductions on the merits of various systems which only a writer of long experience in this special field and great judgment could supply. When we state that not only is the most ample information on the educational systems of every part of this continent to be found in the Report; but that Dr. Hodgins has added equally full details of the educational condition of all the States of Europe, of South America, of Australia, of China and of Japan, we are doing but slight justice to a work of solid and permanent value. The Report does not simply commend itself to the people of Ontario as an interesting record of their present educational standing, and of their admirable exhibit at Philadelphia, but it presents a mass of such valuable and rare information on educational legislation and results as cannot fail to make it a most necessary book of reference to all who need facts and instruction in the important subjects on which it treats.

While we thus express our high estimate of this Report we feel how necessary it is to exercise caution in judging of the merits of a system, or its actual operations, either by these exhibitions or by mere statistics. The exhibits of natural products, of apparatus, of maps and books and other school appliances are suggestive, but give no evidence that the people are educated; and the statistics and organized system of public instruction which every country can so easily produce upon paper, are like all other statistics and documentary evidence, only proofs of what is done, and give us no light on what is left undone. With reference to our own exhibit, while in our leading cities, school-houses and materials for instruction are a great advance on the past, in rural districts the parsimony of the people or the present want of means presents us often with hovels utterly unfitted for the high ends to be aimed at by an advanced system of education, and even in towns and cities, our school-houses are too

often dark, dingy, and untasteful and unattractive structures, with none of the materials for mental culture which appear to such advantage at the exhibition. It is true that neither ours nor any other exhibit is intended to convey the belief that the country has reached the excellence indicated by the display of material and appliances at the exhibition. But there is a twofold danger attached to such exhibitions. The one danger is, that visitors may be misled and form a wrong estimate of the actual educational character of a country by these displays. The other is, that we may be too easily satisfied with an exhibition of the imaginary character of our system, and neglect to realize the benefits to which it points. The one great lesson we have to learn and to practise is, that in the culture of the nation, we can scarcely be too extravagant, that all expenditure in the direction of mental discipline and elevation of taste, will amply repay itself, and, that therefore, well-built and elegant school-houses are as necessary as elegant churches or private residences, as a means of æsthetical training and sanitary improvement, and that if materials and scientific apparatus and appliances are necessary to Model and leading city schools, they are just as necessary to the rural district, or the backwood settlement. The other great lesson—greatest probably of all—is that while we may make the most ample provision for educating the people, we shall effect but little unless we have some means to compel the ignorant to be educated. The report before us shows us how every civilized and many half civilized nations are aroused to the present importance of education, but it also shows and the overwhelming logic of facts and experience shows that there are multitudes who grow into adult ignorance and crime in defiance of all these great efforts; and that while poverty and indifference continue to strengthen the hosts of darkness and vice, the best efforts of governments and the most liberal expenditure fail in securing the great end in view—the education of the ignorant, the salvation of those who are born to fill the ranks of crime, unless they be compelled to receive the education offered to them. We regard these periodical exhibitions of educational effort and progress as hopeful signs of public opinion, and as they abound in suggestive hints and instruction which we cannot afford to lose, we regard this Report as a valuable and indispensable contribution to educational science.

The greatest purist that ever lived could scarcely put down "*Ariadne*,"* Ouida's most recent novel, without some feeling of pleasure, and yet one need not be altogether a purist to affirm that, beautiful as the book undoubtedly is, and comparatively free as it is from those vices of writing which have made the name of Ouida almost a synonym for license, there is still much in it that must be condemned. Less of that unpruned and luxuriant expression, which becomes mere rhapsodical mooning in some instances, is to be found in this book, than in her previous works, less too of the senseless extravagance in dress, habits and conversation of her characters, which was so ridiculously untrue to life, but which never failed to appear as the chief ingredient in the composition of noblemen and ladies of high degree. Heretofore, her works would have been amusing, had they not been offensive, so utterly absurd were

* *Ariadne*, by Ouida. Toronto: Belford Bros.

many of the situations and characters. However, in "Ariadne," we have much less of this, and what hyperbole there may exist in it can be forgiven, as it is of Rome and Italy, and the people of the south, "bright and fierce and fickle," that she writes. In fact, the book at first sight appears to be a new sort of Baedeker, with just enough narrative carefully woven in to entice one to the perusal of long and high sounding names, and after careful reading, one remembers the book more as a reminiscence of Rome, than as a novel, strictly speaking; because the story is so very much like what she has given us before. Her favourite hero, usually an Englishman, appears only faintly disguised as one Hilarion (what unlikely names does she always give her characters), whose father had been a German noble, his mother a Greek princess, and who is, of course, "tall, and fair, and beautiful, with something imperious and cruel on his face, who possesses a *delicate, bitter, amorous, cruel* voice;" who has the "temper of Heine and the music of Musset," who is brilliant, and polished, and eloquent, and fascinating, and everything in short, that a hero of Ouida's should be, not forgetting his open licentiousness, cultivated cruelty, and artistic brutality. What a gulf in refinement in knowledge and in manner, between Bill Sykes the professional burglar and worse, and Hilarion, the beautiful and polished creation of Ouida, and yet how infinitely more the villain is the latter, though he be in the likeness of a Greek god! Gioja too, is only Folle Farine or Cigarette, on a new back ground, with more wistfulness in her eyes, and a truly remarkably innocence (so we are told) in her heart, though she does manage to ask an occasional question which seems strange from the lips of the pure-minded being she is supposed to be. Maryx, the sculptor, is finely drawn; but no character in the book is equal to the old cobbler, Crispin, "son of old Beredine Quintilio, king of the beggars," who tells the story. His love for Rome amounting to a passion, his natural and artistic mode of living, and his great unselfish love for the girl he calls his "Ariadne," are the best things in the book; as the final catastrophe where Maryx is killed, Gioja dies, and the brute Hilarion repents becomingly, just as he is beginning to know what true love is, for the first time in his life, is the worst. What pleases most in the book is the constant beauty of description, rich, and varying, and true; there is, too, the recurrence of really noble passages, full of a higher faith and purer emotion than one would credit Ouida with. That greatest of all works of fiction, "Daniel Deronda," purer in plot and character than "Ariadne," is yet chilling and startling in its calm, cold philosophy of will, and consequence, and apparent human government, beside the occasional warm touches of a "nobler yearning" that Ouida's perverted genius has given us.

Not so very many years ago a universal grievance was said to be the want of suitable text-books for the young. That this want is being overcome in our day can scarcely be doubted by anybody who will, just for one instance, carefully look into the alluring little *Primers* now being published by Appleton. There are the *Science Primers*, compiled by such Titans as Huxley, Balfour, Stewart, Geikie, Roscoe and Hooker; the *History Primers*, which include the names of Dr. Freeman and Charlotte Yonge: and the *Literature Primers*, with the Rev. Stopford Brooke for English literature, and the Rev.

Dr. Farrar on Latin literature. The Primer of which we wish to make special mention is one of the History Series*—subject, Geography—by George Grove, Esq. It seems at first almost a distinction without a difference to include in the Science series a Primer of Physical Geography, and another on Geography in the History series, but as Mr. Groves tells us his book is to treat only of maps and map-making, of the general structure and arrangement of the Earth and Ocean, and some particulars of Land and Water, it will be seen that there is plenty of matter left for Prof. Geikie to elaborate in his Physical Geography. Mr. Grove's book is captivating in appearance and in style, and not the least useful part of it is the Appendix, containing the statistics of distance and direction. We hope that some of these very excellent little books may speedily be found worthy to supersede the too cumbrous and diffuse school manuals, which frequently only confuse and tire the scholar.

The Report of Progress for 1875-6, of the Geological Survey of Canada, is fully equal in interest to those of former years. Mr. Selwyn's introductory report was rather fuller than usual, and no one can read it through without being particularly struck with the forbearance shown by Mr. Selwyn, towards the Canadian Commissioners for the Philadelphia Exhibition. Having informed those gentlemen that from eight to ten thousand dollars would be required to carry out the object in view, viz : the adequate representation of the mineral resources and geology of Canada ; \$5,000 was placed at his disposal, with a verbal intimation that if more was required, a further appropriation would be made. It was made out of Mr. Selwyn's own pocket, "repeated communications to the commissioners not even being acknowledged." Dr. Harrington's very excellent obituary notice of Sir William Logan, which appeared in the *Canadian Naturalist* and the *American Journal of Science*, follow Mr. Selwyn's introductory report, and is a fitting tribute to the memory of that great and good man. The other reports comprise one by Mr. Selwyn, on British Columbia, with three appendices, by Prof. Macoun, J. F. Whiteaves, and Prof. Le Conte ; one by George M. Dawson, also, on British Columbia ; and one by Hugh Fletcher, B. A., on explorations in Cape Breton, N. S. The volume is embellished with maps and illustrations, and most of it is charming reading, that need not be confined to geologists.†

* *History Primers*. Edited by J. R. Green. Geography. By George Grove, F.N.G.S. With Maps and Diagrams. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

† *Report of Progress, for 1875-1876*. Geological Survey of Canada. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Musical.

DR. T. L. PHIPSON has given us an amusing book entitled "Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of celebrated Violinists." In the preface the violin is said to have done as much for the world as the steam engine ; and the writer maintains that no connection exists between the *violin* which came to us from Italy and a "*much older instrument*," the Welsh and Irish *fiddle*.

We are told that "ignorant vulgar minded persons" alone confounded the instruments. However, as the Doctor allows a greater antiquity of "many hundred years," and the modern merit of extreme cheapness—twenty shillings for a fair specimen—to the fiddle, he can hardly refuse a great civilizing power to the fiddle, as well as to the violin ; albeit it may have been chiefly exercised upon "ignorant and vulgar-minded persons," Lulli is the first celebrated violinist, of whom Dr. Phipson takes account. Lulli commenced life as page to Madame de Montpensier ; thence was promoted or degraded to the kitchen of Louis XIV., distinguishing himself both as cook and violinist ; was taken thence by the Comte de Nogent, to Court, where his advance was rapid. He became Court Musician and Director ; and there may be said to have created the French Grand Opera, composing himself nineteen operas during a space of fifteen years. But he never abandoned his violin, and left behind him many very talented pupils. The second chapter is devoted to Corelli and his pupils, about whom there is little to be said that is new. Corelli is said to be the first *chef d'orchestre* who insisted on uniform motion of the bows ; in his own solo performances "his countenance was distorted, his eyes red as fire, and his eyeballs rolled as if in agony." He had many pupils—the most famous, perhaps, Geminiani and Philador. A chapter on two Englishmen—the Bannisters—is very brief, and is chiefly occupied with Britton, the "musical small coal man," who is credited with the institution of private concerts. In the chapter devoted to Tartini, a few lines are given to Thomas Linley, Tartini's "*Trillo del Diavolo*"—the composition and its name is thus accounted for by its author :—"One night in 1713," he says, "I dreamt that I had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at my service on all occasions. Everything succeeded according to my mind, my wishes were anticipated, and desires always surpassed by the assistance of my new servant. At last I thought I would offer my violin to the devil, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was ; when to my great astonishment, I heard him play a *solo* so singularly beautiful, and with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music I had ever heard or conceived in the whole course of my life. I was so overcome with surprise and delight, that I lost my power of breathing, and the violence of this awoke me. Instantly I seized my violin, in the hope of remembering some portion of what I had just heard, but in vain ! The work which this

dream suggested, and which I wrote at the time, is doubtless the best of all my compositions, and I still call it the *Sonata del Diavoli*; but it sinks so much into insignificance compared with what I heard, that I would have broken my instrument, and abandoned music altogether, had I possessed any other means of subsistence."

Tartini's greatest pupil was Paganini, who paid the common penalty of greatness, in being mercilessly caricatured, and becoming the hero of many ludicrous and apocryphal stories.

Viotti receives a due measure of discriminating praise; he was the instructor of almost all creditable players, amongst others, of Mori. The rise of the German school of violin players, of whom Louis Spohr is the greatest member, is briefly noticed. Spohr was born in the same place as Paganini, and some rivalry between the two, seems to have been imagined. Spohr could well hold his own as a violinist, in every other respect he was immeasurably Paganini's superior. Sixty pages—a fourth of the entire work—are devoted to Paganini, in many respects the most wonderful violinist who ever existed. Few will gainsay this, though exception has been taken to his proceedings, musical and otherwise. An angelic vision—or dream—heralded Paganini's career; a radiant angel promised to fulfil any wish of his mother, and she chose that he should become the greatest of all violinists. Whether the promise was literally kept we need not enquire, but certainly no violinist ever affected his audience like Paganini. Dr. Phipson gives the details of his life, but we fail to realize from them either the musician or the man. When he was in England, the enthusiasm for his playing did not preserve his personal character from attack. He certainly gave his enemies opportunity for severe animadversions; but he was envied by many, and we believe the worst possible was said of him. Dr. Phipson thus excuses him:—

"Paganini has been often accused of selfishness and unruly habits, but he knew also how to be generous, when the occasion offered. He was of great service to several fellow artists, and frequently gave concerts for the poor. But when we reflect on his neglected education, save as regards music—his utter ignorance of almost everything that was not directly related to his art, and the wretched associates of his youth, it is wonderful that his character should have remained so naïve and so good as it certainly was. That he was a man of peculiarly eccentric manners no one can doubt; in fact, some may well fancy him slightly crazed. His very appearance gave strength to this notion, his entrance upon the platform of the concert room, was more than once greeted with an outburst of laughter, so singularly eccentric was his every movement, and entire demeanour. He had also a habit of speaking aloud to himself when alone; and if at such moments a stranger approached, he greeted him with a ghastly smile, that was peculiar to him, and occasionally lit up his features for a moment when he was cheered after his performance in public. In society he was naturally taciturn, but could be high spirited and full of anecdotes, when among intimate friends. His natural irritability was much increased by his having frequent recourse to a quack medicine then in vogue, in which he was unfortunate enough like many

others, to place implicit confidence. . . . He was exceedingly polite to artists. . . . His miraculous dexterity seems to have been kept up entirely by the numerous concerts which he gave, and by his exceedingly nervous and delicate temperament."

The repair by M. Vuillaume of the favourite Guarnerius forms a pretty story. The instrument had been injured by a fall, and was entrusted to Vuillaume to take to pieces and repair, but only at the house and in the presence of Paganini. He afterwards consented to Vuillaume taking it to his workshop whence after three days it was returned perfect, much to the delight of its owner. For the rest we quote Vuillaume's own words :—" A few days afterwards I met him on the Boulevards, when he took my arm and said to me : ' I thank you, my dear friend ; it is as good as it was before.' He then drew from his waist coat pocket a little red morocco box, saying, ' I have had two pins made, the one for the doctor of my body, the other for the doctor of my violin.' I opened the little box and I found the pin was ornamental with a capital P formed with twenty-three diamonds." Vuillaume had also taken the opportunity of copying the instrument, and subsequently presented the copy to Paganini, who received it with mingled surprise and horror ; he found that placed side by side the old and new instruments were hardly to be distinguished from each other.

An artist who commenced his career with a vision, should not close it after the manner of ordinary mortals. Paganini's last effort on his death-bed seems to have been a kind of apotheosis of Lord Byron :—

" The name of Lord Byron, whom Paganini most admired, is intimately connected with the last moments of the great violinist. Under the blue sky of Nice, in a warm bright atmosphere, and surrounded by a circle of intimate friends, Paganini sat at his bedroom window, whilst the sun sank towards the horizon, bathing the clouds, the sea, and the earth in tints of the purest purple and gold. A soft tepid breeze flowed into the room, bringing with it the perfume of a thousand flowers ; the birds were singing joyously in the green boughs over head, whilst a crowd of gay promenaders were enjoying the cool evening upon the shore. After having examined for some time these animated groups of pleasure seekers, the eyes of the artist suddenly turned to a portrait of Lord Byron, that hung near his bed. A flash of animation spread over his features, whilst he took up his violin, and illustrated the career of the great poet—his genius, his troubles, his successes—by one of the most beautiful musical poems that the illustrious *virtuoso* ever invented. In this brilliant improvisation, he followed the English bard through all the details of his stormy career ; there were the accents of doubt, of irony, of despair, just as they come to us from the pages of ' Manfred,' of ' Lara,' of ' The Giaour'—then came the cry of liberty, exciting Greece to break her chains—and the tumult of triumph Paganini had scarcely finished the last phrase of this magnificent drama, when his bow remained as if petrified in his icy fingers. The shock of this moral effort proved too great for him, and from that moment he never quitted his bed."

Dr. Phipson's book is enthusiastic, careful, and impartial ; and those interested in the violin, or in music generally, should become acquainted with " Celebrated Violinists " for themselves.

The sapling of 1857 has, in twenty years, expanded into a giant oak. In 1862 it was decided that the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace should, like the great music meetings of Birmingham and Norwich, and the less imposing gatherings of the cathedral choirs, be constituted triennial. It was justly concluded that if Birmingham could support, once every three years, a festival on an enormous scale, London, with its principal singers, its orchestra, and half its chorus immediately at hand, might, without much difficulty, do the same. Sydenham is but an outpost of London, and Sydenham can boast an edifice unrivalled in the world for originality and elegance of structure, for enchanting aspect, and for vastness of accommodation.

But there was still another incentive. "Handel, though a German, is the greatest and most universally popular of English musicians." In the land of his birth, not to speak of other countries, his music is not a tenth part so familiar to the majority of the people as it has long been in England. Handel, in short, it may be said, without irreverence, has stood foremost among those preachers, whose persuasive discourse has been most effectual to strengthen a faith in the inspired beauty of the Christian doctrine. It is a stale aphorism, that "The Messiah"—or "Messiah," as it should properly be named—is the most eloquent of sermons; and yet it cannot be too frequently reiterated—for the good it effects is perennial—and has every chance of being perpetual. That art may well be called divine, which gave existence to such a work. German critics have often pointed to the English nation as setting an example, without example, in their constant and always increasing veneration for Handel, who was, nevertheless, a German—Saxon born. In England, they say, and say truly, that not only Handel's best operas and his best oratorios were composed, but that in England the best parts, at least, of his best oratorios are very generally known; while some of them are no less familiar than the noblest and most poetical of Shakespeare's plays. We should, at the same time, remember that it was the religious feeling of a large portion of the English community to which Handel so successfully appealed, when, after abandoning opera, he gave himself up almost exclusively to the composition of oratorio. That not only the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt"—the oratorio of the Gospel, and the oratorio of the Bible—the oratorio of the New Testament and the Old—should have been produced, but so many sacred musical dramas, founded upon prominent characters and incidents in Holy Writ, should have been given successively and successfully to England, is a testimony to that firm and ardent faith in revealed religion, which, despite uncontrolled sectarianism, distinguishes the English before all other nations. Handel has spoken to our common sentiment of religion, just as Shakespeare has spoken to our common feeling of humanity; and Handel enjoys this advantage—that, having spoken in a language which is universal, what he has said can be made intelligible to the whole Christian world without translation. It is right, therefore, that he should be *fêted* by the people to whom he directly and repeatedly addressed himself, and by whom he was always honoured, though occasionally misunderstood, amid the struggles of a life which terminated as prosperously as it had been conducted, with manful vigour and unswerving integrity, through a sea of troubles. It is a consolation to know that, notwithstanding his theft-

ing vicissitudes of fortune, Handel lived long enough, and died rich enough, to bequeath to the Royal Society of Musicians a legacy of £1,000. His "Messiah" has brought tens of thousands upon tens of thousands to charity after charity, and though very considerably more than a century and a quarter old, was heard with the decorous attention and enthusiastic delight at the recent Festival, which has never yet failed to accompany even a moderately efficient revelation of its wonderful beauties. The soloists this year were Madame Adelina Patti and Mademoiselle Albani, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Edith Wynne, Madame Lute and Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, Signor Foli, Herr Henschel, and Mr. Santley. The name of Mr. Sims Reeves is alone absent.

Madame Titiens is quite convalescent, is now at her summer residence at Worthing. It is thought that her voice has received no injury from her serious and protracted illness, and she may yet sing before the end of the season.

The celebrated violinist Vieuxtemps has been stricken by paralysis of the left side and is unhappily in a state which gives the most serious anxiety to his many friends.

Dr. Von Bulow will arrive in London in October to give pianoforte recitals and possibly to appear at the Monday popular concerts and to play and conduct at the Crystal Palace. He will remain in England till March, when he will be succeeded by Rubinstein.

The season at Her Majesty's Theatre will close July 21 or 28.

Madame Pauline Lucca's forthcoming St. Petersburg season will be her "very last" farewell.

Cherubino says that the election of Theodore Thomas to the post of conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society may have a serious effect upon music in the States. It will certainly Wagnerise the Philharmonic Society and it may break up the renowned Theodore Thomas band.

Albert Steinway's will has been proved in New York at under £80,000 personality.

Madame Trebelli and Mr. Behrens start for their Scandinavian tour the first week of August, it will last three months.

The concert which was given some weeks ago in the Horticultural Gardens by the choir of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, assisted by a band from the same place, was at least successful in point of attendance. As for the music, the singing of Mrs. Imogene Brown was alone perfectly satisfactory, the effect of the choruses, which were really being well sung when one could hear them, being utterly ruined by the persistent violence of the band. The singers being on a level too was unfortunate, as nothing but soprano could well be heard, the tenor, bass, and even alto being out of hearing as well as out of sight. If our Buffalo friends are organizing another concert in our midst, they will do well to remember to make the programme shorter, the selections better, (who wants to hear a school-girl arrangement and performance of *Tanhauser*?) and the artists fewer. Another song or two from Mrs. Brown that evening could have pleased what was really a cultivated and appreciative audience in place of a badly-sung quartette and ill-chosen duet.

THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

Words by T. WESTWOOD.

Music by DOLORES

Poco allegro.



p

1. Do you ask me lit - tle
 2. You may laugh my lit - tle
 3. Now the por - tal clo - ses,

p *cres.*

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and crescendo (*cres.*).

p

peo - ple, Where I find my songs and dit-ties? Oh, it's
 peo - ple, But be sure my story's true, For I
 clo - ses, And the dark - ness walls it round, Leaving

f

The second system continues the song with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

far from tow'r and steeple, Far from fields, and far from
vow, by yon church steeple, I was once a child like
child-hood with the ro-ses, Age up-on the flin-ty

Poco più lento.

cities; Ay, so ve-ry far that never, Tho' your
you; Just as fris-ky in the wild wood, just as
ground. Nay, my chil-dren not in sadness, Nor re-

Poco più lento.

feet were like the wind, Could you reach the place for
nim-ble in the race; But I lost my hap-py
-proach, these words I say God is good and gives new

ev-er Out of sight and out of mind.....
child-hood; Do you ask in what strange place.....
glad-ness, When the old he takes a-way.....

f *PC*

Wait my chil - dren, time will show it, Thro' the
In what dark - some lanes and al - leys It slipp'd
But where all my songs and dit - ties I go

p *cres.*

gloom of years 'twill grow Clear to all your eyes— You'll
from me? You shall know; It was in the dew - y
seek - ing now you know, Far from fields and far from

f

know it As the Land of long a - go.
val - leys Of the Land of long a - go.
dit - ties, In the Land of long a - go.

p

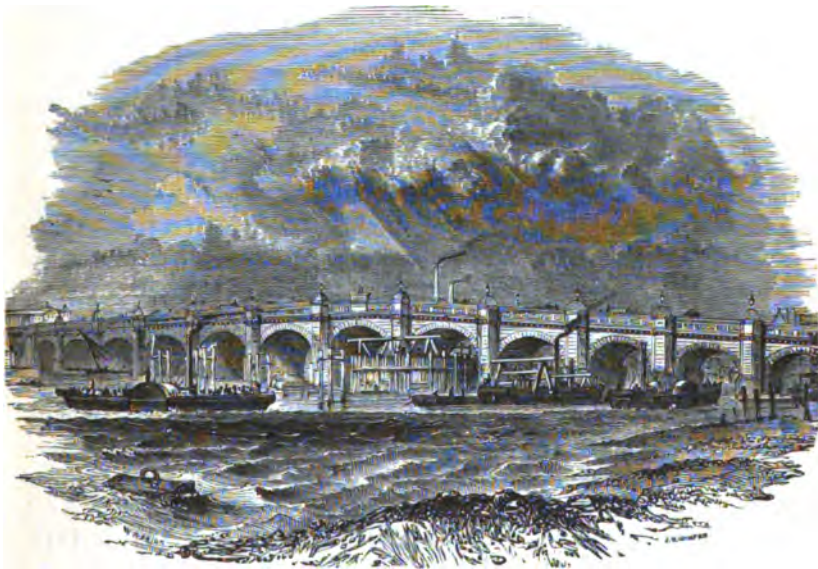
f

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

UP THE THAMES.

FIRST PAPER.

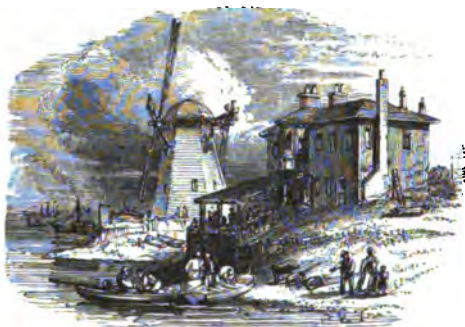


OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

To the westward drift alike fashion, history and empire. The west end of cities corresponds to the west end of chronology. It is the forward end, the eventful end—the end of gaiety, change, life, movement. The eastern end—for even this spherical perch of ours must have a beginning somewhere—is that which melts into the stagnant past, as into, say,

the yellow blankness of the Babylonian plains and the swamps of Siam or the Isle of Dogs.

So the excursionizing visitor in London, having performed the melancholy duty of groping through the cobwebs and fungi of the great wine-vaults and other wonders of the dock-region—Doré's illustrations of which are scarce surpassed in unearthly gloom by those of his *Wandering Jew*—is not apt to do



BATTERSEA RED HOUSE.

more in that direction than take a hasty glance at Greenwich, where the pensioners used to be, and the telescopes and the white-bait still are. Beyond and below that all is blank; for, though a jaunt to Margate is a thing of joy to thousands of Londoners, "nobody" lives there or ever did. Our know-

ledge of, or interest in, the place we owe almost exclusively to the Rev. Sydney Smith's account of the "religious hoy that sets off every week for Margate," and Elia's more sympathizing sketch of a trip thither by a more rapid and less saintly conveyance. The estuary of the Thames is almost as poor a cover for the explorer to draw as the estuary of Delaware. So he gives the wind to the herring country over the way, and turns his nose up stream. Above Westminster Bridge, starting from the House of Parliament, he looks for the haunts of the hard fighters and hard thinkers, past and present, of England, and for her most characteristic charms of landscape, natural and artificial.

Our starting-point, though above the limits of the city proper, is five, six or seven—no one can tell exactly how many—miles below the western edge of the metropolis. The ancient city, with three hundred thousand inhabitants more than two centuries ago, and hardly a hundred thousand to-day, is but the dingy nucleus of a vast nebula of brick, that differs from a comet in constantly expanding and never contracting. As a sample of its progress, the opening, in the ten years from 1861 to 1871, of six hundred and thirty-five miles of new streets will serve. Nine or ten thousand houses are annually erected—ten times as many as are in the same time added to the most rapidly growing Canadian city. About four millions of souls occupy an area of one hundred and thirty-one square miles, this being still but a corner of the space—five hundred and seventy-six—included within the beats of the metropolitan police. London has thus gathered to itself not only home provinces, but out-

lying colonies. More populous than Rome ever was, her commissariat gives her none of the worry that so complicated the politics of her prototype. Seventy miles of beeves, ten abreast, stalk calmly every year into her capacious maw. And it cries out for more and will not be appeased with anything short of a corresponding tribute of sheep, pigs, poultry, etc. by way of *entremets*. Statistics like these pass from the arithmetical into the poetic, and approach the sublime. Hecatombs do capital duty in the old epics, but what are hecatombs to such nations of live-stock as these? An army, said Napoleon or Wellington, or both, travels on its belly. London equals in numbers and exceeds in consumption forty armies larger than either of these generals had at Waterloo. Fancy the commensurate receptacle! The mass oppresses the imagination. Let us get from under it.

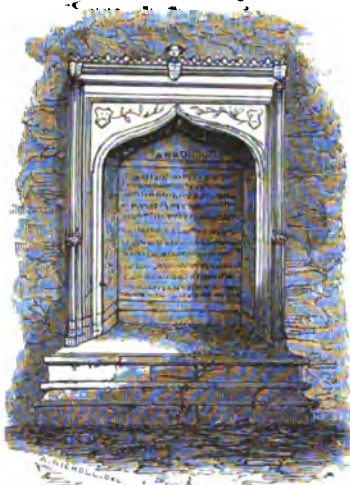


CHELSEA, FROM THE RIVER.

A century or two ago, according to the doggerel of the time, when the lord mayor and aldermen set out on their annual hunting excursion, their route lay "from Cheapside down by Fenchurch street, and so to Aldgate Pump," and soon found themselves, despite the tardy locomotion of their fat Flemish horses, among the fields. From where *we* set forth, two miles up the river, the eye can follow the current, mark where the magnificent Thames Embankment carries elegance, atmosphere and health into the noisome tide-marshes that skirted their haunts.

On Westminster Bridge, the second of the name constructed within

a century and a quarter, we stand, as on the Bridge of Sighs, "a palace and a prison on each hand." The Houses of Parliament, excelling in cost and elaboration most palaces, look down upon one of John Bull's recently abandoned pets, the Millbank Penitentiary, situated on the same (or north) side of the Thames. Over the way, Lambeth, the ancient residence of the archbishops of Canterbury, is both palace and prison. Replete with memories of Cardinal Pole, Laud, Juxon, Tillotson and their successors, that part of its irregular façade which is first sought by the eye of the strangers is the Lollards' Tower, wherein the followers of Wycliffe tasted the first fruits on English soil of religious persecution.



SIR THOMAS MORE'S MONUMENT.

Vauxhall Gardens have passed away with Sir Roger de Coverly, and the superior taste which improved them out of existence manifested itself in a fashionable pigeon-shooting resort dubbed the Red House.

Glancing to the northern shore again, Chelsea Hospital comes into view, a present which England owes, as she does her Indian empire, her American colonies, her navy, St. Paul's, the best of her art-treasures, and so many other acquisitions of power and culture, to the Stuarts. The story that Nell Gwynne has the credit of having suggested the creation of this national retreat for the broken soldier is far from having gained universal acceptance. Yet the existence of the tradition is as complimentary to her as would be truth. It proves what a character for that charity which covereth a multitude of sins the active benevolence of the gay *comédienne* had earned among the people. The Hanoverian ladies who came "for all your goots" have never been accused of any such freak.



SIR HANS SLOANE'S MONUMENT.



CHELSEA CHURCH.

The shadow of the famous dead begin to thicken around us with the bending trees—of great men, not as they mingled in the turmoil of court and council, but as they strolled in their gardens, laboured in the study, or went, like common people, through the daily round of domestic life. Within a very circumscribed space lay the abode of Pym, Shaftesbury, Locke, Addison, Steele, Swift, and Atterbury. The extinct hamlet of Little Chelsea was thus gilded by the greater lights of the Augustan age of British literature. Swift for a time had for his next neighbour over the way his intriguing brother of the cloth, and got on with him much more smoothly and pleasantly than was his wont with others. Had they agreed better they would doubtless have been worse friends.

Far back of this circle, in point of time, flourished on the same spot the author of *Utopia*, Sir Thomas Moore, handed down to us by that enigma among philosophers and divines, Erasmus, as every way a model man. Other accounts go to justify this character. To himself, his long and placid life must have appeared a perfect success, and he may well have deemed himself to be lapsing dreamily into the bliss of his imaginary republic until rudely awakened by the axe of the tyrant whom in the epitaph of his own composition in the heyday of his prosperity he styles the "best of princes." Readers of this inscription, which stands in faultless Latin on his monument in Chelsea church, may note, after the passage which proclaims the writer and deceased a stern foe to thieves and murderers, a blank space which was originally filled with "heretics," the identical class of malefactors for belonging to which he was himself, within three years, brought to the block by the best of princes. A keen helmsman it must have taken to steer in the wake of bluff Harry. The Vicar of Bray was right in claiming to be the only consistent man of his day.



RATTERSEA BRIDGE.

A different style of philosopher, one of our modern evangelists of the practical, Sir Hans Sloane, unites with More in illustrating Chelsea. His works have not followed him, but still speaking in monuments which cannot lie—in the dispensary system for the relief of the poor, in broad and beautiful Botanic Gardens, and in the British Museum, whereof his bequest was the nucleus.

The West End, as we follow the river, has become the south end, and that in its most aggravated shape we have on the south bank. The majesty of the past gives place to the might of modern England in the very unsavoury guise of the pariahs of the factory tribe. From monumental chimneys, gin, vitriol and soap insult the welkin with their surplus fumes. It may be a question whether the most elegant of English political writers, the site of whose villa and the resting place of whose

remains is among them, would altogether enjoy such evidences of the prosperity of the kingdom whose welfare he pursued through paths so tortuous and yet illumined by so much genius. He—and certainly his friend Pope—might scorn such “meaner things.” The statesman and the poet would have been loath to accept the soap-boiler as a co-labourer in the cause of national elevation, although manufacturers are at once the source and the expression of wealth, the familiar ally of statesmanship and poesy. “The first king was a fortunate soldier,”



MONUMENT TO BOLINGBROKE.

and his workshop, the battlefield, is less pleasant to look upon than the foulest of factories.

All this, however, does not lessen our anxiety to leave behind these homes of progress and get into the unprogressive country. It is not easy to keep out of the way of growing London. It almost



BOWLING-GREEN HOUSE.

visibly follows us up the river. In fact, as we skim the currentless surface of the placid and canal-like stream, where garden and grove more and more exclude the town, it has stolen a march upon us—flanked us, so to speak, on the right or north, and taken a short cut across a semicircular bend of the Thames, miles in advance to Hammer-smith and beyond. Two miles' sail from the metropolis will thus bring us back into the midst of it. But till then we shall enjoy the suburb-and-villa sensation supplied by the scenery near Putney and Fulham.



PUTNEY.

Abundance of celebrities here beset us. The chief of them in modern eyes are, Gibbon, who was born, and the younger Pitt, who died, at Putney.

It was not among these tranquil folds and meadows that "the lord of irony, that master-spell," formed the plan of his great history. Conceptions of war and revolution seem here wholly forced and unnatural ideas. At first thought, they would appear equally so amid the ruins of the Coliseum, where, as he tells us, the design first occurred to him. But there the remains of the empire whose epitaph he was to write lay broad and clear around him. To disentangle from the obscure and involved records of twelve centuries of barbarism the reasons why so much and so little of it survive, was a task that one is surprised should have been left to a wanderer from the British Islands. It is a task thoroughly performed by him. His work has not been materially improved by any of the corrections and expansions that have been essayed: the author's edition remains the best. It may be pronounced not merely the only history of the vast period it covers, but the only compendious and perspicuous history of any considerable portion of it. It stands out in European literature from a host of monographs, chronicles and memoirs, many of them more brilliant and exhaustive, like one of Raphael's canvases in a gallery of Flemish cabinet pictures. Gibbon and Clarendon may almost be termed the only English historians. Hume and Robertson



FULHAM.

were Scotch; Macaulay's fragment is a clever partisan production, not a history; Froude, the fashion of the hour, is already on the wane, as befits a chronicler whose passion is for paradox rather than for truth. In one or another respect each of these is Gibbon's superior in style. His method of expression is rhetorical and involved to the last degree. And yet it does not tire the reader. Discovering the sense soon ceases to be an effort, with such unflinching regularity does the meaning distill, drop by drop, from those convoluted sentences. The calm, clear, idiomatic flow of Hume, and the direct, precise, engine-like beat of Macaulay, are both technically preferable; but the former would have put

us to sleep before we got through a long reign of the Lower Empire, and the vigorous invective of the latter, pelting as with rock-crystal the ample material before him, would have palled upon us ere losing sight of the Antonines.

Pitt, the "great young minister," a maker and not a writer of history, died at the Bowling-green House on January 23, 1806, of an attack of Austerlitz. The courier who brought him the news of that battle brought him his death-warrant; a French bullet could not have been more fatal. Napoleon had his revenge for the disasters of the future. Pitt might have outlived him and died anything but an old man, but the satisfaction of witnessing Moscow and Waterloo was denied him. It would have been in his eyes the happy and natural close of the great drama, only the first two or three acts of which it was his to witness. It is impossible to repress a feeling of sympathy with the earnest and patriotic statesman, galled, baffled and beaten, compelled, while racked with bodily suffering, to face some of the mightiest foes at home and abroad that publicist had ever to encounter—the eloquence of Fox and Sheridan and the sword of Napoleon—laying down the chief power of the realm to die heartbroken in these secluded shades.



HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, CHISWICK.

Less secluded are they now than seventy years ago. Attracted by the comparatively elevated situation and fine air of Putney Heath, many residents have sought it. It is now covered with villas, each boasting its own private demesne, if only large enough to accommodate a tree and some shrubs. It does not take a great mass of verdure to conceal a smallish house that stands back from the road, or to give to the whole row, square, crescent, terrace or walk a rural and retired effect. A pas-

sion for planting is common to the English everywhere, and especially does it manifest itself where all the conditions are so favourable as on the upper Thames. Trees are the natural fringe of rivers in all countries. The watercourses of our great North-western plains are mapped out by the only arboreal efforts Nature there seems capable of making. The streams of England, naturally a forest country, must always have been peculiarly rich in this decoration; and had they not been the people would have made them so. The long stone quay is backed by its bordering grove, and towns and houses that throng down to the water are content, or rather prefer, to view it through such peepholes as the leaves may vouchsafe them. And then the turf, the glory of Britain, that shower and shears, Heaven and man, vie in cherishing!

The basin of the Thames is nearly as flat as the bottom of the ancient sea through which the chalk and clay that underlie it were slowly sifted down. Neither rocky cliff, breezy down, nor soaring mount has part in its scenery. What variety of outline the horizon seen from the river possesses is due to grove or façade. But all the variety these can give is there. The stream itself, so barren in some of the ingredients of the picturesque, is as agreeably astonishing in the use it makes of what it has. The tide running to Teddington, twelve miles above London, and lock and dam navigation taking possession above that village, there is little current but that caused by the tide. The Thames, in other words, where not an estuary is a canal—we had almost said moat. It has neither rapids nor rocky islets. It labours under the fearful depopulating drawback of a towpath. Racing shells, miraculously slim and crank, traverse with safety its roughest bends. From Putney, where we now are, to Mortlake, four miles above, is the aquatic Newmarket of England, where the young thoroughbreds of Oxford and Cambridge yearly measure their mettle.

Tufted islet—or “aits,” as the local vernacular has it—varied in size and shape, divide the stream. Long reaches, with spire or palace faint and pearly in the distance, alternate with sweeping curves scalloped with billowy masses of foliage that bastion broad re-entering angles of tessellated lawn and meadow. Willow and elm, the most graceful of trees, luxuriant as such a habitat can make them, sends streaks and masses of richest shadow beneath and beyond them. “Schools” of water-lillies star the clumps of reflected shade or blend with catches of sunlight brighter than themselves. Vistas of water among the aits, and of velvet-green among the meadows, lead off here and there. Now we thread a bridge, modern and smart, or mediæval and mossy, with a jumble of peaked arches diverse each from the other in shape and proportion. The cumbrous piers of these veterans repeat themselves in reflection, substance and shadow cut apart by multiform ripples and

swirls, that shift and start and interlace, and pass hand in hand finally into the glassy sheet below, as they did when the Norman masons set them first in motion. They built to last, those "Middle-Aged" artisans. Prodigal of material, and not given to venturesome experiments on the capacities of the arch, like those who designed the flat elliptical spans of Waterloo Bridge, their rule was to make security more secure. They multiplied spans, made them high and sharp, and set them up on piers and starlings that occupied—and occupy yet where they have not been removed as impediments to the march of improvement—the greater part of the width of the river. From that portion of its course now under notice these old bridges have pretty well disappeared. Old London Bridge, the most considerable of them, and an exaggeration of their most fantastic traits, gave place to its elegant successor half a century ago, after having sustained the rush of waters below, and of a crowd of humanity, resident and locomotive, above, for five or six centuries. As we ascend the stream into regions less harried by the inexorable invader, Progress, they grow more and more common. They enhance the difference in the character of the scenery. Chronology and landscape march together. As we are borne into the country, we are led back, *pari passu*, into the past. It is taking a rustic tour into the Dark Ages by steain.

Not that the absurd little steamers which infest these waters—the equation of hull, cabin, paddle-box and pipe reduced to its lowest terms of a horizontal line and a vertical ditto erected on the centre—can penetrate far into the anti-que. Their field grows narrower year by year with the wash of the expanding city. These boats will always be the gondolas of London's Grand Canal, and all the more assuredly when the water-front shall have been transformed by the completion of the long line of quay and esplanade now in progress; but, as with their less prosaic congeners of Venice, their operations outside of the city limits will be restricted.



GARDEN SCENE, CHISWICK HOUSE.

It is in perfect keeping that the charms of the lush and mellow landscape that unrolls itself on either hand should be those of peace. Nearly two centuries and a half have passed since it was disturbed by battle. The fact helps us to realize the unspeakable blessing England's unassail-

ability by land is to her. Not only are her liberty and prosperity enabled to expand and establish themselves without fear of disturbance from external forces, but they receive an impulse from the mere recognition of this fact derived from observation of the fortunes of her neighbours under the contrary condition. Her domestic politics, unlike those of the continental nations, are controlled only by domestic interest. The result is a practical and common-sense treatment of them, such as a merchant makes of his individual affairs in the seclusion of his counting-house. The *nation boutiquière* thus carries "shop" into her Parliament. Could a ditch impassable to Von Moltke be drawn around poor France from Dunkirk to Nice, and kept impregnable even for a few decades, the world would witness a notable change in the steadiness of her institutions and her industry. It is not a question purely of race, as we



HOGARTH'S TOMB.

have usually been taught to consider it. Circumstance makes race, and race cannot rise wholly above circumstances. The Jutes and Saxons in their native seats are not distinguished above the other peoples of Christendom for intelligent and effective devotion to free institutions. Many continental families are more so. The Welsh and Scots, largely sharing the Celtic blood which is alleged to enfeeble the French, are in no way inferior to their English brethren in this regard.

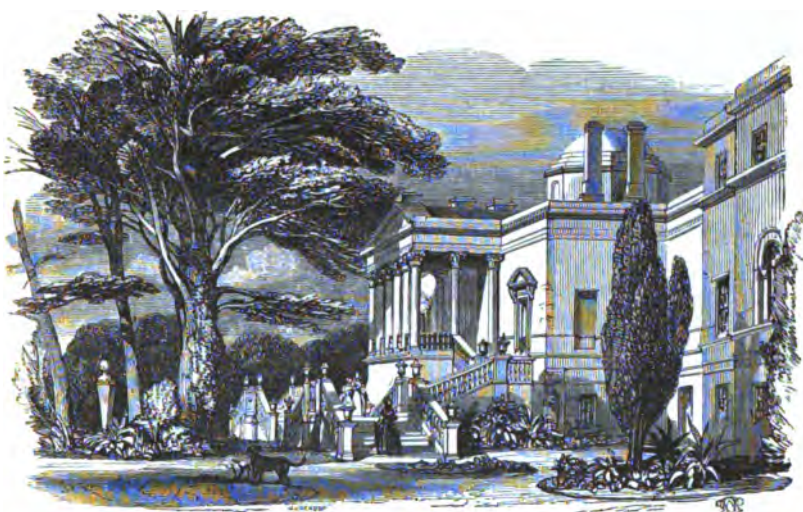
Peace at home tells, in three words, the main story of English freedom and might. Beranger, lifting his voice from the ruins of

the First Empire, sings—

J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis.
L'air était calme, et du Dieu de la Guerre
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.

With him it was an inspiration *for* peace. From the banks of the Thames, unsmirched of blood and smoke and blooming with everything that war can destroy, his aspiration would have been *to* peace, pervading in divinest *aura* the lovely scene.

A realization of this peculiar blessing is general among Englishmen. The tremendous lesson of the Conquest, eight hundred years old, is fresh



CHISWICK HOUSE.

with them yet. Thierry maintains that that invasion, in the existing domination of the Norman nobles in both houses of the national legislature, and in their more and more absolute monopoly of the land, still weighs upon them. Be that as it may, the nobles are at least an infinitesimally small numerical minority, compelled not only to govern under a wholesome sense of that truth, but to recruit their numbers from the subject masses cooped up with them in the island and constituting the whole of its military and industrial strength. The commonsalty have endured much for the sake of the tranquillity the palpable fruits of which surrounded them. And they will endure more, if necessary, as is evidenced by the slow progress and the frequent backsets of liberalism, and the utter contempt into which republicanism has fallen. More reforms are to come, and will be exacted if not conceded freely; but war to procure or to prevent them is the interest of neither the ruler nor the ruled.

The faint whiff of villainous saltpetre that floats from the direction of Charles I's capital at Oxford along the skirmish-lines of Rupert and Essex as far down as Turnham Green is dilute with the breath of a dozen score of English springs. Yonder old elm may have closed around the pikehead of a Puritan or a Cavalier bullet, but it has smothered the disreputable intruder in two or three hundred tough and sturdy rings. The wall over which it hangs may have been similarly scarred without equal faculty of healing by the first, or any, intention, but the hand of man has come to its relief, and difficult indeed is it now

to find trace here of the *mêlée* when wood and water rang to the charge-shout—

For God, for the law, for the Church, for the cause !
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

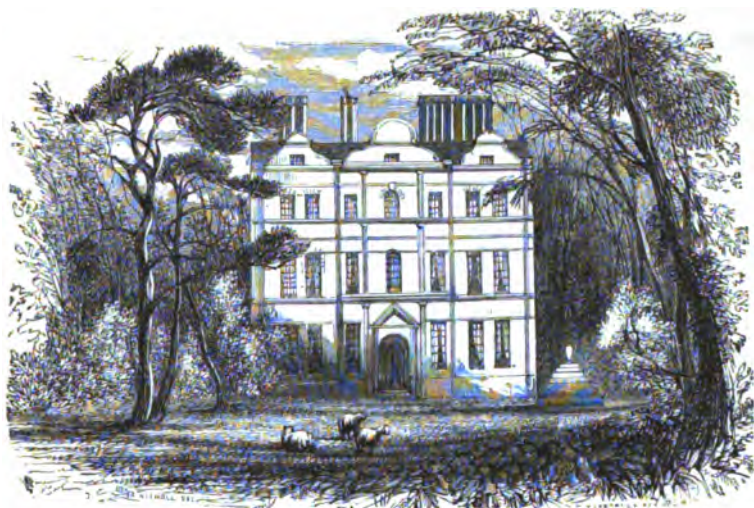
Wide and splendid gardens, filled with the botanic spoil of all the latitudes, overspread the field of forgotten combat. Societies, commoners, and peers compete along the Thames, as in other parts of the island, in this charming strife. The Duke of Devonshire, the owner of famous Chatsworth, possesses a country-box called Chiswick House, less noted for any association with the Cavendishes than as having witnessed the last hours of C. J. Fox and George Canning. Fox's death-bed, like his death-hour and his tomb, was very close to that of his great rival.

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
"Twill trickle to his rival's bier.



BARN ELMS HOUSE.

You may read their epitaphs without turning on your heel, although a truthful one will not be written for either until we stand in the midst of such a quarter of a century as that wound up at Waterloo. All was exceptional then—acts and motives alike. The globe's polity, like its crust, is built of sedimentary layers, filtered in calm, shot through by rare volcanic veins. When the subterranean fires shall break out again we may understand these men and their contemporaries on both sides of the Channel. Exactly who and what was wrong may come clear when everything is once more muddle. Our mental optics must be adjusted to the turbid medium in which they moved. We cannot now determine how far the country for which both laboured is the better or worse for their having lived. If at all the worse, wonderful indeed would have been her present exaltation, for it is difficult to conceive a



KEW PALACE.

finer spectacle of national thrift and ease. Certainly, there is much misery among the poor, rural and oppidan, throughout the kingdom, reduced as it has been of late years, and the inequality in the distribution of property is greater than in any other Christian country; but nothing of this is obtrusive to the voyager on the Thames. The lower classes appear under the not particularly repulsive guise of gardeners, bargemen, drivers, park-keepers, etc. There are palaces, but none of them overshadowing save Windsor and Hampton Court. Though the towns do not always put their best foot foremost and dip it in the water, their slums rarely offend the eye. At this part of the river's course they are in a great part new and bright, thanks to the growth of the great city. The rotund and genial clumps of trees that compose so much of the view shelter rich and poor alike, and the velvet sward is pressed as freely by brogan as by slipper. The wearers of both may chant as they cross it, "Merrily hent the footpath way, and merrily hent the stile-a."

Water, the universal detergent, is at war with the squalid; and nowhere more thoroughly can it perform that office, with shower, dew and river always flush. It ensures to the scenery that first requirement of English taste, an air of respectability.

Chiswick churchyard accommodates, like most other churchyards, an odd jumble of sleepers. The Earl of Macartney, the modern introducer of the Flowery Land to its forgotten and forgetting acquaintance of old, Europe: Charles II.'s duchess of Cleveland: Mary, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Cary, the translator of Dante; Kent, the architect;

and, chief of all, Kent's tormentor, Hogarth,—are among its occupants. Hogarth's well-known epitaph, by Garrick, we may quote :

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart !
If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
If nature move thee, drop a tear ;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.

In his latter years the father of the British caricature owned a cottage near by, where he spent his summers in retouching his plates and preparing them for posterity. He still retained his Leicester Fields residence, for he could have no other real home than old London. It is curious to speculate on what might have been his position in art had he brought himself to shake the cockney dust from his feet and seek true æsthetic training in Italy. One year, or three, or five, spent at Rome or Florence would not have sufficed to replace his inborn devotion to the grotesque with something higher, not to say the upper walks of design. Wilkie, who had been styled his moonlight, cannot be said to have been improved by a similar step, the works executed after his return being inferior to his earlier efforts.* Hogarth, too, might have been spoiled for the field he holds without challenge, and spent the rest of his career in cultivating one more elevated, but unsuited to his genius. It may be as well, therefore, that the hand of the gendarme was laid on his shoulder at Calais gate. The Frenchman proved an "angel unawares." He saved England an illustrator she values more highly than she would have done a manufacturer of Madonnas and Ajaxes. When the outraged Briton was whirled round on the deck of the little packet, and his nose violently pointed in the direction of the white cliffs, neither he nor his unpleasant manipulator was aware of the highly beneficial character of the proceeding to the party most concerned.

Hogarth would not have admitted relationship to the Rowlandsons, Cruickshanks, Brownes and Leeches, who represent satirical art in the England of the nineteenth century. He would have but distantly recognized even Gilray, who belongs as much to the end of his own as to the beginning of our century, and whose works are of a higher stamp than those of the sketchers we have named. He claimed to be a character painter, remitting to the lower class altogether, those wielders of the satiric pencil who dealt in the farce of "caricatura," as he termed it. He drew a distinction between high comedy and farce, and sometimes aspired to a position for himself in melodrama. *Marriage à la Mode* he claimed to belong to such a class, not without some counten



SION HOUSE.

ance from independent critics. He is needed now to administer a little wholesome regimen to British artists. How he would have lashed the Pre-Raphaelites! Into what nightmares he would have exaggerated some of the whimsies of Turner, as truly a master as himself! Possibly the coming man has already arrived, and has caught inspiration from the appropriately square, solid, broad-bottomed monument that looks out over the fast-swelling hurly-burly of new London from Chiswick burying-ground.

Barn Elms, on our left, was the home, in their respective periods, of Secretary Walsingham and of Cowley. That the latter did not select, in this choice of an abode, "so healthful a situation as he might have done," we are assisted in conceding by a glance at the tendency to swampiness which yet afflicts the spot. One account given of the circumstan-

ces of his demise requires no heavy draft on the aid of malaria. He missed his way on returning from a "wet night" at the house of a friend, and passed what remained of the



BOAT-HOUSE, SION HOUSE.

small hours under a hedge. A timely quotation to him then would have come from his own *Elegy upon Anacreon*:

Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine !
 To be the Muses' friend and mine :
 With love and wit thou dost begin
 False fires, alas ! to draw us in ;
 Which, if our course we by them keep,
 Misguide to madness or to sleep.
 Sleep were well : thou'st learnt a way
 To death itself now to betray.

A weakness of this description, combined with his well-tryed loyalty, was calculated to win him a friend in the merry monarch. Charles's eulogy was, that "Mr. Cowley hath not left a better man behind him in England." The judgment of Charles's subjects was, that he was the first of living English poets, Milton to the contrary notwithstanding. They placed him, accordingly, in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer and Spencer, while his rival, blind and in disgrace, with the bookseller's five pounds for the copyright of *Paradise Lost* in one pocket and—unhappily for his weight with the literati of the Restoration—a thousand from Cromwell in the other for pelting Monsieur Saumaise with bad Latin, was sinking into an obscure grave at St. Giles's.

Mortlake, at the western extremity of what may be dubbed University Row, cherishes the bones of another brace of votaries of imagination. Partridge, the astrologer and maker of almanacs, has a double claim to immortality—first, as Swift's victim in *The Tatler* ; and second, as having distinguished himself among the tribe of lying prophets by blundering into a prediction that came true—of snow in hot July. The other was no less a personage than Dr. Dee, familiar to readers of *Kenilworth*. Good Queen Bess luxuriated, like potentates of more recent date, in a kitchen cabinet, and Dr. Dee was a member. In his counsels Elizabeth apparently trusted as implicitly as in those of her legitimate ministers. She often sought his retreat, as Saul did that of the Witch of Endor, for supernatural enlightenment. Unfortunately, the journals of these séances are not preserved. Dee's show-stone, a bit of obsidian, in which he pretended to mirror future events; was in Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill. How such matters were viewed in those times is evidenced by the facts that the learned Casaubon published a folio of Dee's reports of interviews with spirits ; that Dee was made chancellor of St. Paul's ; and that he was employed to ascertain by necromancy what day would be most auspicious for Elizabeth's coronation. Still, let us remember that Cagliostro's triumphal march across Europe dates back but a century ; that Cumming's prophecies constitute a standard authority with many most excellent and intelligent persons ; that Spiritualism, despite the most crushing reverses, numbers many able votaries on both sides of the Atlantic.

Very vivid is the contrast that awaits us at the coming curve, between

the unlovely town of Brentford, the "lang toun" of South, as Kirkcaldy is of North, Britain, on the right, and the horticultural marvels of Kew on the left. Brentford, however, is, as we have said is the case with other weak points of the Thames, screened from the reprobation of the navigator by the friendly trees of a large island. If you feel a personal interest in studying the field of two battles fought, one eight hundred and sixty years ago, between the Saxons and Danes—"kites and crows," as Hume held them—and the other two hundred and forty years since, between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, you will pull up at Brentford. If you lack time or taste for that diversion, you will "choose the better part" and go to Kew, one of the lions of the river. In front stands the old red brick palace, the favourite country home of George III. It is to his queen, worthy and unbeauteous Charlotte, that

London and its guests owe the foundation of the matchless Botanic Gardens. Their glories are inventoried in the guide-books: two hundred and forty acres of park and seventy-five of garden; acres of space and miles of walk under grass; the great palm-house, tall enough for most of the members



ISLEWORTH CHURCH.

of that giant family to erect themselves in and enjoy the largest liberty; the Chinese pagoda, one hundred and sixty-three feet high; the entire vegetable world in microcosm ordered, trimmed, and labelled with as much business precision as though, instead of being the manufacturer of Nature, they were so many bales of Manchester goods ticketed for exportation to some other planet;—a collection and display, in short, not unworthy of an empire whose drum-beat, etc.

Conspicuous on the opposite side of the Thames, midway of the linked sweetness of Kew, stands storied Sion, a seat of the dukes o

Northumberland. Originally a wealthy nunnery, it was seized—and of course disestablished and held as his own—by the Eighth Harry. It served him as a prison for one of his wives, Katharine Howard, and a few years later furnished a night's rest to his own remains on their way to Windsor. His daughter revived the nunnery. It has reverted to the Crown on the attainder of the duke of Northumberland, who had been granted it on the attainder of the Protector Somerset, to whom Edward VI. had presented it. From Sion House, Lady Jane Grey stepped to a throne and a scaffold. Its associations with the misfortunes of royalty do not end here. In it the children of Charles I. were held in custody by the Parliament, and it witnessed an interview between them and their unfortunate parent, procured by a special intercession as a special favour. The Smithsons, representatives of the Percies, and fixed in the esteem of the people of the United States, by the Institution at Wash-



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

ington, are in undisturbed and exclusive possession now—too exclusive think some tourists, who desire to explore the house, and find difficulty in procuring the permission usually accorded at other aristocratic seats. Yet it is easy to surfeit of sight-seeing without grieving over a failure to penetrate the walls of Sion.

A little above Isleworth, the home of Lord Baltimore, the original grantee of Maryland, helps to sentinel Kew. The church-tower, if decapitated, would somewhat resemble that of Jamestown, Va. Like the latter, it is of brick. The similitude is not the less apt to suggest itself that beyond it, as we ascend the river, lies Richmond.

Having thus achieved our "on-to-Richmond" movement, we are admonished that justice to our object point and to its more interesting

neighbours, Twickenham, the home of Pope and Walpole, the Great park, and other attractions, requires another article. We have reached the head of steam navigation, and lost the last whiff of salt water. We forget that Britain is "shrined in the sea," and begin to cultivate a continental sensation. The voice, the movement and the savour of ocean have all disappeared. If aught suggestive of it linger, we find it in the moisture that veils the bluest sky, lends such delicate gradations to the aerial perspective, adds a richer green to tree and turf, and seems to give rotundity to the contours of both animate and inanimate Nature.

E. C. B.

AFTERMATH.

I FOUND one day upon the ground,
It's petals wet with dew,
A yellow primrose broken from
The stem on which it grew.

A fickle hand had plucked it off,
Then left it there to die,
Because a flower of brighter hue
Had caught his wandering eye.

I do not know quite how he fared
Who chose the rose that morn;
He did not wear it long, 'tis said,
Before he felt its thorn.

But this I know, howe'er he fared
Or wheresoe'er he be,
With all my heart I bless the lot
Which left my love for me.

FRED. TRAVERS.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

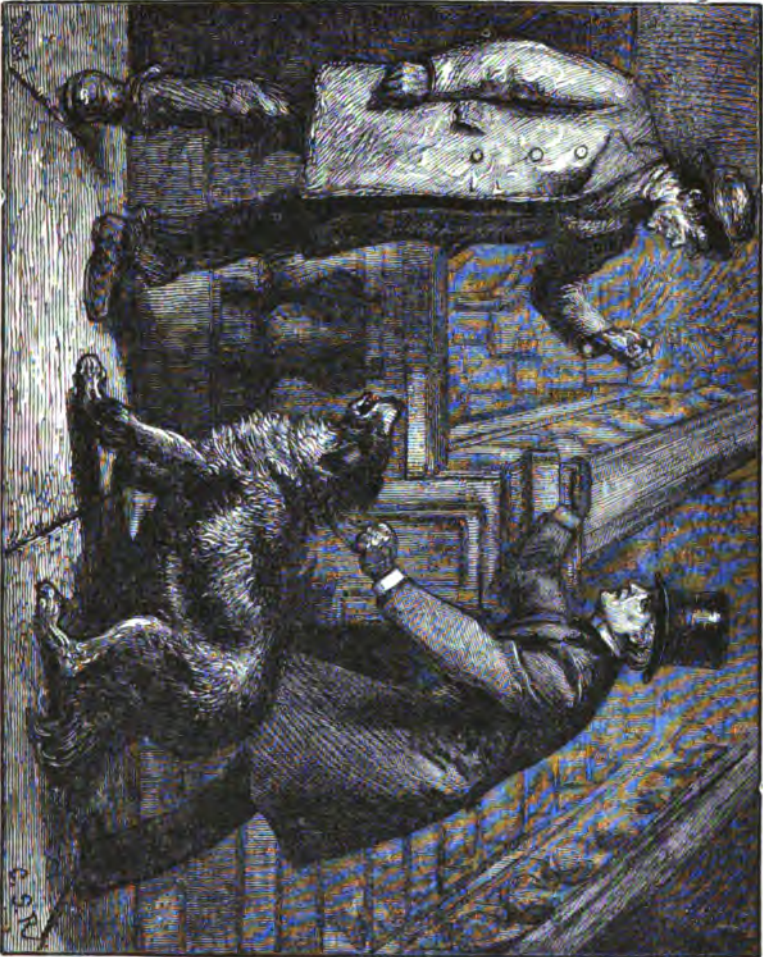
CHAPTER XXV.

THE failure of Nicholas to interest the professional and other philanthropists of the city in his grand scheme of reformation and cure, did not leave him in good humour. He saw, or thought he saw, motives at the basis of their operations which were worthy only of his contempt. He failed, at least, to see, in any of their schemes, a recognition of the necessity of radical measures. It was true that many a faithful missionary of the Christian religion was endeavouring to change character and life. It was true that great efforts were making to implant good principles in the young, and to direct them into good habits. It was true that great good was done to the poor who were not paupers—men and women who, with manhood and womanhood intact, were bravely struggling to keep their heads above water, and rear their children to virtue and industry. To these the brotherly hand of religion was indeed a helping hand. To every angel of ministry in this field, he could heartily bid "Godspeed!" and wish that their numbers might be multiplied until their wings should whiten the air in every dark street and dismal dwelling.

The city presented itself to him in the figure of a huge sieve over whose meshes the swollen rich and the well-fed men and women walked with impunity and confidence, but into which the poor, thin men and women were momentarily slipping, some with brave and successful efforts to save themselves from falling through, and others given up for lost, and weakly losing hold and dropping down among the helpless inert mass beneath. It was this mass, diseased in body and mind, without ambition, beyond the reach of morality, with nothing but palsied hands and open mouths, that engaged his mind with an awful interest.

Could this mass be lifted into the light again? This was the great question. Were the existence and perpetuity of this mass necessary in the nature of things? In the harmony of the social instrument, was there a "wolf" forever to be hidden in this key?

There was no lack of benevolence—that was manifest on every hand; but there was not only a lack of concert, but an utter failure to comprehend the nature of the case, and to see anything to be done but alleviation. He saw a great weight to be lifted, and no harmony of action with regard to it. Every remedial agent was "patchy." There were hospitals for old men and hospitals for old women. There were "help-



"THE DOG WAS SHOWING MORE EXCITED AND DIFFICULT TO HOLD."

ing hands" for this, that, and the other. There were asylums for orphans and half orphans. There were out-door relief and in-door relief. There were general societies that were not only competing with one another for the privilege of distributing the funds of the benevolent, but invading one another's fields.

How to get the most out of these benevolent organizations was the great question among the pauperized and perjured masses. They were besieged on every hand by deceit, by ingenious and persistent lying, by all base means to secure what they had to give. They were looked upon as the repositories of prey, to be dragged for with nets, to be fished for with hooks, to be caught with snares and weirs.

A most significant fact which had fallen under the notice of Nicholas was that pauperism increased, not in the ratio of the public distress, but in the proportion of the public provision for it. During this winter of unusual severity, a benevolent gentleman had instituted soup-kitchens to feed the starving; and a week had not passed after the announcement of this measure when the city was full of new faces. Tramps from all the region near the city were attracted like vultures to a carcass. Worse than this, this benevolent provision had developed the pauper spirit among those who had the means of living, and they pressed in on all sides with lying pretences by which they might save their money. It operated not only as a premium on lying, but a reward for improvidence and avarice alike.

Almost the only radical work that he saw in progress was the seizure of vagrant and ungovernable children by authority, their training in institutions, and their apprenticeship to farmers in different parts of the country. This was something, but how little it was among so many!

He was full of these thoughts and reflections, and a bitter sense of disappointment, when he called upon Miss Larkin, at the close of the meeting in "The Atheneum." He was indignantly impatient with the apathy he had met and found impossible to master. He had gone along so successfully with his experiment, he had demonstrated the truth of his theory so satisfactorily to himself, that, to find his progress barred and his scheme whistled down, chafed him sorely. He walked up and down the room, swinging his hands in his distress, and exclaiming:

"The idiots! the idiots!"

"Don't fret, Nicholas," said Miss Larkin, calmly. "The world was not made in a day."

"Man was made in a day," Nicholas responded, "and he can be made again. Why, Grace," he went on, "give me the authority and the money, and I will take the contract to cure three-quarters of the pauperism of the city in three years. The poor we have always with us, and whenever we will we may do them good, by helping them to help them-

selves. The physically helpless we have always with us. The sick we have always with us. You may call these a quarter of the pauper population, if you will ; but the remaining three-quarters only exist by a crime—a crime of their own, and a crime of society that tolerates them for a day. If a man will not work, neither should he eat. I cannot bear to see an evil grow in this new country until it becomes a hopeless institution—a great ulcer upon the social and political body, eating toward its vitals year by year, with never an attempt at radical treatment—with nothing applied but emollients and sedatives. Well, it just makes me wild. Idiots ! ”

Miss Larkin gave a merry laugh.

“ Now, Nicholas,” she said, “ I protest. Do you see what is coming to you ? Do you see how impatient you are getting to be, and how uncharitable you are growing ? That is the way with reformers the world over, and it is a very bad way. They butt their heads against the public apathy and misapprehension, and it hurts them ; and then they stand back and say, ‘ idiots ! ’ Don’t do it any more. It will spoil you. Try to be charitable toward the mistaken and the selfish as well as toward the unfortunate and vicious.”

The calm voice, the rational and Christian reproof, went to his heart, and taking a seat at her side, he said :

“ Forgive me, my dear ! May God forgive me ! I am getting proud and wilful, I suppose. What a child I am ! ”

“ One word more, Nicholas,” she said. “ Be charitable toward yourself. Give your own motives a fair chance. If you don’t, they may die.”

The quick tears sprang to his eyes, and he seized her hand and kissed it as he said :

“ And you are the woman who proposed to deprive me of words like these, and an influence which only you can exert upon me, because you would not give either your own or my motives a fair chance ! ”

Nicholas left Miss Larkin calmed and comforted, grateful for the change in his feelings, and grateful for the words that had wrought it.

The next morning as he issued from his lodgings, he realized for the first time that the winter which had been so full of interest to him, and so crowded with action, had spent itself, and that there was a prophecy of spring in the atmosphere. The sparrows were chattering and bustling at his feet ; the few clouds in the sky had a look of restfulness and peace, as if the hard work of the year were done ; men walked with unbuttoned coats ; the girls he met looked more bright-eyed and beautiful ; the buds in the parks seemed to have swelled in the night ; and his heart responded to the new influence with a joy to which he was unaccustomed. The fancy came to him that the sleeping year had waked,

but still kept its eyes closed, while it recalled some great and delightful dream.

He saw but little of the ordinary sights of Broadway that morning, for the mere suggestion of spring had brought back the thoughts of his home, or carried him forward to it. The prospective spring had become impersonated in his mind, and wore the breezy robe and bore the inspiring features of the woman of his love. She walked the broad piazzas leaning on his arm. She was a form of grace, trailing her train across his velvet lawns. He was sitting under the trees with her. She not only interpreted but created and informed the beauty of the landscape. To his susceptible heart, Spring and Grace Larkin were one.

With the advent of spring, however, there would come a cessation, or a great modification, of the labours of the winter, in the enterprise which had so engaged his enthusiasm. The lectures at "The Athenaeum" has gone steadily on, with the best results. Jonas Cavendish had kept his personal hold upon the people of "The Beggars' Paradise"; for he was fertile in expedients, and he had been able to engage specialists who supplemented his labour by interesting lectures and experiments. There was really a new spirit in the district. Men and women had got a new hold upon life. There were stumbling and backsliding, there was still in many minds a weak holding-on to the idea of being helped, or of getting pay for being good, but, after all the drawbacks and discounts, there was indubitably a sum of improvement achieved.

What should be done next? How should this sum of improvement be permanently secured? How should it be made seminal and productive?

These were vexing questions to Nicholas, as his plans would take him away from the city during all the summer months. He was revolving these questions in his mind, noticing nothing around him, and seeing nobody, when his ears were saluted with the familiar greeting:

"Say!"

"Hullo, Tim! How are you, this pleasant morning?"

The pop-corn man, without his usual burden, paused and shook hands with Nicholas.

"Say! I want to see you," said Tim. —

"We are near Glezen's office," responded Nicholas, "and we'll go in there and have a talk."

Bob Spencer, the new office-boy, heard his father's voice upon the stairs, ran quickly to the door, seized and shouldered his broom, and, as the new-comers entered, presented arms in military fashion, and with a countenance as grave as that of a grenadier.

"What does this little monkey mean by this?" inquired Tim, who was suspicious that his boy was overstepping the bounds of propriety.

"Oh, it is a bit of nonsense, contrived by our friend Jonas, for amusement," said Glezen. "I don't mind it."

Jonas was scratching away at his desk, with a quiet smile upon his face.

"Jonas," said Glezen, "put him through his manual."

Bob sprang to his broom again, and responded to the words of command with great promptness and exactness, while the spectators looked on with much amusement, and rewarded the performance with cheers.

"Put me through my catechism," said Bob, who was excited by his new audience.

Jonas blushed. He had amused himself with Bob when Glezen was absent, but he had not expected to be called upon to give a public exhibition of his pupil's proficiency.

"Go on, Jonas," said Glezen, who was always ready for anything that promised a laugh.

"Make your obeisance," said Jonas.

Bob responded with a profound bow.

"Who is the greatest man living?" inquired Cavendish.

"Mr. Montgomery Glezen," said Bob.

"Who is the next greatest?"

"Mr. Jonas Cavendish."

"Who is the worst boy in the world?"

"Bob Spencer."

"What is Bob Spencer's chief duty?"

"To keep his hands and face clean, and show proper respect to his superiors."

"Who is the greatest woman in the world?"

"Miss Jenny Coates."

"What is the greatest reformatory agency known to man?"

"A woman's hand on a boy's ear."

"Make your bow, sir."

Bob made his bow with profound sobriety, amid vociferous laughter, while Cavendish resumed his pen.

Nicholas noticed with great amusement and with more interest than he would have been willing to betray, that at the mention of the name of Miss Coates a bright blush overspread Glezen's face. He evidently did not like to hear her name used so lightly and familiarly by his employé, and he grew sober quicker than was his wont, after so absurd a scene.

"Say!" said Tim, "Mr. Minturn and I came in to talk, and I should like to say what I have to say before you all. Are you too busy Mr. Glezen?"

"No," responded the lawyer. "Go on."

"I've been thinking," said Tim, "about 'The Atheneum.' The fact is, those people, according to my notion, have been fed with sugar-plums about long enough. I can see, too, that they are getting restive. They have been helped, but they must have something to do. They have been taught a great deal, but they have not yet been taught to take hold and carry on this enterprise for themselves."

"That is the very matter that has been passing through my mind this morning," said Nicholas. "Now, Tim, what have you to propose?"

"In the first place," Tim responded, "they have no rendezvous, where they can meet, keep each other in countenance, and talk over matters. They need organization, and they need especially to feel that this work is theirs, and that they are personally and collectively responsible for it. They need to feel that they are of some consequence in the world—in their world, at least. In other words, they need to be committed to reform in a way which involves their personal honour and their personal influence."

"Tim, you are a wise man," said Glezen.

"So my wife thinks," Tim replied, with a laugh.

"Well, what is your scheme?" inquired Nicholas.

"It involves money," said Tim, "and it involves me; and if you'll furnish the money I'll furnish the machinery."

"Let's hear what it is," said Nicholas.

"You know," Tim resumed, "that there are unoccupied rooms under 'The Atheneum,' and that in these times they can be had at a very modest rent. If I had the rooms, I could get a better living in them than I can get now. I could take care of them, give the most of them to public use, and have enough left to carry on a little trade in papers and periodicals, and knick knacks of all sorts. We could have social parlours, reading-rooms, a coffee-room which my wife and daughter could take care of, and we could make it a pleasant place of resort under the control of an association, the president of which I see at the desk yonder" (pointing to Jonas Cavendish).

All looked at Jonas, whose eyes kindled at the thought of his new dignity.

"Tim, it seems very practicable, and very desirable," said Nicholas.

"What do you think, Glezen?"

"The only thing to be done."

"Let's do it, Tim," exclaimed Nicholas promptly, rising. "Let's fix the matter to-day. It will cost me more money than I feel able to spare just now, but it is throwing good money after good, in this case. It will secure the original investment."

Before night, Nicholas and Tim Spencer had canvassed the whole mat-

ter. They had not only surveyed and apportioned the rooms to their purposes, but had hired them for a year.

The regular weekly meeting at "The Athenæum" occurred on the following evening. The house was full to overflowing, a special notice having been posted during the day, which stated that important communications were to be made.

The lecture was briefer than usual, and then the lecturer made way for "one whom," as Mr. Cavendish expressed it, "the people were always glad to see."

There was something about this occasion which touched Nicholas very powerfully. His ingenuities, his purse, his labour, his sensibilities, had been under constant tribute for months. As he looked out upon his interested and grateful audience, eager-hearted to learn what he had to say to them, and realized that he had their friendship and their confidence, and remembered the last audience that he met in the hall, with its questions and doubts and protests, he was almost overcome. It was a minute before he could speak, and when he opened his lips, it was not with the usual form of address.

"My brothers and sisters," he said, "I am touched by a strange sense of weariness to-night. I have been at work all this winter for you, and others who are like you, in poverty and misfortune. I began with great hope and energy, and I have realized all my hopes with regard to you; but to-night, after a winter of observation, I feel so overwhelmed with the work to be done in this city, and the incompetency of the means for its accomplishment, that I acknowledge to you that I need your help. If I could take you all by the hand, and hear you say to me that I have done you good, and that you are glad I came to you, it would rest me, I am sure. I have had help of various sorts from more than one, but I feel now, and I have felt for a good many days, that I must have your help. The spring is almost here, and the time is not far distant when the meetings, that have been so full of pleasure and instruction for us all, must be suspended. What will you do then?"

"God knows!" said a deep voice in the audience.

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and so do I."

Then he went over in detail the plan that had been devised and initiated by Tim Spencer and himself. The broaching of the new project and the intense interest with which it was received, relieved him of his weariness, and he became eloquent upon the possibilities of the new enterprise.

"This affair is yours," he said. "The rooms are yours for a year. Perhaps, when the lease expires, you will be able to renew it for yourselves. I hope you will be very happy in them—that they will be the means of bringing you closer together and strengthening you. I shall

have nothing to do with your organization. Choose your best men, and choose them from among yourselves. There are those among you who are quite capable and quite worthy of authority ; and, above all things, stand together. As soon as I finish what I have to say to you, I shall leave you to make your organization and discuss your plans. I put the responsibility upon you, feeling sure, from the friendliness of the faces I see before me, that you wish to please and satisfy me.

"Before I leave you to-night,"—and Nicholas hesitated and his eyes grew moist,—"I have a word to say upon a topic concerning which I have not been accustomed to speak. The subject is a very sacred one to me. It is surrounded by a great many precious associations. It is so identified with my secret satisfactions, my source of inspiration and the history of my childhood, it is so profoundly important to the progress of the world, it is so sweetly wonderful in its nature and results, it is so marvellous in its promises and prophecies of the future, it has so much in it for you, that I can hardly trust my tongue to mention it.

"If you love me, or believe in me, don't turn away from me until you have heard me through. I know that this subject has sometimes been presented to you as a threat, sometimes in the form of cant, sometimes in the form of blatant or flippant declamation, sometimes as an appeal to your selfish desire for safety, but don't turn away from it."

The people saw that Nicholas was in a new mood, and that what he was saying came from the very depths of his heart. They were as silent as if they were anticipating the appearance of some wonderful spectacle behind the speaker.

"Nearly two thousand years ago," Nicholas went on, "a babe was born in a manger in the town of Bethlehem, in the province of Judæa. Some shepherds, watching their flocks, were startled by a great glory in the midnight sky, and the appearance of an angel, who told them what had happened and where to find the child ; and there were wings all about them, and there was strange music in the air. No child of yours was ever humbler born ; no woman among you, in your hour of sickness and trial, was ever more meanly entertained than was this mother upon her bed among the cattle.

"Well, the people in those days had very strange ideas of God. They thought He was hard and fierce, and they killed cattle and sheep and burnt them upon altars as sacrifices to their Deity ; but a song was sung in heaven that night, which was heard upon the earth, and the words were 'Good-will toward men.' God had been misunderstood. He had a fatherly affection for his suffering children, and the angels put it into words, which swept over the hills like the sunrise ; and they have been echoed all around the world. 'Good-will toward men !' God, who made this wonderful world, and all the stars, and made us, too, means

well toward us. He loves us, and desires that we may not only be good but happy.

"Now this babe, the birth of whom gave occasion to the expression of these words, was born, as I have told you, very poor, and he grew up to manhood a poor working man. He might have been born among you. One of you women, here, might have been his mother, if you had lived at that time. You might have had him in your arms, and tended and reared one who proved to be the greatest and best man who ever lived. Some of you men might have worked at the bench with him, for he was a carpenter, and you might have heard him talk, and gone home to your wives and reported his conversations, and told them how good and how remarkable he was. He belonged to your class. He was the unspeakable gift of poverty to wealth. He made poverty forever dignified, and if there are any people in this world who ought to be his lovers and followers, they are the working poor.

"Well, the babe grew up, and became a great teacher. He worked miracles. He healed the sick; he fed the hungry; he forgave the erring; and wherever he went, he preached the good news that God bore nothing but good-will toward the world. His life and character were spotless. He had the same temptations that we have, but he resisted them. He was oftentimes without where to lay his head, but he did not complain. He never forgot his class and his companions in poverty, and to them, especially, he preached the good tidings.

"The mistaken men of that day persecuted and killed him. They did not know what they were doing. They were blinded by their old ideas, and envious of his influence. But a little while afterward he rose from the dead. He talked with his friends; he showed himself to them openly; and then, in the presence of a multitude of them, he rose up out of their sight.

"That is the story, and I believe it. You have learned something of the littleness of the world. It is only one among more than you can count; and does it seem so very strange to you that God should make him—the only sinless man who ever lived, the king of his race—the man who lived and died for it? Does it seem strange to you that he should have been raised from the dead, and placed in the charge of humanity,—to be its teacher, its inspirer, its leader, its ruler? Doesn't it look as if he were king? See how, for almost two thousand years, he has entered into the world's civilization! Think of the uncounted millions of dollars that have gone to the building of Christian churches, all over the world! Think of the numberless lives that have expended themselves in Christian service! Think of the poems, the hymns, the pictures, the architecture, that he has inspired! Think of the million of good lives that have been shaped upon the model of his, and the millions of dying men who

have gone out of life with triumph in their hearts, and a vision of their King in their eyes!

"Good friends, dear friends," and Nicholas leaned forward upon his desk, "what brought me to you? Had you any honour to give me? I came simply in obedience to the command of my King. He told me that he was one with the poor, and that if I would do the smallest of them the smallest service, I should do that service to him. You do not know it,—you have not thought of it,—but Jesus Christ is looking at me out of your eyes to-night, and there is no service that I can render you that I do not render him.

"But I did not come here to preach. I did not intend to say as much as I have said already, although it has seemed necessary to say it in order to get at a proposition I have to make, and to prepare you for it. To me, religion is a very simple thing. To be a Christian is to be like Christ. I have no taste for talking about the machinery of the theologians, or about belief in this, that and the other. There are two or three things that I know. You need help. Many of you have determined upon industrious habits and reformed lives, and you need more help than I can give you, to enable you to persevere. Now, mark you, I don't believe—I know—that if you will take Christ for your pattern, if you will adopt his unselfish motives, if you will give him your trustful affection and allegiance, and consent to be led by him, you cannot go wrong. He will take care of you in this world and in the next. He was poor, and he can sympathize with you. He was tempted and he can help you, and he can whisper to you in your darkest hours, 'God means well by you.' No matter how troubled you may be, those two words: 'good-will,' 'good-will,' will always be breathed upon your hearts as a balm and a benediction.

"Now I ask you the question: will you have this religion of Jesus Christ taught to yourselves and your children? I can lay my hands upon a hundred men and women, devoted to their Master and yours, who are willing to come here and teach you and your little ones. You can have preaching in this hall every Sunday, if you will; but I force nothing upon you. If you do not want this, it shall not come. I stand between you and all intrusion of offensive instructions and influences; but I am sure that you do not wish to have your children bred as you have been."

"God forbid!" exclaimed a voice in the audience.

Nicholas saw that his audience were very deeply affected. Indeed, it was the consciousness that they were sympathetically absorbed in what he was saying which inspired his utterances. Women were weeping, and many a strong man was unable to control his emotions. Some of the men sat hard and determined in their skepticism, or their crime—

men who had not yet got beyond the motive of bettering their worldly condition, or who had come in, inspired only by curiosity.

"Will you have Christian instruction for yourselves?" inquired Nicholas. "All who desire it will be kind enough to stand upon their feet."

Every woman in the house rose, without hesitation. A few men stood up, here and there, but the majority kept their seats, while two or three left the hall.

"Will you have Christian instruction for your children? Inform me by the same sign."

The entire congregation rose to their feet.

Nicholas smiled, and said:

"Thank you!" adding: "A school for children will be organized in this room next Sunday morning at nine o'clock. Classes for adults will also be formed at the same hour, if they will attend."

"And now," said Nicholas, "I leave you to yourselves, congratulating you on your new privileges and prospects. You have done me a great deal of good, and I am grateful for it."

As he turned to leave the stage, the audience, by a common impulse, rose to their feet, clapping their hands; and with the words, "God bless you!" ringing in his ears, he vanished through the wing of the stage, and left the building.

A great load had been lifted from his heart, and a great peace had taken possession of it. The conviction had been pressed upon him more and more, for several weeks, that he had only lifted his charge a single step toward reformation, and that moral and religious instruction and active responsibility were necessary to perfect the cure which had been so successfully begun. He had apprehended the fact that his work was running out into nothingness, that it must be supplemented by something of a different character, and that, somehow, by some new and vital motive, these men and women must be bound together in mutual sympathy and mutual service.

And now the way was clear. Now they had a common home, with common privileges and common responsibilities. They had asked for, or manifested their willingness to receive, precisely the things they needed. He had left them at perfect freedom, organizing and contriving for themselves, with a great trust and a great enterprise on their hands. More than he knew, or could realize, he had reinstated them in independent manhood and womanhood; for before they separated that night, after a debate that would have surprised him if he could have listened to it, they were an organic community, with conscious possibilities of development, and bright anticipations and glowing ambitions.

The happiest morning that Nicholas had ever seen was that of the

following Sunday, when he found "The Atheneum" thronged by children with a generous sprinkling of adults, and furnished with teachers, and all the necessary machinery of instruction. "The Larkin Bureau" was all there, including Miss Larkin herself, who, after her long confinement, was once more engaged in her much-loved work. It is possible that this fact had something to do with the satisfaction that shone in the eyes of Nicholas as he observed, or mingled with, the noisy and happy throng.

Before the week expired, Tim Spencer had installed himself and his family in the rooms under the hall, and busy hands had brought the public apartments into readiness for occupation. The interest that was centered upon these preparations was full of promise for the future. "The Beggar's Paradise" was all alive with the matter. They talked of it in their homes. They visited or hung around the place at night. They stole into the rooms during their brief noonings. It was all for them. They were charmed by it; they were proud of it. They infected the whole neighbourhood and all their associates with their enthusiasm; and on the evening of the grand opening, Tim Spencer and his family were quite overwhelmed with the demands upon their space and their modest entertainment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE affairs of Miss Larkin were transferred with remarkable ease to the hands of Mr. Glezen. It was with a measure of regretful hesitation that she cut herself loose from her old guardian; but the step was insisted on by Nicholas, who was sure that he was on the road to immediate ruin and disgrace. He had not, for a moment, relinquished his conviction that "the model man" had received and still held his own stolen property, and that at some time, in some way, his guilt would unmistakably be discovered.

Why Mr. Benson should surrender his trust so willingly was not apparent to any but the young men who knew him best. Glezen and Nicholas, however, had their own opinions, based on their knowledge of his history and his character. He undoubtedly wished to placate Nicholas, and remove, so far as he could, that young man's motives for his persecution. Mr. Benson had become aware, in some way, of the new relations that existed between Nicholas and his ward, and he wished to cut loose from all association with the pair in a way that would leave upon them a pleasant impression. The transfer had been made in Glezen's office, and Mr. Benson had not only been very dignified and

bland during the transaction, but somewhat effusive in his expressions of pleasure at being relieved of so grave a trust in so dangerous a time. He even went so far as to profess his gratification that he had the privilege of passing his trust into such faithful, friendly and competent hands.

The young men had no difficulty in understanding all this. It was natural and characteristic ; but there was another motive, which lay under the surface, that was not so easily divined. Mr. Benson still maintained a fondness for his own reputation. He had arrived at a point where he was conscious that he could not save it whole. He knew that the time was coming when the poor would curse him, and hold even his name in execration ; but Miss Larkin was not poor, and he would do something that would be laudable and gratefully remembered in the circle to which she and her friends belonged. To separate her fortunes from his own, when he became sure that his own were falling, if not hopeless, would be an act sufficiently manly and Christian in the seeming to hang partisan praise upon, among those whose good opinion he most desired.

It was already whispered about that there was something wrong with The Poor Man's Savings Bank. There were grave suspicions of "irregularities" connected with that institution, but Mr. Benson's reputation, although not so high as it was, was still regarded as an honourable one. People knew him to be embarrassed, but they gave him credit for honesty. Was he not in his pew at church every Sunday ? Was he not punctilious in his observance of all the proprieties of his position ?

One sunny morning, more spring-like than any that had preceded it, Nicholas and Glezen joined each other in their walk toward the lower part of the town. It was soon after the events narrated in the last chapter, and after Glezen had assumed the charge of Miss Larkin's affairs. They were talking upon business, and discussing their plans for the summer, when, as they were passing one of the streets that crossed Broadway, their eyes were attracted by a crowd that revealed itself down the street upon their left. Both stopped and both exclaimed : "That is Benson's bank." It was before the hour of opening, and it was not "quarter-day." They could come to but one conclusion, viz., that there was to be a run upon the bank that day. New York was but a whispering gallery. What had been quietly spoken in counting-rooms and palaces had been heard in the hovels and the stews. The wind which, with one wing, had brushed the clouds, had, with the other, rustled the leaves of the poor man's bank-book.

They turned their steps toward the crowd by a common impulse, and noticed before them, walking with strong, determined steps, the familiar form of Mr. Benson. Checking themselves, and falling slowly behind,

they saw him make his way through the constantly augmenting mass. They heard the murmurs of the multitude as it parted to give him passage, and then, when he reached the topmost step of the stairs that led to the door, they saw him turn and face the cloud of distrust that had gathered around his beloved and long-honoured institution.

He presented a bold and dignified front. Lifting his hat, and wiping his brow, he looked calmly around. His well-dressed figure, revealed by the morning sun, his strong features, his questioning, pitying, almost scornful, look, as his eye took in the scene before him, were more than those near him could bear. They slunk back, and hid themselves among their fellows, as if ashamed to be identified.

"My friends," he said calmly, but with a voice that was heard to the remotest edge of the crowd, "I do not know what this means."

"It means that we want our money," responded a far-off voice.

"Did The Poor Man's Savings Bank ever cheat one of you out of a dollar?" inquired Mr. Benson. "You can have your money if you want it, and we are bound to give it to you, to the last dollar. But what will you do with it? You will wait for a week, until this foolish excitement has subsided, and then you will bring it back to us, and beg us to take it again. You make us all this trouble, to your own hurt and our very great inconvenience. You damage the credit of the institution in which you are all interested. You have been made fools of by demagogues. I have advised a great many of you: have you ever been injured by my advice? Now let me advise you again. Go home to your business, and trust my word that your money is safe. Go home, and go now."

He looked at one and another, and one and another went, until it seemed as if the power of the man were quite equal both to the occasion and his own wishes.

But more than half of the crowd lingered. He saw that he had failed, and as he turned to enter the door, it was opened by an inside hand, and he entered, closing it behind him.

As it still lacked half an hour to the time of the public opening, Nicholas and Glezen turned away and resumed their walk.

"There's trouble there," said Glezen.

"Much as I despise that man, do you know I cannot help admiring him?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, I admire the old fellow, too, and bad as he is, I pity him. All that was necessary for him to pass through life, and pass out of it, with a spotless name, was to miss the circumstances which revealed him to himself and others, and the temptations which the hard times have brought to him."

"It makes one tremble for one's self," said Nicholas. "Who knows

what unconscious weaknesses hide within him, waiting for the betraying touch of temptation?"

"Those fellows are not going away," said Glezen, recurring to the scene at the bank. "There's going to be a run there to-day, and a heavy one. I know these New York crowds, and the whole batch we saw there will come back, with recruited numbers. Well, I hope for their sake the bank can stand it, but nobody knows nowadays what will happen."

Glezen arrived at his office, and Nicholas went up with him.

"What are you going to do to-day?" inquired Glezen.

"I've nothing particular on hand. I want to hear from Benson's bank again. Perhaps I'll go back there," Nicholas replied.

"Oh, I'll send Bob up there. Sit down here, and amuse yourself in some way."

Nicholas amused himself for a while, looking down upon the throng of passengers in the street. Then he sat down and took up the morning papers; but he was uneasy.

"Look here, Glezen!" he said, "I am going round to the Guild, to see the operations. I was never there but once, and I was immensely interested."

"Very well," said Glezen, "I'll send Bob to you when he returns, and you may trust him to get all the news at the bank, with interest at a higher rate than a savings bank ever pays."

The two friends separated with a laugh, and Nicholas made his way to the rooms of the Guild, which he found thronged with applicants for aid. The conductors and almoners knew him, and invited him to a seat inside the rails, where he could witness the operations at his leisure.

It was a distressing scene, in comparison with which the anxious and eager crowd which he had just left at Benson's bank was an assemblage of kings. They were thinly clad and shivering. Many of them were known to the disbursing officers, and had lived upon the pittance doled out to them by this and kindred institutions all winter. There were wrecks of men and wrecks of women. There were pinched-looking boys and girls. Each had a story of want and suffering, and each received, with an eagerness which had no apparent flavour of gladness in it, the gift bestowed. Each story bore the impress of familiar use, and was patently, more or less tinctured with falsehood. Some went away with promises that their cases should have examination.

Nicholas was intensely absorbed in the abject tragedy transpiring before his eyes, when Bob burst into the door, his face glowing and his eyes ablaze with excitement. He was behind the crowd, but he caught sight of Nicholas, and at the top of his voice exclaimed :

"Say, Mr. Minturn! There's the greatest kind of a run on old Benson's bank. Everybody is there. Oh, there's a thousand—there's ten thousand people there! The street's full! You never saw such a row! They are knocking each other down, and they're yelling—just yelling like tigers! It's the bulliest kind of a row!"

Nicholas tried to stop the boy but could not help laughing at his apparent enthusiasm.

"That will do! that will do, Bob! I understand it. Hush!" said Nicholas rising, and trying to impress his injunction by a gesture.

But there were others who understood it besides Nicholas. The applicants for aid ceased from their story-telling, and looked with strange alarm into each other's faces. Then one and another quietly made their way out of the door, and then came a general stampede. Not five of the miserable crowd were left in the room. The officers gathered around Nicholas, and, looking into each other's faces they burst into a laugh.

"It is too bad," said Nicholas, on whose honest mind the perjuries enacted there that morning produced a very depressing effect.

"Say! you fellers haint got nothing in Benson's bank, have you?" inquired Bob of the little group that lingered hesitatingly in the rear of the room.

"Not much!" exclaimed one of them.

This excited another laugh among the officers, one of whom said, addressing the group: "What bank do you deposit in?"

The men looked dumbfounded. They were ashamed of the company they had been in, and realized how natural the suspicions were that were excited concerning themselves; but they came up, and told their stories, and received with little questioning the aid they desired.

Nicholas returned to Glezen's office, sick at heart, thinking of what he had seen at the Guild, and of what was in progress at The Poor Man's Savings Bank. He found Glezen busy, and then, unable to control his uneasiness, went out, and bent his steps toward Mr. Coates's warehouse, hoping to find the old merchant, for whom he had gradually acquired an affectionate respect, at leisure.

As he entered the building, the first man he met was his protégé Yankton, busy in shipping goods. He gave him a cordial "good morning," and was just about leaving him to go back to the counting-room, when Yankton said, fumbling his pockets, "I've got a paper here which may be of importance to you, though I don't know anything about it. I've had it a long time, but I have never thought to hand it to you."

Thus saying, he handed him a half sheet of note paper, which Nicholas quickly unfolded.

"Where did you get this?" inquired Nicholas, greatly excited.

"In the pocket of the coat you gave me," replied the man. "It was tucked down in a corner, and I had worn the coat a month before I found it."

As he talked, Nicholas had looked it through, and then, without stopping to place it in his pocket-book, or to make the call upon Mr. Coates which he had intended to make, or even to bid Yankton good-morning, he wheeled and left the store with the paper tight within his hand.

Strange that he had not thought of this before! He remembered it now with entire distinctness. That was the very coat he wore when he called on Mr. Bellamy Gold, with regard to taking the bonds to New York for registration, and he had put the record of their numbers into his pocket for some momentary reason or through some vagrant impulse, and there it had lain forgotten until Yankton discovered it. He even remembered that he had not told Mr. Gold that he had taken it, after that gentlemen had returned it to its place. He walked straight to Glezen's office, possessed by his first excitement, and unmindful of the scenes through which he passed. The lawyer was closeted with a client, but Nicholas made his way unbidden into the room, unfolded the paper, and laid it upon Glezen's desk before his eyes.

"I understand it," said Glezen quietly, "and now that we may be sure, go directly and telegraph for Mr. Gold. Tell him we want him here to-night. I'll keep this, Nicholas, for, my boy, you are not in a fit condition to take charge of it."

Excusing himself from his client for a moment, Glezen took the paper to his safe, locked it in and came back.

Meantime Nicholas had vanished from the room, and was already on his way to the telegraph office.

To Nicholas, the day which opened so calmly was long and full of excitement. He could only walk the streets, and revolve the possibilities connected with the finding of the long-missing paper. Three or four times he found himself on the edge of the crowd around Mr. Benson's bank, watching the gratified faces of the depositors as they one by one emerged from the door, and hearing the questions propounded to them by those whose turn had not yet arrived. He could see that all looked less unhappy as the day wore on, and still the money did not give out. He noticed, however, that the proceedings were very leisurely, and that not half of the depositors assembled could be waited upon during the day.

The train on which Mr. Bellamy Gold was expected to arrive was not due until nearly evening, but Nicholas was at the station an hour before the time, and when, at last, the country lawyer stepped from the platform, he was literally received by open arms.

Nicholas took him to his rooms, and before dinner he had told him the whole story of the missing bonds, and the discovery of the lost paper. The lawyer's joy and excitement were hardly less than those which exercised his client. The loss of the paper had weighed upon him like a great personal bereavement, and now that his skirts were clean, he was as happy as a boy.

After dinner they found Glezen at his lodgings, and all went to his office, where the paper was fully identified.

"Nicholas," said Mr. Bellamy Gold, "what did I tell you about the model man? Eh?"

"We shall find out whether you were right," said Nicholas.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. BENSON, with a very quick instinct, apprehended the nature of the crisis upon which he had entered. He knew that the bank must succumb if the run should prove to be formidable and persistent. He knew, too, that the run upon the bank would involve a run upon himself, and that that run would meet with a disaster sooner than the one which threatened his institution. People had for several weeks ceased to deposit with him, and all who called upon him now wanted money. It was with the greatest difficulty that he had been able to meet the demands of the few previous weeks. The money of the new depositors was all gone to satisfy the old. Property had been sold at a sacrifice, and the proceeds of that were gone. It was more and more difficult to borrow from day to day, and lately he had felt himself obliged to deny himself to callers. He sat alone in his library, doing nothing, but too "busy" to see them. He absented himself until midnight from his home. He resorted to every wretched pretense to avoid meeting those who had trustingly placed their all in his keeping.

To his proud nature, the thought that his family should witness his humiliation was a galling one. He had been so infallible in his own house, he had carried himself so like a god in the presence of his wife and children, they had stood in such fear of him, they had been such slaves to him, they had so abjectly believed in his power, and their attitude toward him had so gratified and flattered him in his selfish and proud isolation, that the reflection that they were to witness his humiliation stung him to the quick.

The first business he transacted, on his arrival at the bank on the morning of the run upon that institution, was the writing of a letter to his wife, requesting or commanding her—they were interchangeable

words in his vocabulary—to take her children to the home of her family in the country, and to remain there until she should hear from him. She was to leave no one behind but the cook and a man-servant. His messenger would assist her, and go with her to her destination. He knew there would be no protest to the arrangement. It did not make him particularly unhappy to know that she would be glad to go. He did not care for that. He was only anxious that Mr. Benjamin Benson should not be regarded with wonder and pity by those who had believed in his power and wisdom, and practically acknowledged his unbounded authority.

Two hours after this note left his hands, Mrs. Benson and her family were on their way,—not greatly troubled by what they were leaving behind them,—pleased and excited by the prospect before them.

As the doors of the bank were opened, and the throng pressed in, Mr. Benson and the officers and clerks regarded them with a degree of merriment quite unusual in that institution. It was a huge joke. They laid out their money in massive piles, in sight of the crowd, went at their work leisurely, and at last settled down to their day's doings.

It did not seem so much of a joke when a little trio of bank commissioners entered, and were politely invited into the consulting room by Mr. Benson.

What passed between Mr. Benson and the board of authority was not known outside, but it was not calculated to assure the president. In revealing the assets of the bank, and the shameful malfeasance of its officers, as he was obliged to do before the day closed, he was compelled, in order to justify the loan that had been made to himself to exhibit the securities he had pledged. As thorough an examination of the affairs of the bank as could be made in a single day was made, and when, at last, the doors were closed, and the run of the day was over, and the commissioners with grave faces had retired, Mr. Benson realized that the end was coming fast. What the morrow would bring forth the commissioners did not tell him, but he foresaw it with trembling.

As the crowd were pressed out of the ante-room and pressed back by the closing door, with the assistance of policemen, a menacing shout of rage went up from the disappointed assemblage, some of whom had stood in the street without food all day. Not an officer dared to stir from the bank, and it was not until the police had cleared the street and sent the disappointed people home, that the imprisoned men were released.

Instead of returning to his house, Mr. Benson took a cab and went to a distant restaurant of the highest sort for his dinner. There, at least, he should be beyond the contact of the crowd he dreaded. But there, alas! everybody seemed to know him. The waiter at his table called him "Mr. Benson." People were whispering together, and casting

curious glances at him. The fact that he was there was a strange one to them.

A thought occurred to him.

"Bring me an evening paper," he said to the waiter.

The paper was brought, and under startling headings he read the doings of the day at his bank. Worse than this, he found stated with wonderful accuracy the condition of the bank. Where the information had come from, he could not guess ; but somebody had betrayed him, and, undoubtedly, in a hundred thousand homes at that moment, his name was a synonym of dishonour.

His appetite was gone. He called for his bill, discharged it and went out upon the street. Whither should he go ? Not homeward, for he had a vision of a little crowd of anxious creditors, waiting at the door for his coming—stalwart working-men who had confided their savings to him ; widows in their weeds who had gone to him as a christian protector, and placed all their worldly possessions in his keeping ; orphans who had lost their petty patrimony through his treachery. No, not homeward until an hour should arrive that would drive the haunting spectres to their sleepless pillows !

The evening was damp and chilly, and he tied a handkerchief around his face and drew up his coat-collar. The muffing would at least help to shield him from recognition. The lamps were lighted ; careless laughter rang in his ears ; the brilliant restaurants were full of happy guests ; men and women were passing into the open doors of the theatres ; carriages and omnibuses rolled by with happy-looking freights, and life went on around him as careless of him as if he and his troubles had no existence. A great reputation had fallen, but nobody paused to contemplate the ruins. His life had practically ended in disgrace, and the great multitude did not care. The space that he had filled in society was closing up already, and soon he would be counted out of it altogether.

Wrapped in his bitter and despairing thoughts, and not knowing or caring where he was, he heard a church-bell. It sounded to him like a bell in heaven. He knew the tone, and knew that his Christian brothers and sisters were answering to its call. Ah ! why should he who had responded to that bell so many times be left so shorn of reputation and happiness ? Had he not paid his money ? Had he not been in his place, in season and out of season ? Had not his voice been heard in prayer and exhortation ? Had not his influence been thrown constantly upon the side of religion ? Why had God forsaken him ?

The bell had a strange fascination for him. He arrived at the church, and, although it was late, he determined to go in. Perhaps some word of comfort might come to him. Perhaps man's extremity would be God's opportunity. Perhaps some beam of light would illumine the way that

seemed so dark before him. Perhaps some miracle would be wrought on his behalf, if, under such depressing circumstances, he continued true to his religious obligations.

He entered, and took his seat in the rear of the assembly-room, just as the minister gave out the text: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethern, ye have done it unto me." Every word of the searching discourse was a thorn pressed into his aching brow; and the prayer at its close, evidently inspired by the history of the day, crushing him with penitence for wrongs which it was too late to remedy.

When the benediction was pronounced, he slipped out of the door and encountered the sexton. He had forgotten that this modest functionary was one of his many victims.

The sexton stepped to his side quietly, and said:

"It's all right, I hope, Mr. Benson? When shall I call upon you?"

"Never. Take this: it is all I have."

He handed him a little roll of bank notes, and vanished. Then he thought what a good thing he had done—how it would be talked about in the church, and how much it would do to soften the judgments of those who had known him there. Perhaps, too, this little act would somehow turn the tide of adversity that was then piling its cruel waves upon him.

He stepped rapidly away to avoid the crowd. Passing into a side street, he saw a huge Newfoundland dog, seated upon a pile of ashes, howling for its lost master. He was struck at once with a sense of companionship, called the animal to him with kind words, and bade him follow. The dog licked his hand, and he stopped and patted his shaggy head. Coming to an open butcher's shop, he spent a few cents for meat, and fed him, and then he went on, man and dog together. Was he, a man that could be touched by the pitiful cry of a dog that had lost its master, an inhuman man? He felt that he was not, and that he had only made mistakes, and been forced by circumstances into measures that had compromised his reputation and his prosperities. He could see the mistakes, and if he had his life to live again, he should not make them; but he was helpless against the circumstances. The more he thought, the more he felt himself wronged. The more he thought, the more he grew angry with the world.

The huge dog hung to his heels like a shadow—past the street lamps, through the dark passages—everywhere silent, content, trustful. He seemed to know that his benefactor was in trouble, and to wish to express his sympathy by his clumsy caresses. He assumed a sort of guardianship of his new master, and growled menacingly whenever they met suspicious-looking passengers.

It was midnight when Mr. Benson turned into his own street. He

knew that by that time his discouraged creditors would have gone to their homes.

As he arrived at the foot of the steps that led up to his door, the dog stopped and began to growl. Then a dark figure stepped out of the area, and approached Mr. Benson.

"Who are you?" the latter inquired.

"Take care of your dog, or I'll shoot him," said the man.

Mr. Benson seized the dog by the collar and held him quiet.

"Who are you?" he inquired again.

"A man as has business with you," said the stranger.

"This is no hour for business."

"It is the right time for my business, and its the right time for the sort of business that you've done with me."

"Captain Hank?"

"Yes, that's what the boys call me."

"What do you want with me?"

"He steals a hard-workin' and a slow-savin' man's bonds from 'im, an' then axes him what he wants with 'im," said Captain Hank. "He steals 'em, an he keeps 'em. He needn't say that he hasn't kep' 'em, for he knows he has!"

"I have not kept them. They are not in this house. It is just as impossible for me to give them to you as it would be to give you the money for them."

"Then you must git money for me, for I'm broke," growled Captain Hank.

"Captain Hank, I have no money to-night, and you must call again."

"No, you don't come no telegraph on me again. I'm here for money."

"Pick it up in the street, then, for I have none."

The dog was growing more excited and difficult to hold.

"If you want money, come here to-morrow night, and go away now, or I will not answer for the consequences. I will certainly let this dog loose if you do not leave me this moment, and he'll make short work with you."

The villain moved off, cursing both Mr. Benson and the dog, and promising to return at the appointed time.

Mr. Benson mounted the steps, and letting himself in with a latch-key, disappeared from the street.

He tied the dog in his library, and went to bed. It was nearly dawn before he slept, and he was awakened at last by a rap at his door.

"Well?" he exclaimed.

"Breakfast is waiting, sir, and the street is full of people, asking to see you," the servant responded.

Mr. Benson rose, and, parting the curtain sufficiently to see without

being seen, scanned the darkening mass of eager, questioning men and women. There were more than his depositors there. There were those there who had never deposited a dollar with anybody. There were ruffians and pickpockets who had come not only to witness his disgrace, but to ply their trade,—a savage, rejoicing crowd, that gloated over a Christian's overthrow—so pleased and excited by it that the very house he lived in was an object to be looked at by the hour, as if some awful scandal in high life had been born there, or a murder had been committed.

He dressed himself with his accustomed care, and walked down stairs to his breakfast, in a room at the rear of his house.

"Thomas," he said quietly to his waiting man, "I am not well this morning. After breakfast, I want you to go to the bank, and tell them that I shall keep my room to-day. No one is to be admitted to the house, at either door."

"All right, sir," said Thomas. "I will go to the bank, but I'm not coming back. Cook gives her notice too, and is packing to leave."

"Very well, Thomas. Only see that no one gets in. I'm sorry I have no money for you. If you and the cook can find anything in the house that will pay you what is owing to you, take it away. I will trust you. The quicker you do it the better, for this crowd may become reckless after waiting."

Then Mr. Benson ate his breakfast without an appetite, from his old, automatic sense of duty, and then he sat back and read his newspaper. He read everything that he could find which did not relate to himself and his affairs. He read politics, the theatre notices, the police record, and gradually worked up to the full, detailed account of the run upon his bank, and an editorial comment upon himself. There was a measure of respectfulness in this comment, but it closed with a hint that there were to be astounding disclosures, which menaced a character that had been held in high honour in the community for many years. He found out what this meant when, in looking over the advertisements, he saw one signed "Nicholas Minturn," giving a succinct account of the Otter-cliff robbery, and the numbers of the bonds stolen. The advertiser warned all persons against purchasing the bonds, and offered a suitable reward for their discovery and delivery. Mr. Benson was calm no longer. Up to this point he had, so far as the public knew, come only to a most disastrous financial failure. It was true that he owed money to the bank, but his pledge was there. He had kept secret the loans of the other officers; but men had lived through such things,—stained somewhat, perhaps, but still with a flavour of their old respectability, and a few friendly partisans left.

For the first time in his life he realized that he was a criminal. The act which had made him such had not greatly horrified him. The results

of the act, which were to make him a hunted man, which were either to place him in the hands of the law or to drive him into disgraceful exile, which were to load his name with ineffaceable opprobrium, which would make it for ever impossible for him to hold up his head among honest and respectable men—these swept the world from under him. Realizing that he was already a prisoner in his own house, afraid to venture out to make one last attempt to get hold of and destroy the stolen bonds, measurably sure, under the circumstances, that his bank was already closed against him, and in the hands of a receiver—remorseful, rebellious, hopeless, helpless, he stormed about his apartment like a madman, or sat and groaned in his chair, and listened to the murmurs of the crowd from which he was hidden only by a curtain.

At last he thought of the dog, and went to release him. The animal was overjoyed, and, after he had been fed, clung to him affectionately as he wandered from room to room. This was all the friend he had left. Even a dog, to whom he had been kind, clung to him in his hour of supreme adversity, but there was no human being in the wide world who, remembering some act of sympathetic kindness from him, would extend to him a thought of affection, or would drop a tear upon his memory. He had done many good things from a sense of duty—to God and his own reputation—but never one humane thing from an impulse of kindness and love. By his quickened apprehensions he saw the fatal flaw in his life and character for the first time. It was all a mistake. Oh, if he could but try it all over !

The dog knew that there was something wrong outside, and the outsiders were only too sure that there was something wrong within. Already the ignorant mass at the door and on the street, watching the silent, curtained house, were growing superstitious. They were filled with a creeping terror, as at one window and another a strange, black dog—strange to them and to the house with which they were so familiar—parted the curtains with his nose, and looked out upon them. This was the only living face that they could see. The door-bell was rung again and again, but there was no response. Policemen came and tried to persuade the crowd to go away, but as they were peaceable, no forcible attempts were made at their dispersion. Curious, fascinated, hoping that the door would be opened, seeing nothing alive but the black dog's face—now here, now there—they stood and gazed—gazed through the long morning, through the long afternoon—coming and going—until night fell upon them, and cold and hunger drove them away, almost forgetting their losses in the fearful contemplation of the mystery they were leaving behind them.

(To be continued.)

THE SWISS DESERTER.

A POPULAR BALLAD.

IN Strasbourg's fortress old and strong,
 Began this sore mischance of mine :
 I heard an Alpine horn prolong
 Its echoes from across the Rhine.
 I heard—I plunged—and strove to gain
 My native shore, alas ! in vain.

'Twas at the darkest hour of night
 When I, the homesick boy was caught,
 And (with my arms both pinioned tight)
 Before the un pitying Captain brought.
 My mates had dragged me from the wave,
 And nought, O God, my life can save.

To-morrow—at the hour of ten—
 Before the regiment I must stand,
 And I must ask their pardon then,
 Obedient to the Chief's command :
 Doomed for my crime without delay,
 The penalty of Death to pay.

Comrades ! ye see me, be it known,
 For the last time on Earth to-day :
 'Twas the young herdsman who alone
 Caused that my life must pass away—
 His Alpine horn bewitched my youth
 To yearn for home—God knows the truth !

Ye Three, that armed with rifles stand,
 Loved Comrades ! hear my last desire—
 See that ye lift no trembling hand,
 Aim true—together—when ye fire :
 Straight let each bullet pierce my heart,
 I ask this only, ere we part.

O Lord ! who art the King of Heaven,
 Draw my poor soul to Thee on high :
 May all my frailties be forgiven
 By Thy great mercy, ere I die.
 Hereafter, let me dwell with Thee,
 O Lord, my God, remember me !

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

SIDDARTHA ; OR, THE GOSPEL OF DESPAIR.

BY REV. JAMES CARMICHAEL.

OF late years the Chinaman has invaded the labour market of the neighbouring republic, and, within the last few weeks, a thin-bearded, obliqued-eyed, parchment-skinned Mongolian, stood on an American platform, and argued out before a select audience, the distinctive merits of Buddhism and Confucianism. In other words, China appears inclined to relieve America of its widespread washing, and its Christianity, and if the perfection of Chinese art in the former line be successful, and the dogged perseverance of the old Buddhistic missionaries be revived in the latter, America had better run up its earth works and prepare for a lengthened siege.

The Buddhistic Chinaman represents a creed, two thousand four hundred and sixty years of age, wielding power in some shape or form over one-third of the human race. It is only within the last fifty years that Europe came in contact with the sacred volumes on which this creed is based, but during these years the efforts of Oriental scholars to make it known have been unceasing ; so much so that a fair knowledge of it lies within the reach of any earnest student.

The story of Buddhism dates back its first chapter 600 B. C., when amongst the Jews Jeremiah spoke his gloomy prophecies ; when amongst the Greeks Solon was thinking how to remodel the constitution of his country ; when independent Babylon, under Nebuchadnezzar, had overthrown Assyria, and annihilated Egyptian rule in Asia ; at such a time, in far-off India, the story opens. It opens, possibly, in Kosala (or modern Oude), the oldest seat of Indian civilization, or, probably, on the borders of Nepaul, under the shadow of the mighty Himalayas, in either of which places the founder of Buddhism was born, in a royal palace and of royal race. The child is called Siddartha, but as around the simple name of the founder of Christianity, names of spiritual import have grouped themselves, so here. Siddartha in due time develops into Sakya-muni, the solitary, into Scramana Gautama, the ascetic, into Bhagarat the blessed, and Bodhisatra, the venerable, into—the Buddha—"He who knows truth"—strange names to us, but names associated with holy awe to those who look on them as sacred and divine.

The early life of Siddartha seems like a page out of the Arabian Nights, or the echo of a fairy tale. The infant grows up into a thoughtful, beautiful boy—into a silent, melancholy, handsome man, full of

quaint ideas as to the misery of life, and the folly of pleasure, loving the dark gloom of silent forests, undisturbed by tramp of human foot, or voice of child. He literally lives in a cloudland of religious dreaming, and as his father looks to him to take the throne, and dreads some silly act of religious madness, he orders him at once to marry, and so the young and handsome bridegroom, perfect in everything but merriment, weds his girlish bride, who, by her winning graces, kindles and keeps alive the love of her mournful husband. No outpouring of affection, however, can dispel the gloom of his nature, so the castle in which he lives is guarded lest he should escape from his royal fate ; watchful soldiers follow him wherever he goes ; he has everything that Prince can ask but freedom. Then comes the dark night, the drowsy guards at the gloomy gate ; the last look at the young wife sleeping, with her arm round her infant child ; the opening of the prison doors ; the blowing of the free air on his anxious face ; the flight from wife, and throne, and father, and kingdom ; and the facing of the world, a princely pauper. All this seems so fairy-like in structure, that we feel at once like questioning any record of truthfulness, save that we remember that we are in Golden India, where acts of daily life to-day, to say nothing of centuries ago, seem to our sober eyes like fairy fancies. Siddhartha's escape was the result of untold sadness, arising out of the earnest mind brooding over the national creed in which it had been trained, a creed that led it to look on everything as bathed in a horror of ceaselessness. Behind him was that awful transmigratory soul-life, in which centuries seemed like hours ; present with life was disappointment and sorrow, disease, old age, and death ; and before him were fresh transmigrations, hundreds, thousands, millions may be, in which moments would drag on as years. According to the stern creed of Brahmanism, there was no rest for the panting weary soul, which to-day lived in the body of a royal, yet sinning Prince, and to-morrow lived in the filthy fly that sucked in strength from a rotting carcase. As long as living in any shape would be, sin would be ; as long as sin lasted, sorrow would last, and whilst sorrow reigned, man could have no peace.

Full of such awful musings, the sad-hearted prince places himself under the teaching of two great Brahminical instructors. Teacher number one brings neither faith nor comfort ; teacher number two leaves him sad and dark as ever ; so after a lengthened trial of daily training in philosophy and theology, he flings off the iron hands of Priesthood and Tradition, and starts afresh to seek for glimpses of some gentle light as yet unknown to men. In this search he is followed by five companions, and with them for six long years he lives the double life of a voluntary ascetic and a dissenter from the laws and rules of the national Church. Solitude, however, had its lessons for Siddhartha, as it had for Moses, for

Elijah, for all who ever sought it. It told him that starving or beating the body, however it might deaden passion, could not restrain the inquiries of the intellect, or silence the frantic beatings of the soul against the bars of its prison-house ; and at last he becomes an apostate to his own ideas, and, deserted disdainfully by his companions, he ponders alone over the awful germ thought of his future philosophy,—“ *that life itself is misery, and that in lifelessness alone is peace.*” True as this seemed to him in his darkness, the shadow of a greater question loomed out before him, namely, How could lifelessness be gained ? Natural death, as far as he knew, was but a pang, a groan, a still moment, and then the restless soul gave another cry as an infant, or chipped the snell of egg, or burst the bonds of chrysalistic life, and soared aloft as a golden beetle. Nor was there peace even in self-murder. A bloated purple face floating on the water, a bloody gash, a poisoned, swollen body, whilst the soul lived on in the slimy worm, or in the loathsome spider, full of life, spinning its terrible toils out of its hated bowels. There was no answer to such awful musings, save in some new departure of faith, whose garment’s hem he could not even see, but which he hoped would come as a revelation, from where he knew not ; how, he cared not ; but he would sit, and think, and wait, until the revelation came, until the brighter morning dawned and the stormy shadows passed away.

A new departure of faith to a mind like Siddartha’s ever means revolution ; and by whatever process of meditation the new light dawned in on his darkness, the result of the meditation was that of direct antagonism to the national creed of India. Reared to believe in the terrible doctrine of “caste,” the new light shines on a regenerated world freed from its curse. Trained in a religion of form and metaphysics, of priestly tyranny and national degradation, he sees a living beauty in a code of simple morality ; in the coming preacher rather than in the lordly priest ; in sorrow for sin and in good resolutions instead of formal prayers and formal penances. Transmigration he cannot get rid of, but he transforms it into a channel of soul-life, leading up to a gate which opens into nothingness, into eternal death silent and unbroken. For the saints, the holy, the pure-minded, for those who become dead to the world, dead to pleasure and passion, for those who, trampling on human nature, killed out all desire, cared for nothing here, hoped for nothing beyond,—for such there would come Nirwana, or the death of the soul itself. An end, at long last, to its weary wanderings, to its flutterings from earthly tabernacle to earthly tabernacle, to its awful restlessness. Let the life be lived, and the reward would come as a necessary consequence. Nature would breathe on the purified soul, and her breath would blow out its life, and it would die and cease to be forever.

We are not distinctly told how long it took Siddartha to think out his idea of Nirwana, but his personal elevation to it appears to have been a matter of a few hours. He commences his final meditation as Siddartha, he rises from it the Buddha, the one who knows everything, with power to perform any act or to understand any truth ; his soul in that state of sublime purity that it could live on free from all sin, and be entitled to the supreme blessing of annihilation whenever death came. Inspired, if not practically self-deified, Siddartha now commenced to lead others to Nirwana, and though he met with vigorous opposition his success was marvellous. For forty years he roamed over Northern India, preaching to thousands, converting kings on thrones, and the Pariahs of the people, mocking at vain sacrifices and still vainer penances, calling the awakened to confession of sin, and absolving them with the glorious words, so precious as coming in after years from lips divine, "Go and sin no more." In one sense his message was a gospel, but only such a gospel as might prove "good news" to ruined spirits, condemned to eternal pain, and destitute of every hope. As Jesus preached to publicans and sinners the glad tidings of a Father's love for all, so in principle Siddartha went amongst the wretched Sudras, almost slaves, and the outcast Pariahs, cursed slaves, and rang out the glad tidings that at long last there would be rest for them in a changeless death.

Nirwana was for all who lived the life which led up to it. There was but one road, and that road was open to every grade of caste and outcast, to Brahmans and Kshatryas, to Vaisays and Sudras, to cursed Pariah and children of mixed birth. To all the invitation was "come." All were welcome, all could fight the fight and live the higher life, and all could be blessed at last, through perfect and irresistible annihilation. For forty years, the tradition tells us, Siddartha preached this fundamental doctrine of his gospel, and when he breathed his last beneath the sacred Sâl tree, in one of his own loved forests, he left his hopeless and atheistic creed imbedded in the hearts of thousands of his fellow countrymen. Because his creed was atheistic, there was no God in it. There was nature, incomprehensible ; necessity, unalterable ; inevitable cause and undeviating effect—but no God. There was nothing approaching the divine idea—no personal Creator or Father, no ruler, no divine spiritual essence—existing ; but lost to sight and spiritual comprehension in clouds of impenetrable mystery. There was not even a divine something into which the soul would melt away as darkness loses itself in light. When the soul blessed by Nirwana reached death it was blown out like the flame of a candle, not by the mouth of God, but as the natural result of a high-toned life, based on the teaching of this Gospel of Despair.

During life Siddartha wrote nothing, but after his death the church

assembled in holy synods and produced the canonical books of the religion, which, strange to say were called "The Word," the system itself being styled, "The Truth." These books were published 240 B.C., and were divided into three classes, the first containing the personal exhortations of Siddartha, the second the discipline of the church body, and the third its doctrinal teaching. Previous to the completion of the canon, however, the apostles of Buddhism had gone forth as missionaries, and had established their creed as the national religion of Ceylon, and, in A.D. 61, when Christianity was winning Europe for Christ, Buddhism had gained admission into the court of China. In the year 407 it was introduced into Thibet; in 552 it was preached in Japan, and before many years it took the place of the national creed in the former country and amalgamated with it in the latter. In fact there is but one religion with which this creed of death can compare for wide and Catholic missionary labours, namely the religion of life—our common Christianity.

In some future article we may speak of the church discipline and order which gathered around the teaching of Siddartha, but we will close this paper by noticing the metaphysical and moral teaching of the system itself. The idea of Nirwana is not explained in the sacred books beyond the fact that it is the death of the soul. When it is reached "the last undulation of the wave has rolled upon the shore, the echo has ceased, the light has become for ever extinguished." Siddartha himself does not exist save in his teaching; he "has set like the sun behind the Hastagira Mountains," or "like fire extinguished, it cannot be said he is here or there." Nirwana "is filled with the perfume of emancipation from existence, as the surface of the sea is covered with waves resembling flowers;" "in it the principles of existence cease, it is the end or completion of religion, its entire accomplishment."

How to teach Nirwana is, however, much more clearly taught. Four paths of intellectual meditation lead to it. He who enters the first must be transmigrated seven times before he reaches it; he who enters the second, but once; the third path leads to an apparitional berth in a heavenly half-way house, with Nirwana as a final consequence; the fourth and noblest path is here on earth, in present life. Walking on this path all love for existence is destroyed by hard thinking, the saint kills out affection and passion, and hope and despair, "like a servant he awaits the command of his master, with all desires extinct, without a wish to live or wish to die." When the saint has reached this state he has escaped the curse of transmigration and can never be born again. He is a Rahat, free from the power of sin, from sorrow, and pain of mind. Like seas and rocks and mountains, he has no fear of sickness, no dread of death, he is an incarnate angel awaiting annihilation.

In each path Nirwana is reached through the mind conquering the body in various degrees. He who walks the first path meditates in awful solitude on the reality of Nirwana, and the misery of life. He who walks the second, makes greater progress. He learns all that the first path can teach, but in addition, through meditation and discipline, he conquers sensuality, and all feelings of ill-will or spite towards man. He who walks the third has learned all that the first or second can teach, but in addition he has gained the victory over evil desire, ignorance, doubt and hatred. He who walks the fourth, and perseveres through all stages, till he meets Nirwana, as a Rahat, perfect in victory over the flesh, but not perfect in knowledge, and outside of all these paths is the state of the inferior Buddha, the higher Rahatship, in which knowledge is more extended, and beyond is the infinitely pure and holy, the all knowing and miracle-working Buddha, an incarnate God awaiting annihilation. This was the state which Siddartha reached so quickly, which is ever open to the poorest and vilest Pariah, if only his mind can conquer matter, and his flesh be thoroughly subdued to the spirit.

So metaphysical a system could hardly be realized at once, by the great mass of Siddartha's converts; and, hence we find him teaching that any effort towards Nirwana, however weak, would never be thrown away. It would be put to the account of the transmigratory soul, and might be added to in after existences. Annihilation might thus be long delayed, but it would surely come if only the soul thirsted for it, and with patient perseverance pressed towards the mark, through the futures lives and deaths of transmigration.

But if the metaphysical aspect of Buddhism was in many ways above the comprehension of the ignorant, Siddartha gave them full scope for simple thought, and earnest practice in its morality. It is impossible to study his ethics without acknowledging that he stood head and shoulders above Socrates and Plato, and that on the highest and noblest ethical questions. It seems strange to find a Buddhistic decalogue, with five commandments applicable to the laity and clergy, and five specially applicable to the latter. Stranger still, to read this great Buddhistic law of mankind in the well-known letter and spirit of the Mosaic form. "Not to kill," "not to steal," "not to commit adultery," "not to lie," "not to become intoxicated." Stranger still, to find in the five latter laws a system of morality worthy of the most conservative Puritanism. But strangest of all is the Buddhistic roll of religious graces. Love and mercy towards all men, forgiveness of injuries, patience under suffering, calm submission to the laws of nature, meekness and gentleness, and single-mindedness in religious duties. How far the selfishness which the monastic system of Buddha naturally created and fostered may have neutralized these laws is of course a

large question ; but no one can study them without feeling that in verbal precepts of practical morality, Buddhism comes nearer to Christianity than any other religion, and that if Christ, as Christians believe in him, reigned in the hearts of Siddartha's children, the ethics of Siddartha might be left to stand on their own original merits.

The influence of Siddartha seems to us not confined to eastern limits, or perhaps it might be more correct to say, that in one aspect of modern infidelity we have a clear announcement of the Buddhistic faith. To advance with Auguste Comte we go back to Siddartha. In Buddhism and Positivism there is no god but Humanity, in both reverie is a fundamental characteristic, and in both there are stages of intellectual evolution leading into empty Nothingness. And yet, whilst we see this strange likeness, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Positivism is Buddhism shorn of its graces, for Comte's morality is raised on the ruins of all past codes of ethical commandments. We doubt much if Siddartha the pure-minded would ever have welcomed the loose living philosopher to his bosom, or that Comte would ever have tolerated the clear-cut morality and holy living of the Indian master. Both were Atheists, but we suppose there are morally good and morally bad Atheists. Siddartha belonged to the former school, without a doubt ; the less said about Comte the better.

Where is the Christian like Siddartha, who, leaving all things palatable to nature, will face Buddhism with the better Gospel, the Gospel of Joy ? When will the Church bring forth her man-child, to raise a smile on this pale face of sadness ? Surely he will one day come head and shoulders above his fellows, to reap in these fields of rich morality and store his golden harvests in the divine granary of Him who sows the better Word.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

THE beginning of this century was momentous for American literature. Its condition was transitional, emerging from a narrow and imitative style to a more characteristic and national one,—a necessary and inevitable consequence of the Revolution. The same active, daring spirit which had broken loose from the bonds of foreign laws, and rebelled against a foreign government, had struck out for itself new paths of literary as well as political thought. Yet although this change was, in its nature, radical and extensive, peculiarities and defects grew side by side with excellences. Of a people so full of resources and yet impatient of slow progress, other results than this could not have been expected. Many years passed ere this literature assumed a decided character for depth, purity and originality in the hands of such leaders as Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller, Emerson.

No rapid development of thought or inherent power ever takes place without a reaction or what approximates to a reaction. The most conspicuous in American literature was what is called the "Transcendental movement" in New England, of which these three great thinkers were the principal representatives. Lowell says it was "a struggle for fresh air, in which, if the windows could not be opened, there was danger that panes would be broken. It was the protestant spirit of puritanism seeking a new outlet and an escape from forms and creeds which compressed rather than expressed it," and because the spirit of the movement was essentially iconoclastic, panes *were* broken, "though painted with the images of saints and martyrs," since evil ever goes hand in hand with reformation; many forms and creeds, the dearest and most necessary to man's welfare and happiness, were scorned and renounced. But evil is seldom absent from its attendant blessing good, and in this reformation the good prevailed. As the human spirit was believed to be god-like, inspired, the fulfilment of its ideal its highest aim; the result of this belief was deep contemplation, and concentration of thought; rigid and exact cultivation of the moral and more especially the intellectual faculties; solemn and earnest views of life and its behests; devoted adherence to truth and obedience to God.

We find Margaret Fuller to be representative of all these conditions, fitted by genius and culture to be a "peer of the realm in this new world of thought" to which she herself gave a powerful impulse towards that which is best and highest in action or aspiration. This was owing as much to the wondrous magnetism of her personal character and to her

intuitive knowledge of human nature, its needs and resources, as to her thorough, profound scholarship or remarkable eloquence in conversation.

The work she did was wide reaching in its influences,—a work than which none could conceivably be greater. It was to impress others with the greatness and dignity of the purposes which ruled her own life, to raise them out of the dull and heavy atmosphere which they had always breathed into a higher attitude of spiritual and intellectual culture. This she did by the silent power of her own attainment and progress, not less than by her inspiring, soul-stirring words.

Certainly no description can give an adequate account of the marvelous gift with which she was endowed—the heavenly gift of eloquence which dazzled by its splendor; wrought magic wonders by the wondrous magic of its power; which unlocked the most reserved hearts, and shed new light—the light of intuitional genius—upon problems and mysteries. Her conversation was made brilliant by scintillating wit and playful fancy; poetical by unlimited imagination, and skill in adapting the “shows of things to the desires of the mind*”; impassioned by deep hearted feeling and touching pathos; profound and scholarly by learning, accurate judgment of facts and principles, and strong realistic habits of thought. Her diction was elegant and choice without being either constrained or forced,—her sentences, though as complete and gracefully rounded off as a Greek work of art, came from her lips apparently without forethought or care. Accustomed from the first years of childhood to the most rigid intellectual discipline from philosophical study, yet extensively acquainted with the vast works of imagination, her thoughts had variety and range, and by clothing them in words of beautiful, nay startling eloquence, she wove a spell over the minds of all and held them to her allegiance forever. Hear what the *Westminster Review* says of Margaret Fuller's conversational power: “She was as copious and oracular as Coleridge; brilliant as Sterling; pungent and paradoxical as Carlyle: gifted with the inspired powers of a Pythoness she saw into the hearts and over the heads of all who came near her.”

And W. H. Channing thus describes her style of speech in the meetings of the Transcendentalists of Boston: “When her turn came, by a graceful transition she resumed the subject where preceding speakers had left it, and, briefly summing up their results, proceeded to unfold her own view. Her opening was deliberate, like the progress of some massive force gaining its momentum; but as she felt her way, and moving in a congenial element, the sweep of her speech became grand. The style of her eloquence was sententious, direct, vigorous, charged with vitality. Just emphasis and varied accent brought out most delicate

* Bacon.

shades and brilliant points of meaning ; while a rhythmical collocation of words gave a finished form to every thought. Her statements however rapid showed breadth of comprehension, ready memory, nice analysis of differences, power of penetrating through surfaces to realities, fixed regard to central laws, and habitual communion with the Life of life."

It has certainly been this conversational power, more than her valuable contributions to the literary treasures of the world which has made the interest in Margaret Fuller so absorbing, her fame so illustrious, not only in her own country but in England, France and also Italy. The eloquent voice has long since grown silent ; the bright and beautiful life has been shadowed by tragic death ; and yet the influence of that life still abides,—a strong inspiration, a stimulus like that of mountain air. It could not be otherwise when so many of the peculiar characteristics of her genius were infused into her writings, though they are indeed very imperfectly representative of her intellectual depth or range of vision. Her genius shone the brightest in contact with other minds. Nevertheless, by these writings must her true power and intrinsic excellence be determined ; by means of these we may arrive at not an inaccurate idea of her permanent place in American literature.

Her written works, we said, but faintly indicate her genius. She often debated whether to retire from outward influences and devote herself to some great literary work which would immortalize her fame ; but the work given to her by God, to inspire and benefit others, could best be done by a life of contemplation and action rather than by contemplation alone. There she had to labour for immediate results, to support not only herself but her brothers and mother, and win a home for them.

Margaret Fuller's faculties were trained more for reception than production ; with a fine conceptive imagination she yet lacked executive power. Hence the drudgery of the pen was distasteful. "How can I ever write with this impatience of detail ? I shall never be an artist, I have no patient love of execution. I am delighted with my sketch, but if I attempt to finish it I am chilled." This was as much owing to the intense physical pain which during life was her attendant evil-genius, as to the constitution of her mind. But though her works are fragmentary and defective in formal completeness, they are full of the " tide works " of great thoughts ; though in cultivating her powers of acquisition and scholarship, those of creation were not sufficiently exercised, she has written well. It were not an exaggerated assertion that if more years of life had been granted her, with restored health, and the added experience which her life abroad bestowed, she would have devoted her matured powers to the production of work which would have left her fame so deeply imprinted on the records of literature that the waves of forgetful-

ness would sweep over it in vain. The loss of her history of the great Italian struggle for freedom, is a great and irreparable one. Strange mystery of Providence, that fatal accident off Fire Island beach.

Her writings are too well-known to warrant a full catalogue. The articles on Goëthe, and Goëthe's works are the finest and most exquisite of all. The style is vigorous, compressed and brilliant—the thoughts logically adherent to the main line of argument. Her ideas are neither vague nor shadowy, but clearly, lucently defined, and distinguishable from one another; and because she knew just what she wanted to say and said it in the most concise, hence forceable, way, there is a pleasing contrast between her and Carlyle, who sometimes wearies us by repetitions of the same praises and eulogies of his hero. With appreciative skill she has discovered the subtle quality of Goëthe's genius, and helps us to discover and admire it; yet with what fearlessness and precision she points out what we all *feel* in regard to Goëthe's character,—that with his keen, flashing intellect and marvellous genius, there were failures in his life which we cannot but sternly condemn!

Her translations from the great German poet are considered to be excellent; in fidelity to the original, and as far as possible reproduction of its charm and grace, unsurpassed. Translation at best is like the transcript of a landscape on canvas. The illusion may be almost perfect, still it is but an attempt at illusion, and we are never deceived. Instead of grasping the beauty, the picturesqueness of the landscape, we are apt to admire first the artistic naturalness with which it is reproduced.

A word of praise cannot be withheld from the "Essay on the Modern English Poets." It is the clearest exponent of one of Margaret Fuller's most prominent characteristics—order.* Each poet has given him his true position in regard to each other, according to the universal laws of poetry and art. This essay indicates the singular fineness of her perception of beauty; her comprehensive, analytic intellect; original and deep thinking; and mechanical skill in the formation of sentences. All extraneous words are rejected, each sentence is a model of brevity continued with greatest beauty, yet every word is so enlightening in its suggestiveness, and so many valuable hints are given, that the subject can be carried on endlessly in the reader's mind, if he be anything of an independent thinker. Everything she said has this power of germinating in other minds and bearing rich intellectual fruit. It is one of the many proofs of her genius. Thus her influence is not lost, now she herself is gone; its effects are remote, stretching far away into interminable years.

Her sketches of the eminent men and women she met abroad are most truthful pen-portraits. That of Carlyle, published in the memoirs is one of the best of the kind ever written. It reveals unusual keenness

* One of her friends has noticed this.

of observation, unerring insight into the essential idea and principle of diverse manifestations of character, and skill in delineation ; while its felicities of expression and of allusion are numerous.

We cannot criticize "Summer on the Lakes," "Women in the 19th Century," or any of her less important writings. The subjects of these latter are sometimes trivial and they are treated in a light, racy, superficial style ; but they were written for recreation from arduous study, and should be judged as such.

Some of her best thoughts are given in letters to her friends. After all it is by these that we are the most attracted towards this noble and high-spirited woman, who, though sleeping beneath the "waves of the tossing Atlantic," has left us such records of her life. We catch refreshing glimpses into the inner sanctuary of her heart,—its love, its faith, its heroism. We feel her deep sympathy for all sorrow, and affectionate tenderness for those suffering ones who looked to her for relief. It is said that the art of letter-writing is decaying, that we shall never again see letters parallel to those of Lady Mary Montague or Madam de Sévigné. The world may take courage and not wholly lose its faith in the eternal progression of the race while there are such letters written as F. W. Robertson's and Margaret Fuller's. Their personal effect is to open our eyes to the fact that our life here must have other aims than mere enjoyment. We have a heart and intellect to educate for Eternity, and eager search for truth and wisdom must be our never-ceasing action.

And now what is Margaret Fuller's place in American literature ? Intellectual greatness is displayed in many ways. The poet sees qualities in material objects and in the common experiences of humanity invisible to men of coarser perception, less subtle insight. He can combine these isolated experiences into an artistic whole by the uniting power of his genius. But there is another phase of intellectual greatness displayed in our age, in point of fact the natural and inevitable outgrowth of our way of thinking and the degree of perfection which has been attained in all branches of learning and science. His critical faculty is inferior to the "vision and the faculty divine," but it is of the same nature, partaking of the same essential spirit and ruled by the same laws. Margaret Fuller was "no artist, and never wrote an epic, romance or drama, yet no one knew better the qualities which go to the making of these."* She was essentially a critic, perhaps the greatest, most scholarly critic America has produced. When in 1840 the celebrated "Dial," to which contributed Emerson, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, and other intellectual men, was started with the aim to elevate the minds of the people to a higher grade of culture, to furnish a higher standard of art to guide, no one was believed to be so suited for its editor as Margaret Fuller.

* Emerson.

At the present time it were well if her rigid analysis of books to be reviewed, and reliable accuracy in criticism, could be imitated. She had a clear, undimmed eye for the beautiful, the great and true, and welcomed them from whatever source they came. This unprejudiced reception of new ideas, this recognition of universal rather than narrow and local principles, this freedom from the servitude of long-cherished current opinions ; this breadth of view, and wide deep sympathy, made her criticism comprehensive and liberal instead of subjective or conventional. Her intense love of truth both in speculation and action, her independent fearlessness, made whatever she uttered vigorous, trenchant and effective. Yet because she scorned to minister to a false public taste ; because she endeavoured to raise the multitude up to her standard, rather than stoop to them ; because she aimed keen shafts of satire against injustice, falsehood and pretence, careless if they struck those whom ignorant favoritism wished to shield, she was often misunderstood, and had to endure the charge of being influenced by personal animosities. Her keen, sagacious eye saw what American literature lacked—that with all its vigor and originality it needed cultivation. Culture was the shibboleth of the Transcendental party. Margaret Fuller announced its importance ceaselessly, decisively ; and what was still better, made her life an inspiration and guiding star to other aspiring minds,—showed by her own power of acquiring knowledge of what attainments the human intellect is capable ; while by her fortitude in bearing disappointment ; by her power of evoking from hours of intense physical agony blessing and usefulness and rapturous spiritual enjoyment ; in fact by the whole bent of her moral nature towards all which is beautiful and noble and true, she showed that the human spirit is also capable of education.

The habit of abstract thought and the constant study of poetry did not contract her horizon ; her ideas in relation to political and social conditions were consistent with the most realistic and scientific modes of thought, though indeed highly coloured by the brilliant hues of imagination. In point of fact, her opinions and convictions had a solid foundation, built on universal and necessary laws. Her taste, being refined and exalted by close acquaintance, we might almost call it friendship, with the best works of art in every language, could not tolerate with equanimity what was ignoble or coarse ; hence as an editor she was exacting in her claims. Sincere and earnest belief was, however, the formative cause of her most extreme dogmas.

Margaret Fuller does not impress us as ever having ventured beyond her depth. She had a well-defined idea of her own limits as well as capacity, hence avoided many of the mistakes and perplexities into which those critics fall who have not her practical common-sense, accurately disciplined mind, and great powers of generalization. She erred once and

that greivously. It was in her estimate of Longfellow. With this exception she was one of the most discriminative and reliable of critics.

Her critical writings indicate a calm, generally impartial judgment ; an intuitive grasp of elemental truth ; a well-trained analytic faculty ; and a keen, penetrating perception of beauty. Bright, subtle wit, originality of ideas, and innumerable rich allusions, give her writings grace and freshness, while strong will, vigorous, profound intellect, and magnetic genius, make them powerful in their influence upon us.

Toronto.

G.

THE OLD HOUSE.

THE old house, the old house,
I think I see it still,
The ivy wreathed about the perch,
And 'neath the window-sill.
Around its aged time-worn stones,
Sweet mem'ries take their stand,
I dearly love the old house,
The best throughout the land.

The old house, the old house,
It's mass of verdant green
Is varied by the grayneas
Of the flints that peep between.
It stands like some old sentinel
Guarding the pleasant Earth.
If not to others, yet to me,
No gold can match its worth.

The old house, the old house,
Its aged visage bears,
A world of cheering-hope to those
Burdened with this life's cares.
E'en creeping-things would love it
If they only had the means,
There's a charm about the " old house"
We miss in other scenes.

The old house, the old house,
It stands amidst the trees
'Neath the shadow of the Elms
'Mid the murmur of the bees.
The life within the old house,
Is quiet if you will,
But oh ! to hearts that beat aright,
It is the " old house " still.

Walton Place.

F. C.

“ A NOBLE LOYALTY : ” OR, “ IN HIS DIRE NEED.”

A Novelette in Four Chapters.

BY MONTAGUE SOLOMON,

Author of “ The Dial ; ” — “ The Manner of Giving,” &c.

CHAPTER I.

“ ’Tis the very change of tide
When best the female heart is tried ;
Pride, prejudice, and modesty,
Are in the current swept to sea,
And the bold swain who plies his oar
May lightly row his bark to shore.”

“ NOT a bit of it. It’ll be a nine days’ wonder, and Vivian will have to keep dark for a little, perhaps go abroad for a year or two, but it will soon blow over.”

“ Oh, Gerald ! ’how can you talk so, and how *could* I ask him to sacrifice his good name, honour, reputation, everything, for me,—to bear the life-long burden of another, even for my sake ? He who is so good, so noble—oh ! how can I ? ” And the fair speaker rested her elbows on her knees, and drooped her head low, as the hot tears welled up, and coursed slowly into her hands.

There is something mournful in the surroundings, as well as the scene being enacted.

The harvest moon, now obscured by fleecy cloudlets, and anon breaking forth in all the fulness of her luminous beauty, shed a fitful, varying light on the calm and tranquil ocean—without a ripple to-night—and when the waters catch the fickle beams on their glass-like surface, they reflect them in one long, unbroken line, stretching far and afar away. One long tiny wavelet breaks with dull regularity on the pebbly shore with that peculiar murmuring yet soothing sound, which seems to lend an added solemnity to the evening hour. All nature seems steeped in rest after the long, hot, wearisome August day, and the peaceful quietude is alone broken by the two voices which chime in upon the stillness of eventide in the different tones suited to pleading, and anon to rebuke.

They are sitting on the shingle, in a cove formed by a deeply-indented rock, which has been the scene of many a similar rendezvous.

Gerald Maudsley rises with a gesture of impatience at the tokens of distress evinced by his companion. He is no more susceptible to tears

than he is to the influence of the hour, and, as far as he is concerned, to the tranquil sea, and the soft moonbeams alone appealed to him, in so much as the one afforded him the pleasure of a "pull" or a "plunge," and the other assisted him on occasion to find his way home, at times when several other lights blended with his magnified vision.

Besides, he knew from experience that nothing was so subversive of the point to be carried as a woman's refuge in tears, and he had a point to carry to-night, and a very serious one too. He regarded all matters of this life affecting his interest as a game to be skilfully played; to be won if possible, to be compromised if not possible. The losing side had never entered into this man's sanguine calculations, and though indeed he had sailed perilously near the wind at times, with all his canvas flying, he had contrived hitherto to escape shipwreck. He had a game to play to-night, and the stakes were very heavy, even for Gerald Maudsley.

If he won he could continue to float along pleasure's stream in his lazy, reckless, unprincipled way, that with him had become second nature.

If he lost—and he set his teeth at the bare thought of this contingency—he must needs go to the wall; and going to the wall in this instance had the unpleasant significance of emigration at the expense of his country, or at least self-exile in a far-off country without means, friends, or the hope of ever again being countenanced by the associates of by-gone days.

So he did not mean to throw away a card to night, nor lose the shadow of a chance in the game he had set himself to play. He rose and walked to the water's edge, picked up a handful of pebbles and threw them slowly one by one into the moonlit waters.

He watched them with a grim smile, as noiselessly they sank, leaving a little circling eddy on the tranquil surface. "I shall go down for all the world just like those pebbles," he muttered, "if I can't overcome this girl's scruples. Let's sum up the pros and cons of the thing. There is a weak girl's credulousness and love, or rather Maudsley-mania, (for I don't believe in any such thing as love), for—and then there is the black and white of that cursed document, and perhaps Vivian's unwillingness to step into my shoes; against—the odds are pretty well balanced, but there's no time to be lost," and so soliloquising, he rejoined his companion, and flung himself at her side, with a profound sigh. A comely man to look at was this Gerald Maudsley, otherwise Captain Maudsley (though whence he derived that title was a question open to some discussion). Slightly above the middle height, with square shoulders, and shapely limbs, he united to these advantages, the attraction of a handsome face, although bearing the furrows ploughed by the

dissipation of long years, short curly hair, and heavily drooping moustache. He was not altogether unmilitary-looking, but there was something too languid and undecided in his manner to have particularly characterised him as a votary of the sword.

For the rest he was a heartless, reckless roué. Had been in turn a gentleman-jockey, stockbroker's tout, and a billiard-sharper, and had gone down hill with easy transition from bad to worse, until he had descended to counterfeiting another's signature on a promissory document, and found himself villainously trading on a weak girl's sensibilities, with the view of inducing her to get her true and loyal lover to own to the fraud, and thus bear the life-long burden of dishonour attaching to his own criminal act of common swindling. He had a quiet persuasive way with women, which men in his set had been known to say "would fascinate his Satanic Majesty himself," and Maudsley knew only too well how to use this influence to the best advantage. His companion Ada Saville is a warm-hearted, generous girl of some nineteen summers. Her life hitherto had been an unbroken course of characteristic frankness and candour, but she was not guiltless of the weakness of the weak ones of her sex, which often enough is the accompaniment of a kind, large heart. Her peculiar beauty—her large, lustrous, soft grey eyes, and fair smiling face, set in nature's wreath of wavy, auburn hair, had attracted Maudsley soon after his arrival at Kenford, some nine months before, and unfortunately, with the facilities afforded by a small sea-side place for making acquaintances, he had had no difficulty in compassing an introduction to her. Soon afterwards, and for the lack of more profitable employment, Maudsley applied himself to the task of winning the girl's heart, or rather, and more correctly speaking, of stealing it during the absence of another, and had so far succeeded that at the present moment a tacit understanding existed between them, which represented the first flush of a transient liking on the one side, and the heartless gratification of a passing whim on the other.

Gerald Maudsley had never for one moment seriously contemplated marrying Ada Saville, unless, indeed, he could thereby reap some material benefit.

No! with him everything was a question of profit and loss, and for him what significance had unfulfilled promises, and broken troths?

"My dearest girl," he urged as he rejoined Ada Saville, "you have an exaggerated idea of the whole thing, and surely if Vivian is so true and loyal, he would not mind going abroad for a spell, for the woman he professes to love."

"But how *can* I ask him? What claim have I to his allegiance when I don't return his love!" persisted the girl. Maudsley continued for

some time in a similar strain, but finding he was not "on the right tack," as he would have phrased it, he adopted another.

"But my own Ada, you don't, you won't look at the thing in the right light. Vivian is a young fellow, quite a young fellow. His father has influence, and all that sort of thing, and before he is on the other side of the water, the whole affair will be hushed up—but with me you must know it is different, very different. I am much older—have no influential father or friends, and should go hopelessly to the wall, and all without even having you near me if the thing goes wrong."

He talked of "things going wrong" as if something threatened which had been quite unforeseen, and which he had had not the least share in bringing about. But he was steering a better course, and he knew it.

"Oh! can't I help you some other way, can't there be devised some other plan?"

"Impossible. None other could be concerned in the matter but Vivian and myself, and one or other of us must own to the paper."

The coast guardsman on his evening beat passed the cove at this juncture, and seeing who were its occupants shrewdly surmised, "The Cappen beant up to no good I'll warrant." But "the Cappen" thought his persuasion *was* doing good, and persevered in the same strain.

"I wouldn't care a pin if it were not for you, but hang it all, it's hard lines, very hard lines for a fellow just when his dearest hopes are beginning to be realised, to have to leave the object of them for ever."

He infused suitable pathos into his tone where supposed feeling entered the question.

"How, how I wish you had thought of all this before, everything would have been so much happier."

"It's very, very little happiness that has ever fallen to my lot," said Maudsley. "Mine has been an unkind up-hill journey all the way, and it depends upon you how much happiness, or how much misery, is to be meted out to me in the future," and he screened his eyes with his hands, as one deeply affected.

"You know Gerald, oh, you know, I would never cause you any pain," cried the girl, trying to remove his hand. "I'll do what you ask me, but I know I shall never, never forgive myself."

The last move had answered well, and now, thought Maudsley, I must strike whilst the iron is hot. He enclosed her in his arms, and drew her tenderly towards him. "Don't talk so, Ada dearest, *you* will have nothing to forgive yourself for; it is I who have to be forgiven, my brave girl. After this we shall be so happy—all will be sunshine—and to think you have rescued a life, saved a soul, will compensate you for any false scruples about——"

"But poor, poor Claude, I haven't seen him for six months," interrupted the girl. "And I do not know how he feels towards me. How can I *ever* feel happy in having caused his unhappiness?"

"Ada, trust in me, when I tell you it will all come right. He will only have to go through the fire like we all have to do sooner or later. But here comes your Abigail, and we have kept her long already."

And thus she unwillingly consented, and he had won his game so far; in further details of which he duly instructed his reluctant accomplice, as the patient maid loitered accommodately in the distance. Ada Saville was to tell Claude Vivian, her true loyal lover, that she had married under the rose during his absence, for Maudsley shrewdly surmised that the despair the tidings would cause the poor fellow would prove an additional stimulant to his seeking far-off lands, quickly and without a care of what might come in the future.

This subtle, unscrupulous adventurer knew well the noble nature that had to be played upon, and arranged his nefarious scheme accordingly.

And so they parted, the one to seek her home with a heavy trouble-laden heart, vaguely wondering why there should be all this sorrow in the world; and the other to resort to the noisy billiard room.

Il segreto per esser felice, he sang, trolling out in rich tones the famous drinking song of Lucretia Borgia, as if no such words as fraud and penal servitude were discoverable in the dictionary.

CHAPTER II.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent."

CLAUDE VIVIAN had returned to Kenford after an absence of some seven months, on the evening preceding the meeting detailed in the last chapter.

He was looking forward with much prospective eagerness to the pleasure of meeting his lady-love again, though not altogether unmingled with an undefined feeling of apprehensiveness, for he had not been quite able to reconcile the altered tone of her "few and far between" letters, with her previous loving trustfulness.

Indeed, she had not liked to pain him by telling how perverse her affections had been of late, and that some undefined change had come into her feeling for him. She fancied she had thought of him with more of a sisterly love, since Maudsley with his subtle fascination had come into her life; and now Vivian had not only to be told this, but had to be asked, as it were, to substantiate his bitter loss by the self-sacrifice of his own good name.

And it was a good name, for his honour was as the very breath of his soul to Claude Vivian.

Frank, affectionate, unselfish and fearless, morally and physically, he was indeed one of Nature's noblemen, and bore the impress of her rank on his fine open brow and graceful and majestic proportions.

He had been reading for the law in a desultory sort of way ; but truth to tell, he had been rather unsettled in mind by his attachment for Ada Saville, which had prevented him whilst at Kenford from being very successful in his labours.

This had somewhat nettled his father, the rector of Kenford, magistrate and strict disciplinarian. Claude had mooted the subject of his affection to the reverend parent before he had left home, and a very damp blanket had been cast over his hopes by the clerical hand :

"Surely, sir, you cannot be in possession of your seven senses, seriously to contemplate an engagement, or more correctly speaking, a sentimental entanglement, at your age of twenty-one. Why, you have not only failed as yet finally to decide on a profession, but appear to me most unlikely to settle down into any fixed groove. One day you are going to be a coffee-planter in Ceylon, the next you indulge in dreams of the Foreign Office, then you vacillate between the Law and Medicine ; but what all these aspirations will end in I can't venture to predict. Smoke, most likely, on which a wife is hardly to be supported. No, sir, no. It is most absurd to lay such a matter before me." And the Rev. Septimus Vivian concluded with all the magisterial dignity which characterized him on the bench.

He was a man of strict integrity, this clerical gentleman ; with the nicest sense possible of the Decalogue, and most zealous in the discharge of his rectorial and magisterial duties. But he had a less lucid conception of parental obligations. He had never so acted in regard to Claude as to enable the son to seek the father as an adviser in his perplexities, or as a confidant and *friend* in his youthful troubles ; and the inestimable privilege of a loving mother's tender guidance Claude Vivian had lost at a very early age.

The father had not entered into the child's inner life ; never identified himself with that little world we all create for ourselves ; and thus there had always been an impassable gulf where should have existed a firmly uniting bond of sympathy and mutuality of feeling. The rector expected his son to act up to his own particular standard of right in every detail of life, and no consideration of difference in disposition, feeling, or circumstances were any excuse for the least divergence from the narrow way.

Alas ! it is too often so with fathers and sons, and had Claude been of

a less noble nature, the Rev. Septimus Vivian might have reaped in his declining days a heavy harvest of self-sown trouble.

On the second morning after his return home, Claude received the following note :

"MY DEAR CLAUDE.—Will you meet me at Cleveland Coppice at twelve o'clock ? I want to talk with you particularly. Please come.

"Yours in haste,

"ADA SAVILLE.

"Sea Grove,

"Wednesday Morning."

In obedience to this summons, Claude was at the entrance to the little wood at a quarter before twelve, with sadly perturbed feelings. The prospective pleasure of meeting was tempered by a vague sense of impending trouble.

Punctually at five minutes to twelve, Ada Saville comes into view, walking by the hedge-row at a quick, business-like pace, which was a sort of unconscious effort to nerve herself for the coming trial.

Thoughts oppressed her, poor girl, like some horrible night-mare, and it was vain to try and walk away from them. Verily was she "going through the fire," and when she saw the tall, well-remembered figure, and the frank, kindly face, one deep sob escaped the pained heart, and afforded momentary relief to the pent-up feeling. That alone was the one weakness in which she permitted herself to indulge, and as Vivian advanced to meet her she welcomed him with the same trustful smile as of old.

She was densely veiled in lace, and Claude gently raised the screening folds as he bent low, and greeted her with lover's greeting.

"Why, how old you look with that great thick veil, Ada love, I positively hardly knew you in the distance."

"I have felt much older, Claude, of late, so my looks don't belie me," she replied, with a forced smile.

"How's that, my own little girl," he answered, caressing her hair. "You shouldn't feel old. Tell me all about yourself—what you have been doing whilst I was away."

"I have nothing, nothing to tell, and oh ! Claude, as for myself, I——"

She spoke with slow mournfulness, and the sadness of the tones struck quickly on Claude's ear, sharpened by love and apprehension.

"What is it, Ada dearest ?" he broke in, warmly. "You are not your old self, and your letters of late had told me this. Tell me all, and if there is anything in which I can help you, God knows I will do it."

Here was an opening, but the poor girl felt she could not for very life take cruel advantage of it at that moment. She must temporise for sixty seconds.

"Nothing is the matter; only a little dullness we all feel at times, I suppose."

But it was no good. Claude Vivian felt intuitively that he had to face some great sorrow, and he prepared to face it just as he would have prepared to face the fire of a platoon. He had had a brief and distant acquaintance with Gerald Maudsley before he left Kenford, brief, because Maudsley had only been in the place two or three months at that time, and distant, because Vivian had taken an immediate dislike to the man. He knew that Ada Saville had been introduced to him and could not help somehow associating her changed manner and the present sense of trouble with that fact.

So he plunged in *medias res* at once.

"But you never used to be dull, Ada; why should you be? I hope you have not seen much of that fellow Maudsley while I was away. I never liked the man, and am afraid there's little good in him. But what was it you wanted to say to me so particularly?"

It was no good procrastinating any longer, the bitter moment had come at last.

"I want—I have," she stammered, "to ask you something. Will you grant it?"

"Grant it? Of course I will, Ada. You know it is granted before you ask."

"It is a great deal, a great deal to ask—more to grant. Oh! Claude, how can you love me?"

The last question came involuntarily. It was the natural assertion of her better self.

"How can I love you? Ada, why do you trifle with me? You who are my own—my all in all. But why is this doubt—this change? Oh! tell me all or I shall go mad."

The man was pale as death. He felt his love had been killed—ruthlessly killed.

"Forgive me, forgive me," she sobbed forth. "My affections have strayed where perhaps I didn't wish them. How could I help it? I—I belong to another. Oh, Claude! will you, in pity's sake, spare me more?"

Yes, the old love was dead. The old joyousness had faded away like a dream. The light had died out of the man's life. He answered in the slow, distinct tones of a brave man's despair:

"Yes, I'll spare you more, and I'll forgive you all this; but not so the man who stole my love, my soul's happiness. He or I must die. But no!" as if suddenly remembering something, and controlling himself with visible effort, "you love him—you care for him—so I won't do

this, for your sake." Then, after a catching of the breath, "Is there anything else? For I must leave Kenford quickly, and for ever."

She wished she had been dead. But the task was nearly over, and she must needs go on to the bitter end now. So she sobbed out her petition as best she could, whilst Vivian was as one in a dream, and seemed now to accept everything as a natural sequence to all he had been listening to.

The shaft had pierced him to the heart's core, so what mattered the lopping off of a limb? But let us draw a veil, reader, over this sad picture of sorrow and remorse—this willing sacrifice of all the future earthly happiness, on the shrine of a departed love.

Ada Saville felt that she could say no more. How could she add one more drop to the already overflowing cup of bitterness? No, she would write him as to the rest, and thus he left an address to which a letter was to be sent explaining all. And so, with one long hand-grasp, they parted. Claude Vivian's strong frame was rent with sobs as quickly he walked away, and the first tears fell that he had shed since the bright days of his lightsome boyhood.

And she, poor, distraught, misguided girl, buried her face in the heather, and cried as if her heart would break. Reader, she had no loving, trustful mother to soothe and guide her in the hour of her dark distress; no kind father on whose broad chest she could sob forth her trouble, finding sympathy and consolation. She was only an orphan ward, with a stern old aunt for a guardian, and yet—and yet—she had just flung away the best and truest heart that ever beat.

How inscrutable are the perversities, how unfathomable are the mysteries, of the human heart!

When Claude Vivian reached the rectory, and was a little composed, he sought his father's study—the sanctum of sanctums—which never failed to impress one with stern seriousness directly he had crossed the threshold. The rector was busily engaged upon his next Sunday's sermon; and when Claude, after knocking at the door, and receiving the customary summons to "come in," entered, and said abruptly:—

"I'm going abroad, sir, will you please let me have the funds?"

The reverend gentleman tipped his spectacles on his forehead, and looked up as if expecting to see his son under the novel influence of drink.

"This is no time for joking, you perceive I am engaged, sir."

"It is no joking, sir, but serious reality, and my mind is unalterably made up."

"That's gratifying at all events. But what's this new whim? I suppose the coffee-planting illusion is in the ascendant to-day. Surely you——"

"Will you let me have the money or not, sir?" broke in Claude, in no mood to bear his father's sarcasm.

"Money, sir! certainly not. Do you think I am going to sanction your going abroad, to gratify a passing whim; prompted, I doubt not by some silly sentimentality? and going, too, in a manner suggestive of most unpleasant, *the* most unpleasant things, sir. Why, what do you mean?"

"I have nothing to say beyond repeating my fixed intention, and again asking your decision."

"You have heard my decision, sir; such conduct is opposed to all precedent, and I cannot nor will not encourage it."

"Very well, sir, I must ask another to help me, upon whom I have less claim." And so saying, Claude withdrew, leaving the rector overcome by surprise. This was a new development of his son's vagaries—but, did the father think of quietly and kindly reasoning with the misguided son? No. He had laid down the law—the right and proper law in the sight of God and man; and he busied himself with the sermon, preaching love and charity, with all the sense of having fulfilled the duty of a Christian parent.

That night Claude Vivian travelled by mail train to London, to obtain the funds necessary to carry him to a far off-land.

CHAPTER III.

"ON CONNAIT L'AMI AU BESOIN."

RICHARD LONSDALE, or, as he was familiarly designated by his chosen friends, "Dicky" Lonsdale, held an appointment at the Foreign Office; and when not occupied with the onerous duties of his calling, was generally to be found in the comfortable rooms he tenanted in Curzon Street, Mayfair. The stipendiary income which he derived from this source was supplemented by a liberal allowance from a liberal father. Thus he had no pecuniary annoyances,—nor, indeed, many others, for the matter of that; for the even course of his easy-going existence was seldom, if ever, ruffled by the cares and the troubles which beset the path of man.

He was unsusceptible, to a degree, to female wiles and attractions, and perhaps in this reposed the secret of his happy peace of mind. He admired a fair woman just as he would have admired one of Raphael's inimitable master-pieces, or Canova's sculptured triumphs; but as for losing possession of his heart, or "going off his head," as he phrased it, for a pair of *les beaux yeux*, why, Richard Lonsdale would just as lief have seriously contemplated the contingency of his being united to one

of the Princesses Royal. For all this, he was large-hearted, frank, and generous, and the truest of all true friends. He was a great lover of sport, and an adept at everything which came under the heading of "manly exercises;" and his splendid athleticism fitted him well for the indulgence of his taste. Standing six feet one and a half inches, with ponderous shoulders and massive chest, he indeed formed a fine specimen of "muscular christianity;" and had at college not inaptly been nicknamed "Giant Lonsdale." For his twenty-six years he was possessed of a good deal of shrewd discernment and practical matter-of-fact sense, which had stood him well on more than one occasion; and beneath the superficial joviality of the man, there lay plenty of earnestness and determination of purpose. Such was Richard Lonsdale, sworn friend and boon companion of Claude Vivian. They had formed a fast friendship at college which had grown and ripened in after years; and though Lonsdale was some four years Vivian's senior, there was a congeniality of feeling and similarity of qualities which drew the two men together; and the creed of both was summed up in the one word "gentleman."

Lonsdale had been on a visit at the rectory at Kenford shortly before Vivian had left home, and they had spent a pleasant fortnight together. He had been introduced to Ada Saville, and soon perceived how the land lay in regard to his friend. He had also made the acquaintance of Gerald Maudsley, of whom, be it said, he had formed the same unflattering opinion as Vivian had done. Thus he was not altogether in the dark when, after a long night of travelling, Claude presented himself at the Mayfair chambers, wearing on his face a weary, haggard look which surprised and quite pained Richard Lonsdale.

"You're looking fearfully seedy, old man," after a long hand-pressure. "What the deuce have you been doing with yourself? Travelling by that night mail, too! You must have some soda-and-brandy or champagne-and-seltzer, before you do anything," and thus saying he laid his hand on the bell.

"No; thanks, old fellow, nothing but a glass of iced water: and not that until I have—"

"A glass of water be hanged!" broke in Lonsdale, who saw there was something radically wrong with his friend; "I shan't have a single word with you until you have had a good pull at something, and eaten some breakfast, man."

Vivian rose, and walking up to Lonsdale laid his hands on the latter's broad shoulders.

"Lonsdale, old fellow," he said, in a low voice, "we have known each other,—aye, and been fast friends,—for many a long day; but we must needs say 'good-bye' now. I am going abroad,—going to Australia, in three days hence, and you must trust in me and spare me any questions."

With quick perception, Lonsdale surmised that a woman was at the bottom of all this; and though at heart he felt heavily oppressed, tried to rally Vivian by treating the matter lightly.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. Don't talk like that, man, or I shall begin to think the old pluck is clean gone. Going to Australia, indeed! It may be very well in theory, but not in practice. There is some thoughtless girl to be blamed for this." Vivian looked hurt.

"Lonsdale, I can't. You musn't say that. Spare the subject; you understand, old fellow."

"No, but I do not understand you;" came in Lonsdale's ringing tones. "Have a steak and a pint of beer, man, and then we'll discuss the faithless lass; and it's short and sharp shrift she'll have at my hands."

But it was no good. The well-meant bantering did more harm than otherwise, and Lonsdale, perceiving this, resolved to spare his friend's feelings, whatever course he might pursue afterwards.

So he quietly listened to Vivian's request for money to enable him to leave England for ever; drew a cheque for treble the amount asked, and promised to forward to the Post Office at Southampton the letter Vivian expected, addressed to Curzon Street—the letter from Ada Saville.

After this, Claude seemed relieved as of some heavy burden, and Lonsdale was too much wrought upon to wish to prolong the meeting. But a few moments later, as they stood at the threshold of the hall door, Lonsdale laid both his hands on his friend's shoulders, and repudiating all claim to his profuse thanks for the service rendered, he added with slow enunciation:—

"Look here, Vivian, old man. I have stood your friend, and always will stand your friend, and feel deeply for you in this. But I have duty towards you to perform, which I warn you I *mean* to perform. Come what may, I'll see you again before you are clear of English waters. Meanwhile, keep up your spirits and hope for the best. Good bye, old fellow."

"Good bye, truest of friends. Good bye, Dickey;" and with one long grip of hand to hand, Claude Vivian was gone—gone on his way to Southampton. He had been too bewildered by his trouble to notice Lonsdale's parting words, but in after years they recurred to him with forcible significance.

A quarter of an hour after Vivian had left Curzon Street, Lonsdale had despatched a note to the Foreign Office, excusing himself on "urgent private affairs," and two hours after that he was tearing through the air at the rate of forty miles an hour, on his way to Kenford. He was a man of action and promptitude, you see, in the case of

an emergency, and this journey to Kenford was the form in which the first part of his duty to his friend had suggested itself to him. Yes, he would stand by him to the very last, and if he could fathom the troubled waters, and rescue Vivian, he meant to do it. "There's a woman at the bottom of all this," he reflected again; "and my first step will take me to Miss Saville. But when, after a long day's travelling, he arrived at "Sea Grove," he was informed that Miss Saville was "out of town," and would not return until the following day, which would be Friday, and on Saturday Vivian sailed. Lonsdale swore a deep oath under his beard when he learned this; but there was nothing for it but to wait and see what the morrow brought forth. He might have called at the rectory, but he rightly judged that this would be useless, if not otherwise, as a first measure. So he waited and hoped on; and sat in the silent coffee room of the "Silver Swan," not indulging in sombre reverie, but bringing his mind by sheer force of will, and fixity of purpose, deliberately to contemplate and plan the part he had set himself to fulfil. While thus he was sitting alone, Gerald Maudsley chanced to come in, evidently somewhat in his cups, and elated moreover by the partial success of his villainous scheme. He knew Vivian had "cleared out," as he phrased it, and "consented most accommodatingly to step into his shoes." "There is only one act more to complete the little comedy," he said to himself. "Penitent letter from Vivian to the Rev. Septimus, confessing all. The sailing for Australia, and then—curtain." So he was on good terms with himself and the world generally, when he entered the coffee room of the "Silver Swan" that Thursday evening, and nothing was more distant from the man's mind than the idea of associating Lonsdale's presence with Vivian's absence.

Thus in our pilgrimage on earth do we grope in the darkness, when often times one little ray of light would alter the whole course of our lives.

"Holloa, Lonsdale! you here? What fair breeze has wafted you to these parts? Have a liquor, man;" and he moved towards the bell-handle.

"No, thanks, Captain Maudsley, nothing for me; I have business to attend to," Lonsdale rejoined, curtly, in no mood at this moment for Gerald Maudsley's society, which he considered a doubtful privilege at any time.

"Business to attend to! My dear fellow I never heard before that business was incompatible with a drink."

"Perhaps not. But it depends upon one's views of business, you know. Mine don't happen to mean the pursuit of pleasure to-day."

Maudsley ignored the sneer, and blurted out:—

"Talking of pleasure! I hear that Vivian has been pursuing the

Phantom Goddess at rather a hot pace lately, so much so that some kind friend has suggested the advisability of his clearing——"

Richard Lonsdale rose, his face was very stern. "What the devil do you mean, sir?" he interrupted, hotly. "You had better leave Claude Vivian's name alone, for I'll hear no vile insinuations."

"Why, my dear fellow, I only say what I have heard—which in sporting parlance is, that Vivian has gone a regular mucker; made a mistake in signing his name, and——"

A ray of light darted across Lonsdale's consciousness; but he was too wrought upon by anger to think of anything but resenting the stigma on his friend's good name. He strode up to Gerald Maudsley, and grasping him by the coat-collar, swayed him to and fro, as a reed is swayed by the wind. "Say that again, and by the Lord I'll cram the words down your throat."

Gerald Maudsley was no physical coward with all his villainy, and on more than one occasion in his chequered career, had elected to settle his differences by a hair-trigger and fifteen paces of turf. Though he had been drinking heavily, his was no pot-valiancy. Still the exciting effects of his deep potations added to the passionate rage at the insult he had sustained, utterly blinded him to considerations of policy, and all discretion was swept away by passion's angry torrent.

"I shall say it as much as I like, the same as I should of any other d——d swin——"

But the foul word never left his mouth.

Lonsdale's threat was literally fulfilled. His arm shot out with lightning impulse, and catching Maudsley full in the mouth, laid him senseless and bleeding on the floor.

* * * * *

The following day Lonsdale sought and obtained a long interview with Ada Saville. He transacted much other important business during the course of the same day, at Kenford, and left the place Friday evening, by express train.

CHAPTER IV.

"Time and tide had thus their sway,
Yielding like an April day;
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

It is a glorious August morning. The sun pours down an aureole-flood of heavenly light, gladdenng all things with the warmth and

brightness of a golden summer time—whilst a soft breeze springs refreshingly from the balmy south-west. The sky is beautifully deep blue, and looks incapable of ever changing a leaden hue, and drenching poor humanity.

"The magnificent steamer, *May Queen*, 3,242 tons register, 2,000 horse-power, and A. 1. at Lloyd's. G. Farquhar Frampton, Commander,"—as the advertisement has it, "leaves the Southampton Docks at 1 o'clock this afternoon, for Australia."

A magnificent steamship she is, and there is all the confusion and bustle on board attending the sailing of a vessel for a far-off land.

Some of the passengers are congregated in little knots here and there on the deck, exchanging a last few words with the friends and relations they perhaps will never meet again. Others, who have already taken their farewell of those left behind, or who perhaps have no kith or kin to wish them a "God-speed," are leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, taking one last long look at the dear old English shore.

Some have sought refuge from the noise and bustle in out-of-the-way nooks and corners, where unobserved they shed the hot tears that will keep welling up.

The officers and crew of the good ship, alone seem ready and unaffected, the former hurrying about issuing orders, and the latter executing them with the cool promptitude of men performing the business of every-day life.

The first bell peals forth loud and sharp, on the morning air. Then comes the agony of parting—the grief of severing. Men gripe the hands with one long pressure, and hurry away.

Women embrace and weep, and cling to the necks of husbands, lovers, and brothers. Mothers, the poor mothers, sob forth their blessings on their sons' chests, and tears fall fast and thick.

Ding dong! ding dong! ding dong! the warning bell goes again, ten minutes succeeding the first peal, and now the signal has sounded for friends to leave the ship.

The steam is being got up now, the skipper is on the bridge, and the other officers at their respective posts.

One figure, with a pale, haggard, sorrow-stricken face, stands alone, leaning over the bulwarks on the shore side. He scans with anxious look the crowd left behind, and beyond, as far as his gaze will reach, but no responsive sign meets his troubled eyes, and the thoughts that arise one by one are dark and bitter.

"Is the pilot on board?" the skipper sings out in lusty tones from the bridge.

"Aye, aye, sir," comes back from the fore-castle, in the cheery tones of the first mate.

"Then stand by your anchor."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The *May Queen* glides majestically along, cleaving her way through the waters, amidst the ringing farewell cheers of those on shore, which are caught up and echoed again and again by those on board.

She is soon a mile out, steaming surely away, but slowly, very slowly, as yet.

The white waving handkerchiefs have disappeared, the well-known figures on shore faded gradually away, and the last rites of a long parting have now been gone through.

But what is that in the distance?—

The second officer who is on the bridge with the commander adjusts his glass.

"What is that he sees?"

A boat manned by four oarsmen, pulling in the direct wake of the emigrant ship, for their very lives.

He approaches the commander, and, pointing in the direction of the advancing boat, says:

"A passenger left behind, sir."

"Ease her engines then," replies the good-natured skipper.

"Aye, aye, sir."

And in a few moments the *May Queen* was scarcely moving.

Claude Vivian, whom the reader has already recognized, strained his gaze as Richard Lonsdale's parting words recurred to him involuntarily.—"Come what may, I'll see you again before you are clear of English waters."

The boat came nearer, and nearer; the four men were becoming visible to the naked eye, and all on board the steamship were fixedly watching the little craft.

But who is that rowing stroke? Settling down to his work with bare arms, and pulling that mighty well-feathered oar, in form, which had once been the pride of *Alma Mater*.

Can it be? No, it isn't! Yes, surely it is, and "Giant Lonsdale" comes up to time as often before he had come up to time when the honour of his college had rested with him.

A rope ladder is dropped over the side of the *May Queen*, and the skipper, making a speaking trumpet of his hand, sings out in sharp tones from the bridge,

"Have you got another passenger? Why the deuce did you run it so close?"

The answer came in Richard Lonsdale's clear ringing tone—

"No, sir, I have come to fetch one, and it is a question of life and death."

And so indeed he regarded the matter of Vivian's staying or going. The little craft was alongside the *May Queen* now, and Lonsdale clambered up her sides with the agility of a cat.

Captain Frampton was a kindly, genial sort of man, and accustomed to view the shifting panorama of life in all its varied phases.

After having exchanged a few words with Lonsdale, and received a paper at his hands, he seemed perfectly to understand matters, and to be satisfied with the explanation he had received.

Meanwhile, Vivian stood by regarding all with a dazed, dreamy sort of look, as if wanting a clear comprehension of what was passing.

But there was no time to be lost, for the good ship must needs pursue her course immediately.

So Lonsdale drew Vivian aside, and having whispered something in which the words "villain," "not married," and "truly loves," figured prominently, more dragged than led his old friend away.

Vivian descended the ship's side mechanically, hard pressed by Lonsdale, who having smilingly raised his cap in farewell salute to the good skipper, shoved off and rowed quickly away from the *May Queen*, which immediately resumed her long voyage.

* * * * *

We are in the little town of Kenford once again, but some three years have come and gone since last we were there, and witnessed the scene in the coffee room of the "Silver Swan."

That period, amongst other effects of time, has wrought great changes in the fortunes, aye, and in the feelings, of those in whom we are interested. But one old friendship remains firm and fast as ever. One old love remains true as ever, requited as it deserves, and one old gentleman has arrived at a better sense of the parental obligations, as well as a truer conception of his son's real worth and nobility of character.

Two men are lounging under the grateful shade of the fir trees of Cleveland Coppice, where once before we were spectators of a different scene.

We have no difficulty in recognizing our old friend Dicky Lonsdale of the F. O., as the owner of those brawny shoulders, those long muscular limbs, and that frank, genial countenance, looking the very picture of strength in repose.

Nor do we require more than a glance to identify his companion as Claude Vivian, wearing that bright, joyous look which is the reflex of a light, happy heart.

They had been talking a moment before, but smoke on in solemn

silence now, stretched at full length on the heather, with heads pillowed on hands, and eyes half closed, as if willing to submit to the repose-inviting influence of the sultry summer afternoon.

Vivian broke in in another minute,

"But I don't know to this very day, old fellow, how you found it all out, and managed it all. Nature must certainly have intended you as an ornament to Scotland Yard."

"Many worse vocations, my dear boy. But I had to play the policeman with a vengeance that day with that unhappy Maudsley. I took my man in a cab to the rector—not with the coercion of *words* alone you may depend—and after extorting, aye, regularly extorting, a full confession from him, I less led than I think I bodily carried him to the lock-up. I shall never forget it."

And Lonsdale's hearty laugh rang out on the still air as retrospectively he saw himself taking Gerald Maudsley to justice.

"Yes, you giant, I can easily imagine it all," Vivian answered playfully. "But how the dickens did you find out what you wanted? I never gave you a clue; how in the name of fate did you go to work, man?"

"Never mind. That's Miss Saville's and my secret;" in a tone that forbade further questioning. "Are you not satisfied that you are going to marry one of the best and prettiest girls in the county, eh, old fellow?"

"Satisfied! I should indeed think so. But as I have to thank you for it all, should be more satisfied if I could bring about a similar happiness into your——"

"Never mind me, my dear fellow," Lonsdale interrupted, I'm happy enough; and if ever I am rash enough to commit matrimony, the fair conqueror will be the marvel of her age. She is in space I think as yet. But, *qui vivra verra*."

And so they continued chatting with the gay pleasantry of light hearts.

Yes—Claude Vivian was indeed about to be united to Ada Saville, and the promoter of all their sunshine, all their happiness, was to officiate as "best man" on the auspicious occasion.

The Rev. Septimus Vivian had gained a better conception of a father's duties since last we saw him infusing the doctrine of Love in his Sunday sermon.

The history of his son's noble love and willing sacrifice had been an appealing example of Christian forbearance and resignation, which the rector, in his capacity of Minister of God, had felt he dare not disregard. He dared not shut his eyes to the new clear light which had dawned upon them, and if before he had erred on the side of harshness, it is but fair to add that his sense of justice prompted every reparation now.

And Ada Saville, what of her? The golden hair is as glossy as ever. The fair open brow is fair and open as ever, and the large, lustrous, soft grey eyes are beautiful as ever.

But the little mouth is a trifle firmer. The eyes are a shade graver, and there is a new depth of expression in the fair face which confers character to its peculiar beauty.

And the heart, the soul, has grown in depth as well as the features that mirror the inner light.

The kindly, affectionate, loyal heart, beats with the same pulsation of kindliness, affection, and loyalty as ever. But it had been tried in the furnace of a bitter experience, and had come forth from the ordeal strengthened and annealed, as the steel which has glowed on the blacksmith's stithy. The great artificer of all had ordered this moulding of the heart; and without the trial, who shall say that the old weakness of purpose had ever given place to strength, or the want of courage to earnestness and sincerity?

In her nightly visions, one name was never omitted, never forgotten, by Ada Saville. Do not think I mean Gerald Maudsley's; far from it. No! it is Richard Lonsdale's, her saviour, and her lover's saviour, the originator of all their happiness; all their sunshine. He who for them had created—

"Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

* * * * *

Two years and a half ago, Gerald Maudsley had sailed on a ship bound for Botany Bay, when his identity became merged in the distinguishing number "218 + F."

PATIENCE.

SHOULD one be angry if the fickle blast
Raise the ignoble dust above his head
On which he trod just now, on which shall tread
When fate's capricious rage is overpast?
What though the upstart atoms, blindly cast
By fortune's waywardness beyond their sphere,
Awhile impede the traveller's career—
They surely find their level at the last.
And he is sure to conquer who endures
In faith and patience, following duty's path,
Swerving for neither obstacles nor lures,
Unbribed by favour, undeterred by wrath;
Until he reach the goal—accomplishment
Of that for which his Master has him sent.

Montreal.

JOHN READE.

FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

COLONEL WILLIAM KETCHESON, AND HIS FOUR SONS, WILLIAM,
THOMAS, BENJAMIN AND ELIJAH.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

WILLIAM KETCHESON, the progenitor of the now numerous families of that name, well-known in the County of Hastings for loyalty to the British Throne, patriotism and the sterling qualities pertaining to high citizenship, was born in Yorkshire, England, 7th July, 1759. His father having died, he with his grandfather emigrated to America in 1773, and settled in South Carolina. At the opening of the war in 1776, although but seventeen years of age, he enlisted as a dragoon under Colonel Toulton, in the Queen's Rangers. He was with Lord Cornwallis, in the Southern Provinces, took part in many engagements, and was wounded by a ball in the thigh. He was married in New York, March, 1779, to Miss Mary Bull. At the close of the struggle he went to Nova Scotia with other loyalists, where he remained until 1786, and then removed to Canada. He first found a home in Fredericksburg, on the Bay of Quinte; but in 1801 he settled in the Township of Sidney, a short distance west of Myers' Creek, (Belleville), where he had procured 400 acres of land. The land was in the fifth concession, quite beyond the settlements. The writer had the gratification of conversing with the son of this veteran loyalist in the summer of 1866, also named William, who was then in his ninetieth year. He related the events connected with the removal of the family to their home in the woods. They came up in batteaux, and landed at a place known as Gilbert's Cove, where the provisions were stored until a place was prepared for them on their land. He used to come every Saturday through the trackless woods, some seven and a half miles, and carry upon his back, provisions of pork, peas and flour sufficient for their use for a week. Here the father lived the rest of his life, until a short time before his death, which took place at his son Benjamin's, in Belleville, on the 15th of March, 1848, having reached the age of eighty-nine.

In 1812 William Ketcheson had four sons old enough for military service; namely, William, Thomas, Benjamin and Elijah, the last being a little past sixteen years. The news of the declaration of war reached Kingston by a private letter to Mr. Forsyth, a prominent merchant from the States, which had been conveyed by a special messenger, who had

travelled in post-haste. An hour and a half afterwards, says one who was there, the tidings having been communicated to Colonel Benson, the drum beat to arms, and couriers were on their way with all haste to warn out the Militia along the Bay of Quinte and in Northumberland. The belief was entertained that Kingston would be a place of immediate attack, and the flank companies were ordered there without a moment's delay. We have a letter dated 27th June, 1812, written by John Ferguson, at Kingston, who was the colonel commanding the 1st Regiment Hastings Militia, to Lieutenant Colonel Bell, of Thurlow, which instructs him to "cause the volunteers of the Battalion who have already offered their services, to hold themselves in readiness for actual service, and to apply to the Quartermaster for such arms as are in his possession to be used by the volunteers until others were got at Kingston. Captain John McIntosh to take command, the other captain to be J. W. Myers. Notice to be given at once, be it night or day, to meet on the Plains (by Belleville) and be drilled by the Sergeant-Major." Colonel Bell received this letter at sunset on the 29th June, by the hands of one John Weaver, says a memorandum in the letter. A postscript to the letter says: "War is declared by the United States against Great Britain." The same messenger, probably, continued his way to Northumberland County. Elijah Ketcheson informs us that they were in Sidney notified on the 1st July, and on the 2nd they were mustered at Belleville, under Captain Jacob W. Myers; and immediately marched to Kingston, where they were organized into a company with McIntosh as Captain; John Thompson, Lieutenant; and William Ketcheson, Ensign. We have before us the "Roll of the Hastings Flank Company," dated 2nd July, 1812. By this we see that the Sergeants were Thomas Ketcheson, Benjamin Ketcheson, Patrick Joseph Yeomans, and Isaac Stimers; Corporals, Abijah Ross, David E. Sills, and Edward McConnell. The total number of privates on the roll is eighty-seven. Of these, Edward Cram, John Fulton, Samuel Motte, Ammo Smith, Rowland Potter, and — Warner, are marked as having deserted, that is, did not respond to the call. Samuel Comstock, Peter Vanskiver and Jacob Perry are rejected as under age. Nine are excused for various good reasons. This reduced the company to sixty-nine. Among the privates appears the name of Elijah Ketcheson. He was offered the position of corporal, but declined on account of his age. After serving six months he was made a sergeant; and Thomas and Benjamin were also promoted. Colonel Elijah Ketcheson, the only one of the brothers now living, informs us that there was not much fighting for them at Kingston. He was on duty when the American fleet attempted to take the "Royal George." But they thought it more prudent to pass on. He remembers being at Point Frederick when the prisoners from Detroit passed down. It was

a time of great rejoicing. But when the news reached them of General Brock's death, there was a corresponding feeling of depression, for it was felt that it was his wise and heroic conduct which had enabled the Militia to save the country from being overpowered by the Americans.

William, the eldest of the four sons was born at Bedford, New York, in Sept., 1782. He was married to Nancy Roblin, daughter of the widow Elizabeth Roblin, an historic name in connection with the first Methodist meeting house in Canada, in 1800, with whom he truly enjoyed companionship for over seventy-two years. They were blessed with fifteen children, who lived to become parents. Wm. Ketcheson, Jr., first held the commission of acting Ensign under Lieutenant John Sturgeon, then commanding the Hastings Militia, and was made Ensign in 1809. He received a Lieutenant's commission from General Brock, in 1812, and a Captain's in 1815. In 1832, he was commissioned a Major under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Coleman, of Belleville. He was appointed a magistrate in 1834, and in 1836 he was made a commissioner of the Court of Requests. In the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, he was promoted to the rank of Colonel. And finally in 1839 he was appointed Justice of the Court of Requests. A man thus honoured must have possessed more than ordinary ability. He was tall and commanding in appearance ; had a quick and intelligent mind, and was held in the deepest respect as a man and a Christian. He was a member of the Methodist Church for seventy years. He departed this life on the 30th June, 1874, being in his ninety-second year.

Thomas Ketcheson was born on the 8th March, 1791, in Fredericksburg, on the Bay of Quinte, soon after his parents came there. At first a sergeant in the war of 1812, he was in a short time made Ensign, in which capacity he served during the war. In subsequent years he was promoted to the position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hastings Militia. Thomas Ketcheson spent all the days of his life upon the farm he had himself cleared ; at the age of eighty-five years he passed away on the 15th of Feb., 1876. An obituary says of him :—" Whatever duty in his country's interest fell to his lot, he assumed and discharged it with hearty promptitude. His was no craven heart ; but with fixed purpose, ready willingness, and unflinching courage, he performed whatever his social position or nature had imposed, and deserved to receive the esteem and good will of his fellow men ; and merits the gratitude and obligations of his country."

Benjamin, who lived many years in Belleville, has been dead for a good many years.

Colonel Elijah, the youngest of the brothers, is still alive, being eighty-two years old. His first commission, which he carefully preserves, is dated 16th October, 1815 ; his last as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second

Battalion Hastings Militia, bears the date of Sept. 21st, 1848. He is the Senior Justice of the Peace for the county. Colonel E. Ketcheson has in his possession the muster roll already referred to. This old and faded document became important in the way of evidence on behalf of the claimants in Hastings for pension. Colonel Macpherson could not doubt such documentary proof.

At the time of the Canadian rebellion in 1837, Elijah Ketcheson was on duty as Captain. His company was composed of men living on the front of Sidney, true and trusty. Each was provided with his musket, and they were from time to time called at periods of alarm. When a landing of the rebels and American filibusters was expected at Prescott, Captain Ketcheson's company was ordered to that place. They remained on duty here for two months, when they were dismissed by the following order from Colonel De Rotenburg. He said, "He cannot allow Captain Ketcheson's company to return to their homes without conveying to them the expression of his entire satisfaction of their uniform good conduct during the period they have been embodied; and also with the loyalty and zeal with which they turned out at the first warning to defend their country. He has not failed to notify this to His Excellency the Major-General Commanding; and he begs that Captain Ketcheson, the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates will accept his best thanks for their meritorious behaviour." Colonel Ketcheson resides on the shore of the beautiful Bay of Quinte, a short distance west of Belleville, highly respected by the whole community as a citizen and public officer, and we believe bids fair to reach the patriarchal age attained by his brother William.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(*Continued.*)

"I am very glad, my dear ; but I am also very hungry and very tired. The train was behind time, and endeavoured to make up for it by cutting short its stoppages for refreshment."

How haggard and worn he looked ; and what a strange embarrassment there was in his tone and manner ! A sudden hope illumined her—a hope based upon strange ground indeed, that perhaps illness had been the cause both of his absence and his reticence.

"You have not been ill, my darling, have you ?"

"Ill ! not I," he answered with an unjoyous laugh. "What should make you think of that ?"

"That terrible accident, Cecil. I feared that perhaps you had been more hurt than you liked to tell me."

His brow darkened visibly.

"Oh, the railway accident ! I had almost forgotten that. I only got a little shaking. Where is your friend Gracie ?"

"She is out, thinking that you would like to be alone with me, at our first meeting after so many weeks ; but perhaps she is mistaken."

He ignored the bitterness of the speech, but not the speech itself.

"I am sorry she should have been driven out on my account," said he indifferently.

"Oh, Cecil, what is it ?" cried Ella, passionately, all the barriers of her pride broken down by a great and sudden fear. "You are playing a part with me ; I am sure you are. You are trying to steel your heart against me, heaven only knows for why."

Cecil's face grew very troubled, though it did not darken as before. He dropped the papers from his hand, and looked at her in a strange pitiful way.

"Playing a part," he murmured ; "why should I play a part ?"

"That is what I ask," she said. "I do not know what is in your mind ; but you cannot hide from me that there is something. Let your own conscience tell you whether it should be there or not. Do you think that you can deceive me—me your wife ?——"

He shuddered, and his pale face grew paler and more drawn.

"Is it possible, Cecil, that you regret I am your wife ?"

"I did not say so," returned he, hoarsely. "What makes you ask

such things? I am come home—only for a short time: I will tell you about that afterwards; but, at all events, after a long absence, and you receive me with reproaches.”

“No, Cecil; the reproaches came from your own heart. I did not mean even to be cold. I do not feel cold towards you. Oh no! no! But something has come between us, Cecil. What is it?”

He did not speak though his lips trembled a little. His eyes were fixed upon the carpet.

“Is it that you still feel bitter against me for my deception at our marriage,” she went on. “I had hoped that that was over. Not that I deserved to escape so easily, but because I thought you loved me so, and because to Love forgiveness is so easy. Have you had trouble about it, dearest, from that man, Whympers, or anybody?”

“There has been trouble of course,” answered Cecil. “People have written to me about it; this Whympers-Hobson’s friends, I mean.”

“Lady Elizabeth, I suppose; she called here.”

“Well, she and others have written. I told them if the sneak wanted satisfaction he should have enough of it. It is not that, of course.”

“I am sure of that, Cecil.” Even in that hour of doubt, nay, almost of despair, as to her husband’s love, she could feel a gleam of pride in the consciousness of his courage.

“It has been a very unfortunate business altogether.”

“Of course it has; but it need not embitter our lives; nor does it, Cecil. What is doing that is doing something else. Good heavens, what have I done, that you should treat me thus?”

“You have done nothing, Ella; at least nothing more than what we know about; and I think the less said upon that subject the sooner mended. It is almost dinner-time, and I must go and dress.”

He turned and went upstairs into his dressing-room, where she heard him lock the door behind him. He need not have done that, for though it had been her loving wont on such occasions to unpack his portmanteau with her own hands, and see that everything was ready for him with her own eyes, she would not have ventured to do so now. Even had that material obstacle of the locked door not been interposed, she would have felt shut out from him enough, Heaven knew.

She sank down in the chair by which he had stood, so cold and strange throughout their interview, and burying her face in her hands, recalled it word for word, and tone for tone. There had been a moment—she felt sure of this—when he had all but given way to her appeal, and thrown his arms around her; but that moment seemed now gone for ever; the rest of the time he had been acting a part very unsuited to his character; angry he might have been, but not indifferent, and indifference was what he had throughout affected. Some husbands are

not demonstrative, and behave to their wives much as they do to other people ; but that was not Cecil's way. A horrible idea struck her, that he might have desired an excuse for more ill-conduct ; for absenting himself from her still more, for example ; and indeed he had hinted of such an intention. Upon one thing she was resolved, that she would give him no such pretext ; but beyond that she knew not what to do. The opportunity for an explanation had for the present passed away, and indeed he had as good as refused to give her any. She felt well convinced that he would not come downstairs, or see her, until dinner-time, when Gracie would be with them. Indeed a knock at the front door at that moment announced her friend's return. She felt that she could not see her—that she must be alone with her wretchedness since her husband left her so—and hurried up to her own room. She paused at his door, as she passed by it, but not a sound was to be heard ; he, too, was doubtless thinking of their late interview, and making plans for his future behaviour—to what end ? He at least knew what he had in view, but as for her—Heaven help her—she knew nothing.

Had not her maid come up as usual to help her to dress, she would have forgotten to do so ; for her mind was dazed, and she felt incapable of the least exertion. When her toilette was completed, and the maid dismissed, she waited for her husband to go downstairs ; she heard his door unlocked, and then his step outside it ; would he come in and see her ? No, he ran quickly down into the drawing-room, where Gracie had already made her appearance, for she heard their voices beneath her. Then she went down herself and joined them.

There are many occasions in which it is difficult to make or lift conversation ; between two foreigners, for example, who do not understand one another's language, and to whom you have to interpret ; and still worse (as once happened within my experience), between two foreigners of the same nation, one of whom is debarred from using his native tongue, from the circumstance of his being a Pole by adoption and a spy by trade. But, perhaps, the most embarrassing position in which "articulately-speaking-man" can be placed, is when he is one of a party of three, whereof the other two are a married couple, who are not on speaking terms with one another. It was Gracie's fate upon the present occasion to play this unenviable part. It was easy to perceive that if her host and hostess were not "at daggers drawn," there was but an armed peace between them. Their characters did not admit of "nagging," or of talking at one another ; it was not possible for them to descend to that lowest depth of domestic discord which consists in endeavouring to make the third party their ally against one another. But both Cecil and Ella talked independently, and would pursue no common topic. Ella, indeed, scarcely talked at all. The stage of conciliation

was well-nigh passed with her, and the presence of Gracie aggravated her sense of wrong. Slightings and insults have thrice the venom in them when inflicted before a witness, and the coldness of a husband, that can be borne in private without a shudder, sinks to freezing-point when displayed in public. Cecil's talk was studiously indifferent, yet he could hardly avoid some reference to the causes of his long absence from home. "I never knew what work was, my dear Miss Ray, I do assure you, till I went down to Wellborough. Country folks take twice as long to take in an idea—even a business idea—than we do in town."

"Thank you, Mr. Landon," said Gracie, laughing.

On ordinary occasions Ella would have certainly struck gaily in on behalf of her friend, but she maintained an icy silence.

"Oh, I don't call Woolwich the country," said Cecil. "Everybody within the Postal District partakes of the civilization of Cockaigne. But at Wellborough dullness reigns. The simplest order remains unexecuted for a week. If I had to do with London folks, I should have broken the neck of what I have to do by this time, but as it is, I shall have to go back again almost immediately. Indeed, I should not have returned to-day, if it had not been absolutely necessary to see my father."

Gracie, of course, understood that this was Cecil's method of breaking the fact to his wife that he was going away from home again.

But Ella said nothing, only went on pretending to eat, but in reality, poor soul, eating next to nothing. Cecil, too, on his part, "marked time" with his knife and fork, rather than made progress with his meal.

"The fact is," continued he, looking down upon his plate, "if the governor insists upon my doing the work of the late manager, I shall have more or less to live at Wellborough, and that is by no means a pleasant prospect."

"Not in the winter, perhaps, Mr. Landon, but in weather like this, and especially as the summer comes on, I should think that Ella and you would prefer the country to London." This well-meant attempt of Gracie's to bring her friend into the conversation was a total failure. When Ella spoke, it was upon a wholly different matter.

"You heard from home by the afternoon's post, did you not, Gracie?"

"Yes, a few lines from my father."

"And how is the commissary?" inquired Cecil.

"Oh, quite well; but he speaks of Colonel Juxon having had a twinge of gout."

This allusion to the colonel was unfortunate. It was from his house that her host and hostess had been married; and it was he who had played into Ella's hands with respect to the retention of her false name.

"Has anything been seen of Darall by the Woolwich folks?" in-

quired Cecil ; rather a trying question for poor Gracie, though she felt that even it was better than the intolerable silence that had succeeded her last remark.

"My father does not say so," said Gracie, blushing : "but, of course, he does not go much about, scarcely anywhere, indeed, except to"—she was just going to say "the colonel's," but stopped herself in time, and substituted—"to the commandant's."

"That must be a little dull for him I should think," said Cecil, "if the hospitalities there are confined, as they used to be, to 'a little music,' and sherry and sandwiches. I can't think how people can ask their fellow-creatures to such entertainments. For my part, I hate moving after dinner, and that reminds me that I must see the governor to-night. We shall have a great deal to talk over, and I may be very late, so I think it will be better, Ella, to have the bed in my dressing-room made up, that I may not disturb you."

"Very good," said Ella.

"But why don't you go at once, Mr. Landon," said Gracie, "now that we have finished dinner? We will excuse you coming up into the drawing-room, and then you needn't be so unconscionably late. Ella and I are not such very early birds—that is as respects going to roost.—I do assure you."

"I am very tired to-night," said Ella, coldly, "and shall not sit up."

It was plain to her that her husband's proposition was made to avoid any further opportunity for explanation between them. Her feelings towards him were growing very bitter, and she was no longer solicitous to conceal them.

"I think I will take your advice, Miss Ray," said Cecil, "if you won't think it rude of me to run away ; and so I shall wish you ladies good-night at once." He did not even shake hands with Gracie, since that would have involved some leave-taking of Ella, but simply nodded good-naturedly, and left the room. He had been always wont to light his cigar in his wife's presence, but on this occasion he ordered the servant to bring a light into the hall, for we are never so much on our good behaviour as when we are conscious of behaving very ill.

The front door closed behind him with a gloomy jar, that sounded to Ella's ears like the knell of all the happiness of home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"NEITHER TO-NIGHT NOR EVER."

WHAT Cecil had to say to his father that took him away so abruptly from his home, upon that first night of his return, concerns us but little ; the

matter, however, would seem to have been important, since the upshot was, as he told the two ladies at the breakfast-table the next morning, that Mr. Landon, senior, as head of the firm, insisted upon his return to Wellborough, where affairs required his personal superintendence.

"It is an infernal nuisance," said he; "but when one has once put one's hand 'to the plough of business,' as the governor says, 'there is no looking back'—and very little, he might have added, to which to look forward; for my part I see no end to the work."

He glanced at both women as he spoke. Ella only replied by a hard smile; but Gracie said:

"But surely, Mr. Landon, you can give a guess as to how long you are likely to be detained from home?"

"Indeed I cannot," he answered. "We are opening a branch establishment farther south, from which my father expects great things; and I am bound to look after it, until it is set a-going, as well as to manage matters at Wellborough."

At this moment the letters were brought in. Gracie took hers from the salver; she saw her own lying on it that she had written to Cecil, and which had been forwarded to him. She had half a mind to claim it; but her courage failed her, and the next instant it was in Cecil's hand. She felt that, whatever benefit might have been once secured from it, it was useless now; that it had, as it were, missed fire; and that the sight of the weapon would only make more angry the man at whom it had been aimed.

He read it, with his other letters, without comment; and presently went off as usual to the office.

"Oh, Ella, I am so sorry that that letter found him here," said Gracie penitently, as soon as they were alone.

"What does it matter?" returned Ella bitterly. "Fifty letters would not move him wherever they had found him. He came home to quarrel with me, and at last he has succeeded."

There was a world of significance about that "at last." She had restrained herself, as she had never thought it possible for her to do; had shown no "temper;" had been submissive, gentle, pleading;—and all to no purpose. He had rejected all her advances towards a reconciliation. She would throw herself at his feet no longer to be thus trodden upon.

"But this is so dreadful, Ella. Perhaps I was wrong to persuade you not to appeal to his father. There is that course still left to you."

"Not now, Gracie," answered she, in a hard, stern voice. "He went out last night to have the first word with the old man; to persuade him that what he himself wished to do was the best thing to be done. He will not return home any more."

"Oh, that is impossible, Ella. He has not even taken leave of you. Whatever has misled him and altered him so, he would never do that ; it would be so cruel, so unmanly."

"Cruel, of course it is. Unmanly, no, Gracie ; men are all cowards when they have once resolved to be base."

"Nay, I am sure that your husband is no coward, Ella."

"He would fight another man, if you mean that," returned Ella, contemptuously ; "but he fears the woman he has injured. He dared not once look me in the face. Did you not see it ?"

Grace had noticed that ; but she did not say so. She was not one of those women who take a pleasure in widening a breach between their friends and their husbands. On the contrary, she would have given all she had to bridge over this great and terrible gulf, the proportions of which had by this time become apparent to her. She was filled with righteous indignation against Cecil ; but she felt it was her duty not to show it, and even to make excuses for him, if excuse should be possible.

"Your husband looks so ill, Ella," said she, presently, "and so unlike himself, that I think there may be some physical reason for his conduct. I really do."

"He seems to me well enough," said Ella.

"I wonder at your saying that. I don't wish to frighten you ; but do you not think it possible that that railway accident shook him more than he liked to say ? Some men hate to talk of their ailments ; and did you not observe how he shrank from any allusion to the collision ?"

"I did notice that," said Ella, a ray of hope breaking in upon the night of her soul. "If there is anything wrong with him—with his brain, I mean—that would of course account for his conduct. I should never forgive myself——But there ; such a thing is, to the last degree, improbable."

"Let us hope so, Ella ; but it is not improbable that, for other reasons, you may one day say, 'I shall never forgive myself' as respects your husband. Think as charitably of him as you can, darling ; you love him dearly, even yet ; and he loves you, though something, which we do not understand, has for the moment come between you."

Ella shook her head, and sighed deeply. "No, Gracie ; his love is gone. The void is here"—she laid her hand upon her heart—"a cold and aching void. I am not sure even that I still love him."

"But I am sure, Ella ; and that you pity him. Even I do that. If ever I saw wretchedness in any face, it was in that of your husband as he left this room."

"He is dissatisfied with himself, as well he may be, no doubt," said Ella. "I did not say he had no conscience."

No one, indeed, with any claims to be an observer of human nature

could have said that who had beheld Cecil Landon's face that morning as he set it Citywards. It was, in fact, the very index of a mind, if not remorseful, yet very ill at ease. Gloomy it was, yet not morose; oppressed with the sense of ill-doing; and, perhaps, one would have now added, conscious of more ill to be done. With his hat pressed over his brows, and one hand thrust in his pocket, he walked quickly on for a mile or two after leaving his own house, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Then he consulted his watch and called a cab, giving somewhat elaborate directions to the driver before he entered it.

At the corner of a small street, in the City, and some distance from his own office, he dismissed it, and walked on as before, except that he took some note of the houses on his side of the way. They were all places of business, and most of them occupied by several sets of tenants. At one of these he stopped, and looked down the list of names with some attention. About midway, newly painted in, was that of "C. Landon, Commission Agent." He went upstairs and, taking a latch key from his pocket, opened a door upon the second floor that bore this name—his own—upon it. The room he entered was a spacious one, newly furnished in office style; but he cast but one rapid glance around him, as if to make sure that it had no tenant, rather than to note its contents. Then he closed the door and opened the letter-box that, as usual, depended from it. There was but a single letter, nor—it was evident—did he expect to find a second. It was directed, "Cecil Landon, Esq., Brant Street," in a female hand.

"I told her it was unnecessary to put 'Cecil,'" he muttered peevishly. But there was no peevishness in his face as his eyes fell on the closely-written pages; it was illumined with a glow of expectation that deepened into delight as he read on. The perturbation of his mind had ceased; his trouble, whatever it was, was forgotten, smoothed away by that distant, and to us unknown, hand. When he had read all he put the letter to his lips and kissed it.

He looked quite another man from that one who had left his home an hour ago; though not a better man. There was a fire in his eye which spoke of triumph; but it was assuredly not that most glorious of victories—the victory which a man gains over himself. It was the exultation rather of one who has yielded to a great temptation, and promises himself a supreme bliss from which he has been hitherto debarred by scruples. This expression, however, was but momentary; having folded up the letter and put it carefully away in his breast-pocket, his features re-assumed their haggard look. It was like some magic charm, which, while its owner gazes at it, has the virtue of bestowing happiness, but, once out of sight, is powerless.

"I will get it to-day," he muttered, "this very day. I cannot endure

to go to that house again." He was speaking of his home. "The air seems poisoned there. And yet who has poisoned it?" Then with a hesitating voice, "Not—not my poor Ella." His face grew tender and pitiful; he burst into tears. "What an infernal hypocrite and scoundrel I feel," cried he with bitterness. "What a cruel and heartless brute. How could I—could I—treat her so. She has never deserved that, whatever she may have deserved."

He had sunk down into the chair beside the office-desk, and there he sat, all huddled together, like a man who has been hanged. Perhaps he deserved hanging; he had, at all events, suffered something of that mental agony which is said to precede the operation. He had grown to look so old within those five minutes that he might have passed for his own father. Curiously enough—for he was not a "self-conscious" man or one given to self-examination—he was cognisant of his own mental condition. "I feel like a whipped hound," he murmured on; "a creature like Whympers-Hobson is a man compared with me; but there, I have gone through with it. I have broken with her. She must feel that. And she is not one to cling where she has been spurned. It is better so, and I did it for her sake."

He said this in a firm voice, and looked round about him with a defiant air, as though challenging contradiction. Unhappily, Conscience—who alone was present—is like Punch in the puppetshow; she eludes a knock-down blow, and has a most dexterous vitality. She can also be very vulgar, and what she whispered in Mr. Landon's ear upon the present occasion was, "Liar." "Yes, it was for her sake, just as the surgeon uses the knife, to prevent lifelong mischief. It was the actual cautery, in her case, poor soul, without the chloroform. And this is for her sake, too," he went on, looking around the newly-papered, newly-furnished room. "It is to spare her; and keep things quiet as long as may be. The hardest trial is over for both of us; for I suffered too, Heaven knows. There shall be no more such days. I will get it this afternoon, and go down by the evening train. In the meantime I must make all straight with my father; a difficult matter, I should have thought at one time; but, compared with what has been surmounted, a very easy task, and, what is better, painless." With a deep sigh he rose and left the room, closing the door behind him, which fastened with a spring lock. As he reached the bottom of the stairs "C. Landon, Commission Agent," again caught his eye. "A pretty commission have I to do to-day," muttered he bitterly. Then he bent his steps to Wethermill-street. His father, whose habits were punctual and exact as the movements of a machine, arrived a few minutes after him as the clock was striking ten.

"What, so early, Cecil?" cried he cheerfully. "You have turned over a new leaf, indeed."

"Well, it was necessary to be early down at Wellborough, father, where a six-hours' work is spread over the whole twelve."

"Ay, I know their ways," said the old citizen, rubbing his hands. "Those country fellows are half asleep till dinner-time, when they wake up with a vengeance."

"After which they take their regular nap," put in Cecil. "Still they are sure, if they are slow. There are no speculations on their private account, with defalcations to follow. There is life and hope in that idea of the branch, I think, though the results may not appear immediately."

"No, begad, they won't do that. However, that is your own affair, my boy, more than mine. When I am a sleeping partner—under the turf—you will reap that crop, if there is any. I have taken your word as to the prospects of the harvest."

"I think it will do, father. Indeed, there is a good deal more to be carried off that field—I speak of the West generally—that we have hitherto dreamt of."

"Gleanings, my lad, only gleanings. However, Heaven forbid that I should dash your hopes. I am delighted to see you entertain them, whether you are right or wrong. I never thought to see you take so great an interest in the matter, I confess, and it gratifies me extremely. Why, you'll be the business man of the firm, if you go on like this."

"What I do, I like to do thoroughly," returned Cecil indifferently. "I only left my work yesterday to come up to consult you——."

"And to see Ella, I suppose," put in the old gentleman, roguishly.

"Well, yes, of course, to see Ella."

"And how does she like the prospect of your running away from her so soon again?"

"I think she has made up her mind to it, sir."

"Then I think she's a deuced good-natured girl, and very easily convinced."

"I don't see that," said Cecil coldly. "She knows it's for our good, and the good of the firm. And it is not as if she was alone, you know; she has got her friend, Gracie Ray."

"Ay, a very nice-looking young woman; I remember her. I don't think you would find Miss Gracie, if she was Mrs. Cecil Landon, quite so complaisant as Ella. It struck me she was a bit of a Tartar. But as to Ella, I confess I was wrong when I doubted the wisdom of your making her your wife. She is one of a thousand, sir, just fitted to be the wife of a man who has got his hands full of business; not extra-

gant, nor, what is still worse under such circumstances, exacting. You are a devilish lucky dog."

"So people say," said Cecil, who was sitting at his desk, and affected to be looking over some memoranda. "I have been telling her that the sooner I go down westward the sooner I shall get my work over. If I went to-day, for example, I could see Critchett about the mill to-night and set him going."

"To-day! Do you mean to say that Ella will let you go to-day, after six weeks' absence?"

"I think, sir, she is sensible enough to perceive the advantages of such a course."

The old gentleman put up his gold spectacles over his bushy eyebrows, in the rut they had formed for themselves in his forehead, and regarded his son attentively.

"You have had no quarrel with Ella, I hope, Cecil?" said he, earnestly.

"Quarrel! Certainly not, sir. What makes you think that?"

"Nothing. I suppose folks change with the times; but in my day a young wife would not be so easily induced to part with a young husband, just after they had been separated so long; that's all."

"It is the Age of Reason," said Cecil, with a short laugh.

"So I have heard it said," replied the old gentleman dryly. "Everything moves so fast, too, that I dare say you both consider yourselves old married people."

To this Cecil made no reply, but his face grew a shade paler as he bent over his memoranda.

"You have no objection, then, father, to my returning to Wellborough at once?" observed he presently.

"Not I, if your wife has none. But I do think, in justice to her, Cecil, that you should not remain in the West indefinitely without sending for her."

"But you see, sir, I have to move about so much just now; it is not as if I were positively established at Wellborough."

"Well, well, you are the best judge of your own affairs. I never interfere in domestic matters. Let me look again at that estimate of Mr. Critchett's."

So that matter was settled, thanks to the preliminary talk which Cecil had had with his father on the previous night. It was not likely that the old gentleman would compare notes with Ella upon the subject, notwithstanding that he had put that word in on her behalf with her husband. He was, as he had said, not one to interfere in domestic matters, nor, indeed, in any matters out of his own line. He knew nothing of the society in which the young couple moved in London, and did not

want to know anything. Social scandal never reached his ears, nor had he even so much as heard of that famous immersion of Mr. Whympers-Hobson in Virginia Water. He thought his son's conduct strange as respected his leaving Ella for such long intervals; but the fact was only a confirmation of a favourite theory of his own—that all things were changed since his young days. He acquiesced in it, too, the more readily on account of the new-born interest which Cecil had lately taken in the business, and which was the pretext for his present behaviour. We do not commonly look very keenly into the motives of any action which gives us both pleasure and profit.

There was something else to be done in London that morning by Cecil Landon, besides the business in Wethermill street, and he did it. Then he returned to the office, and wrote the following note to his wife :

"DEAR ELLA,—My father and I are both agreed that the sooner I get back to Wellborough the better, as affairs there are very pressing. I shall therefore go straight down there this afternoon from the City terminus. Be so good as to forward to me, addressed as usual, to the Eagle Hotel, the bag and portmanteau which are in my dressing-room. With kind regards to Gracie,—yours,

"CECIL LANDON.

"P.S. I shall be moving about for some days in the West in connection with our new venture, but shall be at Wellborough probably on Monday."

This letter was, designedly, not posted at once, but reached its destination about five o'clock, when its writer was already seated in the Great Western express. Ella and Gracie were sitting together when it arrived over their "afternoon tea," a fashion which had just then come into vogue.

Ella read the note, and threw it across to her friend without comment, save what her face said.

"Then he is not coming back to-night, Ella?"

She strove in vain to make her tone indifferent, for she was, in fact, not only surprised, but shocked.

"No, neither to-night nor ever. Did I not tell you?"

Then she rose and went upstairs, and finding, as she expected, the bag and portmanteau already packed, despatched them to the address indicated. She did one thing more, she locked the dressing-room door and took the key away. It was henceforth a Blue Beard's chamber to her, haunted by memories hardly less terrible than murdered wives.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PARTED.

"GRACIE, I want you to do me two favours," said Ella, when she returned to the drawing-room.

"You need not ask them, darling; they are granted."

"One is, never to speak to me again—unless I broach the subject—of my husband."

Gracie bowed her head. She had been thinking, while her friend was absent above stairs, and thinking in vain of what she could say to any good purpose about Cecil.

"My second request, Gracie, is that you will go with me to-night to the theatre."

This surprised Gracie more, and scarcely shocked her less than the first stipulation.

"I will do so, of course, Ella, since I have promised," said she quietly, for she saw that it was no matter of argument.

"Then we had better dress at once, and dine a little earlier."

During Gracie's simple toilette—for where black is one's only wear there is not much to be done—her sagacity discovered the reason of this strange proposal. Ella wanted some distraction for her importunate thoughts. It was not that the society of her friend was insufficient, but that it reminded her of the very thing that she would fain forget. A less wise and more conventional person would have pleaded her own recent bereavement, and declined to oblige her friend; but Gracie preferred real duty to a sham one. She knew that all such means of drowning sorrow are ineffectual—for there is not depth enough in them to hide its feet—but she also knew this must be proved by experience. He is a poor physician indeed who denies his patient the harmless remedy for which he craves, even though he himself knows it to be futile.

So they went to the play together, and saw something—a burlesque, or a drama, they could scarcely have told which; but there were burglars in it, a circumstance which gave Gracie an opportunity of being of service.

"My dear Ella," said she, as she drove home, "those men with the black crape over their faces have made me feel quite nervous."

"What men?" inquired Ella; the hand which her friend held in hers was as cold as stone.

"Those robbers in the play. It is very foolish of me, I know, but would you mind my coming to your room to-night? I feel so frightened at the notion of being alone."

"That is the third favour which I have been thinking of asking of you all to-night," said poor Ella gratefully. She had felt that the lonely hours would bring with them far worse than such robbers as Gracie spoke of—remorse, regret, despair, remembrance of the happy past, that would rob her bosom of all peace, and leave it bare and cold indeed. It was something that a tender heart would be beating near her, and in loving sympathy with her own.

When they got home, they found an unexpected visitor had come and gone ; no other than the commissary, who, "having business in town," as he told the servant, "had called at seven o'clock, making sure that he should find the ladies in ;" the message did not say, "and at dinner," which had been unquestionably the commissary's object. As this had been defeated by the change in the dinner-hour, he would, he left word, "do himself the pleasure of looking in on the morrow—about luncheon-time." He might not be the right man in the right place, so far as the performance of his official duties went, but he was one who unquestionably "took an interest in his profession"—the Commissariat.

This news was another pang added to poor Ella's troubles, for she thought it foreshadowed her friend being ordered home.

"Oh Gracie, supposing he should come to take you away from me ; just now, too !"

"You need not fear that," said Gracie, with confidence and a little sigh. She knew her father far too well to imagine that he would wish to carry her off with him from a place where she was living at free quarters, to letter Z, where her return would be inconvenient as well as expensive to him. He and the colonel, she felt assured, had by this time turned the whole house into a smoking-room, with the exception of the apartment devoted to mother-of-pearl. At the same time it had puzzled her to know what had brought him up to town. He was a man who hated London, chiefly because he was "provincial" (in its worst sense) to the backbone, and also because London pleasures were not cheap.

Punctually as the hour struck the midday meal next day, the commissary appeared, looking unusually smart, notwithstanding his mourning garb, and in extraordinary good humour.

"The idea of you two young people keeping house by yourselves," said he ; "and doing it so well, too," he added, sniffing at the savoury dishes which Ella had taken care to provide for him.

"It isn't my house, remember, papa," said Gracie reprovingly.

"It is at her service as long as she chooses to stay in it," put in Ella quickly. "I hope you are not thinking of cutting short her visit to me, general ?"

"No, madam, no," said the commissary graciously, and helping himself to a sweetbread. "I feel that my dear girl is in good hands ; in

excellent hands. Only I think she is in some danger of being spoiled. You are such a lady of fashion, my dear Mrs. Landon. The idea of your going off to the play on the very night that your husband left you, when you ought to have been inconsolable—at home. You see I know all about it ; a little bird informed me."

The idea of a little bird—such as a wren or a robin—having had any confidential communication with the commissary was not a little incongruous. Ella pictured to herself a vulture whispering a ghastly secret in his ear, as she inquired with indifference,

"But how was it that you really got this information, general?"

"From the best of all authorities—from your husband himself. I met him yesterday afternoon in the strangest place—Well, yes (to the butler), I will have just one more glass of sherry—at Doctors' Commons. 'Why, you were here only twelve months ago,' said I ; 'You don't want to be married again, do you, Landon?' It was certainly a most unlikely place to come across a friend, but you never saw a man so taken aback in your life."

"But how came you in Doctors' Commons, papa?" put in Gracie, to direct attention from her friend, who had suddenly become strangely excited.

"Oh, I," said the commissary, his brickbat complexion assuming a glazed look (which was his way of blushing), "I happened to be there on business—to look up a document for a friend."

"My dear Gracie," said Ella, speaking with great effort, "I have just remembered that I have to write by the two o'clock post, so I will leave you to take care of your father for a few minutes. I dare say you have plenty to say to one another. The drawing-room will be quite at your service."

"Don't mention it," put in the commissary hastily, with a sidelong glance at the sherry. "This room will suit us admirably." Then, when Ella had closed the door behind her, and the servant had been dismissed, "I say, what's wrong here, Gracie, my girl?"

"Wrong, papa? there is nothing wrong."

"Why what makes your friend so queer, and off her feed? She don't—eh?" He took up his glass and emptied it, with a significant gesture. "Some young women do, you know ; and really, when they get such tittle as this, there is some little excuse for them."

"Do you mean that Ella——"

"Well, yes, I do ; not of course if you think it's a breach of confidence."

"Indeed, I have nothing of the sort to divulge, papa," answered Gracie, with something very like disgust. I don't think Ella drinks more

than I do. She had but one glass to-day, as you could have seen for yourself."

"Nay, she wouldn't drink here, of course; I thought she might have gone upstairs to do it. That letter before two o'clock, you know; I don't believe in that one bit." And the commissary winked his eye, and put out his tongue, a duplex action in which, in rare moments of hilarity, and under influence of sherry far above the ordinary, he sometimes indulged.

"You are utterly and entirely mistaken, papa," said Gracie gravely. "Ella is not herself just now, being naturally depressed by the unexpected absence of her husband."

"Oh, that's it, is it? A very creditable trait, I am sure. By jingo, what sherry this is! If you could only make such a match as your friend here has made of it, Gracie, and give your poor father such wine as this when he came to lunch with you, I should come pretty often, I can tell you."

To this glittering inducement to make for herself a prosperous marriage, Gracie said nothing, so let us hope she laid it to heart.

"I can't understand," continued the commissary, holding up his glass to the light, "why the girl played that trick upon Landon at her marriage. I suppose she had not married before, eh?" And he looked up sharply at his daughter.

"Of course not, papa. What strange ideas you have got in your head about poor Ella. Her reason for marrying under a name that was not her own I am not at liberty to mention; it was in my opinion a very insufficient one, but I do assure you there was nothing absolutely wrong about it; she had nothing to conceal of which—in the sense you have in your mind—she needs to be ashamed."

"Other people don't think so, however, as I happen to know," returned the commissary, dryly. "Her husband seems to leave her a good deal. He told me yesterday that his return home would be very uncertain."

"Well, that of course makes poor Ella unhappy, and 'off her feed,' as you call it, papa. To remain at home when her husband is away is, of course, very disagreeable for her."

"Just so, if he still keeps away," observed the commissary thoughtfully, "and matters grow more unpleasant. What do you think of bringing her down to Woolwich? It will be a change for her; and I tell you what, my girl, it will be a good thing for her reputation."

"Her reputation?"

"Yes, it has suffered not a little; and she cannot do better than show herself among old friends. When it is seen that I offer her the hospitality of my roof"—here the commissary drew himself up and

smote himself on the breast—"her good name will be rea—rea—" his intention was to say rehabilitated, but this design was too ambitious for his powers—"her good name," he said, "would be resuscitated."

"I don't think she would be moved by any consideration of that kind, papa; but perhaps she might like to come to Woolwich, if you gave her an invitation."

"I will, my girl, I will. You see, if Landon and she were to come to a split, it is most important that you should keep on the old footing with her. She will be always, as I happen to know, independent of her husband; and she will be under great obligations to us for the countenance which we shall have afforded her."

"I don't think Ella stands in need of that, papa," said Gracie, smiling; the contrast between her present residence and Officers' Quarters, letter Z, as also between the classes of society that frequented them, striking her very forcibly, and tickling her dormant sense of humour.

"By jingo, but you'll find she does," cried the commissary, emptying the decanter. "Mark my words, that girl's in a hole. I didn't tell her, of course, but I happened to say a word or two to Landon, in a jocular manner, about his ducking Whymper-Hobson in Virginia Water—we know all about that at Woolwich of course—and he didn't like it at all, I can tell you. If everything had been on the square—I mean as to his marriage—why should he have been so sore about it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, papa. I don't think he is very good-tempered."

"No—and yet one had need to be in this world. Things happen to put one out enough. The idea of our letting slip fifty thousand pounds, for example—fifty thousand pounds!—just for want of a little early information respecting that young Whymper."

"But how did you let it slip, papa?"

"Why—of course, if we had known that his uncle was going to leave him all that money, I should have made a point of being civil to him. Why, you might have been Mrs. Whymper-Hobson by this time."

In other days, perhaps, Gracie would have returned some answer of dutiful regret, but since she had known Hugh Darall she was no longer ductile as regarded the matrimonial schemes chalked out for her by her astute but unsentimental parent. She had been submissive to her father's will in many things during her mother's lifetime, out of her exceeding love towards her, but now that she was dead—and out of harm's way as respected her lord and master—Gracie's character, though perhaps unconsciously to herself, was asserting its independence. Its native bent had been always towards what was right, though the iron pressure of necessity had sometimes warped it. Although this reference to Whymper-Hobson was a mere vain regret upon her father's part, and his scheme

a phantom, she would not give encouragement to it by so much as a smile.

"I suppose," continued the commissary thoughtfully, "you have not had a chance of meeting this young gentleman; he will probably shun the Landons' society, at all events till he gets dry."

"I have not, of course, gone into society at all of late, papa," returned Gracie, gravely.

"Just so; but you mustn't mope: a girl in your position cannot afford to seclude herself. You may not feel quite up to gaieties at present, but you must make an effort. I do so myself, because I think it is my duty. I have made a point of going out a little—to the commandant's and elsewhere; and if Ella comes to us we must try to make her stay agreeable to her. We must not mind a little sacrifice, whether it is of our feelings or our pleasures, for other people. Do you think she would mind my smoking a pipe?"

"I think I had better ask her first, papa, as this is the dining-room."

"And if I smoked upstairs," answered the commissary, peevishly, "you would object 'as this is the drawing-room;' you women are so unreasonable. Look here, I must have my pipe, so I'll take it in the street. Just make my apologies to Mrs. Landon, and say I found my time was running short. You can give her the invitation to Woolwich as from me."

As soon as her father had left, Gracie went upstairs to her friend's room and knocked gently at the door.

"Come in," said a quiet voice.

Ella had been writing no letter—had had, indeed, as the commissary had suggested, no letter to write—but was sitting on the sofa, with her hands before her, and a hard cold look in her eyes.

"I thought I would come up and see whether I could do anything for you, Ella."

"You can do nothing, Gracie, thank you. Nobody can do anything."

"But what is the matter, darling?"

"Did you hear where your father had met Cecil?"

"Yes; at Doctors' Commons."

"Do you know why he was there?"

"No; how should I?"

"I will tell you; he went to make inquiries as to the legality of our marriage."

"My darling, that is a most morbid, nay a monstrous fancy. We know there is no doubt about its being legal."

"Still, when one wants to do anything very much—to get rid of one's wife for instance—one clings to hope."

"Oh Ella, this is shocking. I am sure your husband never dreamt

of anything so wicked. Your nerves are quite unstrung. Papa says he shall be so glad if you would return with me to Woolwich and spend a week or two. I think any change, even to so humble a roof as ours, would do you good."

"To Woolwich?" said Ella, eagerly. "Yes, I should like to go to Woolwich. When is it to be?"

"As soon as ever you please; that is, after our little arrangements have been made for your reception."

"Very good; tell your father I shall be very glad to come. And please excuse me to him; I am not fit to see anyone just now."

Gracie did not think it worth while to mention that her father had left the house, but withdrew at once. She felt that for the time her friend was out of the reach of sympathy, and that the expression of it would do her more harm than good.

"Yes, I will go to Woolwich," muttered Ella, with stern cold face, "because I know he will not like it. He has taken his own way, and I will take mine."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SENTIMENT AT LETTER Z.

NOTWITHSTANDING the commissary's invitation, and Ella's eager acceptance of it, Gracie and she did not go to Woolwich for some time. No day was actually appointed for the visit, and in the meantime Ella "went out" a good deal, taking her friend with her. She had a feverish desire for society (quite apart from "liking"), and carried the black Care about with her to many a gay scene, which she probably enjoyed even less than Gracie, who had just then but little heart for them. From Lady Elizabeth's particular coterie Mrs. Cecil Landon was excluded a ukase had gone forth against her, for reasons with which we are acquainted, but the very rumours that were in circulation about her made her all the more popular elsewhere. Among outside circles her story had grown (by the process which is known in our drawing-rooms as "tradition") into quite the dimensions of a romance. It was said that she had been attached before her marriage to Mr. Whympers-Hobson, whose poverty had alone forbidden their union; and that, after his too late accession of fortune, he had paid her marked attention, and been, in consequence, thrown into the Thames by her husband. Moreover, that that gentleman, unsatisfied by this act of vengeance, was still in dudgeon as respected his wife's conduct, and had as good—or bad—as abandoned her. Under these circumstances we may imagine how great

an attraction was this beautiful and forlorn young woman to all fashionable circles. One distinguished personage, a rival of Lady Elizabeth's as a caterer for the public pleasure, actually hit upon the plan of inviting Mr. Whympers-Hobson and Mrs. Cecil Landon to her house upon the same evening, "just to see how they would behave." In the same spirit do the barbarian princes of the East introduce in their arenas wild animals that have every reason to shun one another, and take pleasure in their pain. The exhibition was a failure; for just as in the Eastern spectacles the tiger will sometimes turn tail at the sight of some meek horned creature, so did this supposed Don Juan finch and shrink from Ella's presence, whose splendid "ox eyes" seemed to be unaware of his existence, as she swept by him as majestic as Juno.

"You behaved most admirably, my dear," said Lady Greene—whose active partisanship in Ella's cause was doing her at least as much harm as good; "and in a manner that does you infinite credit. Some women in your position, slandered as you have been, and deserted—well, I won't say deserted, but neglected, by her husband—would have made a point of encouraging young Hobson."

"Indeed," said Ella, with superb contempt.

"I don't mean to say that it would have been justifiable," explained her ladyship, "but that it would have been human nature. I am truly glad to find that you are above it, my dear."

But, alas! poor Ella was very human, though her humanity did not exhibit itself in the direction indicated. Mr. Whympers-Hobson was as indifferent to her and as much beneath her notice as the pattern of the carpet she trod upon; but that "neglect which was almost desertion" of her husband, and which, it was clear, had now become a common topic, was wearing away her very heart. It was now three weeks since he had left home for the second time, and not a line had she heard from him. That she had not written to him was scarcely to be wondered at. What could she write? What argument could she urge—what tender plea could she express which she had not used already in vain? Moreover, she was under the great disadvantage of not knowing what was his real attitude towards her. That he was studiously and purposely neglectful of her was now certain; but was he absolutely hostile? If not, would not any strong remonstrance—and in no other style could she have brought herself to write—be likely to drive him to hostility. She did not even know, exactly, where he was. The address, "Eagle Hotel, Wellborough," would find him doubtless, but by no means, it seemed, at once. She had learned that much from his father.

Mr. Landon, senior, had called one day, evidently in utter ignorance of the relations between his daughter-in-law and her husband, and asked her, "What the deuce had become of Cecil?" He had written to him

twice, it appeared, upon some pressing matter of business and received no reply. Then an answer had come from Wellborough, stating that he had been detained "in the South;" but without any explanation of the causes of his detention.

"What does he mean by 'in the South,' confound him?" said the old gentleman, petulantly; "he talks as if he were a ship becalmed in the tropics. Where has he been, and what is he doing with himself?"

"I know nothing about him," was Ella's quiet reply.

"Nothing about him? Nothing about your own husband?"

Then the old gentleman gave a gasp which ended in a prolonged whistle.

"I will run down to Wellborough myself," said he; "I think it will be better, my dear, than your going." He spoke with an evident effort at indifference, but the very tenderness of his tone had a cruel significance.

"I think it would be much better," returned Ella, coldly.

The old gentleman was a man of action, and started that very day. "I wonder who she is?" was what he kept saying to himself throughout the journey, unconscious that his idea was a plagiarism. The next evening he was back again, and drove from the station straight to his daughter-in-law's. His face was gloomy and stern until he saw her, when it brightened up a little.

"Well, my dear, I am glad to say that matters are not so bad as I almost suspected they might have been. No one at least has robbed you of your husband's affections."

"It is no matter, since they are gone," answered she bitterly.

"Do not let us say that, Ella. They are temporarily alienated, but that, I sincerely trust, is all. All married people have their quarrels, and there are generally faults on both sides. Of course your marrying him under false pretences—I mean under an assumed name—was a very serious matter."

"That has been forgiven, Mr. Landon. I do not defend it, and I did not to Cecil himself; and he forgave me. He may make use of it now as an excuse for his cruelty, but he has some other motive for it."

"Well, it isn't what we feared it was, at all events. Cecil has his quarters at the inn at Wellborough—I made inquiries about all that—when he is not down at the branch establishment farther south. It is my impression that he is in the sulks, and that is all. We had some very sharp words between us about his behaviour to you, and I spoke my mind, I promise you. The result is that we have not parted on the best of terms."

"I am sincerely sorry for that, Mr. Landon."

"I am sure you are; but, after all, it is you who are most to be pitied."

I think Cecil is acting very ill, and I told him so. If he is really still troubled about the circumstances of your marriage, as I strove in vain to convince him, it is his duty to have the ceremony performed again.

"Never," cried Ella, with glowing face. "That would be an admission which I would never stoop to make. Cecil is right there, however wrong he may be elsewhere. The marriage is perfectly legal, and he knows it."

"I hope so ; for, as I told him, if he doubted it, and yet was averse to adopt the remedy, he was a regular Henry the Eighth—a fellow that seeks an excuse to get rid of his wife, just because he is tired of her. "Not," added the old gentleman hastily, "that Cecil can be tired of you ; there is no parallel so far, though I pushed it with him still farther. 'Why, one would really think, sir,' said I, 'that there was some Anne Boleyn in the case, for whom you wished to exchange Ella.' That put Cecil's back up at once—so you may be sure he had nothing of the sort in his mind—and we fell out in good earnest. I don't care, however, comparatively speaking, about his cutting up rough with me ; we have agreed to differ upon other subjects before this, as you know ; but I am ashamed at his behaviour towards you, Ella. 'Don't you imagine,' said I, 'that because you are my son, I shall take your part against your own lawful wife, when I know you are in the wrong.' "

"You are a just man, Mr. Landon, and I thank you," returned Ella with dignity. "Your son, unhappily, is not just—at least, in this matter—and you have failed, as I expected you to fail."

"Still it's only a matter of time, my dear," said the old gentleman soothingly ; "it is impossible that he can keep away very long from such a wife as you ; it's not in human nature. He'll be coming back soon, I'll warrant you, quite penitent and tractable, like the prodigal son in the scriptures."

"He will not find me here after to-morrow, as I am going to stay at Woolwich," said Ella quietly.

"Indeed ! Cecil did not seem to be aware of that."

"Probably not, as I have not told him," answered Ella quietly. "No communication has passed between us since he left. I am going to stay with Gracie and her father."

"But if he comes home," suggested the old gentleman, "and finds you gone, won't that be a little awkward ?"

"If he comes home, he will probably write beforehand, and his letter will be forwarded to me ; if not, the 'awkwardness' will be of his own making."

The old gentleman said no more, but looked distressed and troubled. If he had found obstinacy in Cecil, he had found an equal resolution not to yield in Ella ; and it augured ill for the result. His tidings, however,

had not, in fact, been wholly unwelcome to the neglected wife. It was a secret relief to her to be assured that Cecil's conduct, however caused, was not dictated by an unworthy attachment for another woman. She felt more charitable and less hard towards him, notwithstanding his cruel silence, than she had done for weeks. Perhaps her leaving home conduced to this. If her married life had been but short, it had been, upon the whole, and until the last few months, a happy one. The roof that she was now about to quit—alas! without him—was still a sacred one to her. She had not been able to exile from her heart the memories of vanished joys, and this had been the home of them. There was many a tender tie to be snapped yet before she could play that independent rôle she had mapped out for herself, with ease, or, at least, without the consciousness that she was acting a part.

"We are wiser than we know," says the poet, and he might have added that we are more gentle-hearted also.

It was Gracie's wish to precede her friend by, at all events, a few days to Woolwich; Officers' Quarters, letter Z, had never presented a very attractive appearance even in her poor mother's time; and now that they had been so long without female superintendence, they must needs require some looking to before they could be pronounced ready for the reception of any guest, far less such a one as Ella, who was accustomed to have everything so nice about her. Gracie had little pride, and less pretence, in her composition; but she was naturally desirous to make what domestic preparation she could for her friend. On the other hand, Ella besought her so piteously not to leave her even for a day to the companionship of her own thoughts, that she felt compelled to give way to her, and the two young women left town together.

The commissary himself happened to be engaged on some official duties at the hour of their arrival, so there was no one to welcome them. The first entrance into what had been her mother's home—though, alas! an unhappy one—was a trial for Gracie; she had pictured to herself the empty chair in the bow-window, and the little table on which, while her fingers could still obey her will, the invalid was wont to work. But a still sharper pain than she had apprehended seized her heart when she found that all these said relics had disappeared. "Many men, many hearts," as true a proverb as "Many men, many minds." It is impossible to decide for others on a question of the affections: whether it is better, for example, when one has lost some dear one, that all that belonged to him should be removed and kept out of sight, or whether they should be left, as usual, to in time become common things. The latter is, of course, the easier method, and it might therefore have been concluded that the commissary would have taken it. His enemies would have said that he could have borne the spectacle of these 'trivial fond

records" with considerable philosophy, and that it was not likely that he would take much trouble to spare his daughter's sensibilities. But in this case it seemed the good commissary was wronged. The house had been re-arranged throughout, and, it must be confessed, for the better. The mother-of-pearl glories of the drawing-room indeed remained; "The Abbey by Moonlight" on the sofa back, and "Windsor Castle by Night" on the conversation chair, still gleamed with livid splendour; but the rest of the rooms had been refurnished, and not without some taste.

"Why, my dear Gracie, this is quite palatial!" said Ella, with a touch of the old sense of fun that had won Cecil's heart almost as much as her beauty. "Your father has actually gone in for art;" and indeed there was a picture of a ship at sea over the dining-room sideboard, the gorgeous frame of which exacted involuntary homage from every eye.

"Yes," answered Gracie gravely. "I have no doubt papa has done it for the best; but it seems to me—just at first—that I should have preferred things to be as they were."

Ella felt she had struck a sad note, and was not sorry that at that moment her Uncle Gerard made his appearance. It relieved her from embarrassment as respected her friends, and besides she wished to have her meeting with the colonel independent of the commissary. Gracie guessed that she desired to be alone with him, and almost immediately left the room.

"Well, Ella, I am delighted to see you back at Woolwich, my dear, though I should have preferred receiving you under the old roof; but I have parted with the cottage, as you know, and gone back to barracks. Diogenes is in his tub again."

"I know it, my dear uncle. I hope you are all the happier for not having a self-willed niece to plague you?"

"No, Ella, I can't say that," returned he tenderly. "I miss you sadly. But what does it matter; a few more years, and then—why, damme, I shall have wings instead of epaulettes; I shall be an angel!"

Ella could not restrain a smile; she had not seen, or at all events heard, anybody so funny as the colonel for many a day. Yet perhaps the smile was forced, since he went on: "You look as beautiful as ever but not so bright and gay. What is it, my dear?"

"Oh, nothing, uncle. I am a sober matron now, remember, and not the thoughtless girl you knew me."

"And more's the pity. I like thoughtless girls; and I am afraid it is only the thoughtless ones that like me."

The colonel sighed. It was a bad sign with him when he sighed and did not swear.

"When a man has reached my time of life," he continued, "the gout

is his only companion ; he must expect the blues, Ella. But you—you are still a child in years, and your face should show no care ; yet care is there. What's wrong, my girl ? ”

“ There is nothing absolutely wrong, uncle,” answered she with a sudden flash ; “ nothing, at all events, that can be bettered by our talking about it.”

“ Does Landon treat you ill, Ella ? I never liked him—damn the fellow ! ”

“ Uncle Gerard, for shame ! ” cried she ; “ I will not listen to such words. You forget that Cecil is my husband.”

“ So I did ; I'll hold my tongue. I was only about to reiterate an opinion of mine, that you have heard me express before, so you will lose nothing. Only, if ever you want a friend—if any man should do you a wrong, Ella, husband or not—so help me Heaven I'll put a bullet through him ! ”

“ You would do anything you could to serve me in your way, I know, uncle.”

“ Yes, anything in my way, Ella ; or, for that matter, out of it, if you'll only show me how. Blood is thicker than water ; and besides,” added he hastily, struck doubtless by the remembrance of how very thin it was in certain cases, “ I love you on your own account, niece.”

“ There have been great changes here,” said Ella, pointing to the new furniture and the gorgeous marine picture : the colonel had found the ladies, as it happened, in the dining-room. “ The commissary seems to have had a fit of extravagance which surprises me.”

“ He knows what he's about generally,” observed the colonel with significance, “ and he thinks he knows always ; but we shall see.”

“ I don't understand you, my dear uncle.”

“ Why, it's the De Horsingham has done it all, or has caused him to do it. You have heard of the woman, of course ? ”

“ The De Horsingham ! ” said Ella, looking both surprised and alarmed.

“ What ! don't you know ? Oh ! it's all right so far. The lady is a pillow of snow—I mean a pillar. But do you mean to say he has never mentioned her ? Why, my dear girl, she has metamorphosed the commissary. He has become quite a lady's man.”

“ She is the governess at the commandant's, is she not ? ” observed Ella, recalling, for the first time, what Mr. Whympers-Hobson had said of the lady on their way to the picnic. So many events—and such sad ones—had happened in the interim, that she had never given her another thought.

“ Yes ; but she is said to have some money of her own ; to teach only because she liked young people ; which a certain friend of ours, not given to credulity in a general way, has chosen to believe. She painted that picture of the ship in a storm herself, and he thinks it's a master-

piece. It's so far like, as I took the liberty of telling him, that it makes me sick to look at it ; but he sticks to his own opinion."

"But do you mean to say, uncle, that this man—the commissary—is already thinking of marrying again?"

"I should say he thought of nothing else," answered the colonel coolly. "She is a fine woman, there is no doubt of that ; and if she really has got money it is natural that he should be anxious not to let her slip through his fingers. I know what you would say, 'the funeral baked meats,' and so forth ; indeed, I ventured upon that quotation myself, but he replied that Hamlet's mother only showed a wise economy. The commissary's independence of public opinion is, I have always maintained, a fine trait in his character ; it rises to sublimity."

"I think he ought to rise to sublimity—with a rope round his neck," said Ella, with indignation.

(To be continued.)

LORD BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

NOTTINGHAM, —.

I HAVE been wonderfully entertained to-day by the story of old J——, Mary Chaworth's servant, "head-man at Annealy Park." I should much like to know if any one else has been so fortunate as to hear the loquacious old man's account of Byron and his early love. When one hears a story like this from the lips of a servant, it is surely worth while to consider whether, after all, great reputations are not apt to suffer from the ill-will of hirelings, and may not be too readily branded by the world, as prompt to condemn our failures as to applaud our attainments. Lord Byron suffers nothing from J——'s confession, but Mistress Chaworth was surely unfortunate in her confident dependence on a servant's faithfulness.

That was a funny sum-total of J——'s when I asked his opinion of Byron's character: "Oh, his lordship were a fool. He didna knaw—grass from—grass. An' he never gave me naught. But many's the pun' note Mr. Musters gie me for a chance to speak wi' Mary Chaworth."

So ! and who knows if but for the trick the old man confessed Lord Byron would not have married one whose affectionate disposition and self-immolation for the object of her devotion might have saved to the world a pure and elevated poet unsullied by the mire of wanton despair,

and to Mary Chaworth a heart that loved her for herself? John Musters's triumph was cheaply purchased. I will record it all as old J—— related it.

"Ay, I remember well when his lordship wud come riding like mad into Annesly Park, and his two great dogs flying along wi' him. 'My word!' old Mrs. Clark would say, 'if there doesn't come his lordship, and those nasty brutes are with him to spoil my nice white counterpane!' You see, the brutes always sleepit outside o' the covers on his lordship's bed.

"One fine day, when I was laying the cloth for dinner, Miss Mary sat in the great hall wi' her back to the lawn, an' she didn't see his lordship coming."

"How was she dressed?"

"Oh, she was dressed in a white silk gown very low on the shoulders, an' a high belt under her arms, like. An' it were long behind, an' so you could see her wee small feet in tidy slippers in front.

"Well, the great hall-windows opened on the lawn, an' his lordship were quick enough to spy Miss Mary sittin' there. An' he came soft-like through the room, and before she knew it he leaned over her and kissed her beautiful white shoulder.

"Oh dear! will I ever forget how she flared! She sprang to her feet, and wi' a voice chokit wi' rage, she said, 'My lord! what does this mean? You never have so much as touched the hem of my garment, an' you never shall!' Then it was awful to see the fire in her eyes: she were the picture of her grandfather, who were killed in a duel wi' his lordship's grandfather across that very table. But she needna been so mad, for his lordship were a nice man enough but for his *nub* foot. Poor fool! she didna know John Musters were only after her money, an' his lordship loved her for herself. Mr. Musters were a handsome man too, and he always gied me a pun' note: once he gied me a fi'-pun' note, but I never told him I saw a five on it when I got home. I helped him to get rid of his lordship, an' I fixed all the meetin's wi' his man. You see, I was head-man at Annesly Hall, an' when the young heiress rode out, it was my place to ride after her, an' Mr. Musters's man would ride after him, an' we'd a'ways go the same road.

"But how did you manage about Lord Byron?"

"Oh, he were like his mother—afraid o' the *bogles*."

"Bogles! and pray what are they?"

"Oh, the people o' the kirkyard, that couldna rest after duels an' that."

"Oh, yes: well go on, please."

"An' it were for that his lordship always kept one o' the men waiting half the night next to his bedroom till he read himself to sleep.

Well, one night it were my turn to wait, an' I waited till it were near morning, an' at last I couldna keep awake any longer, an' I just out an' said, 'I think, your lordship, it's time for reasonable folks to have done wi' crack reading an' go to sleep.' 'Fellow!' he shouted, like one stark mad—'fellow! do you know to whom you are speaking?'—'Ay, your lordship, that do I, but I'm afeared o' naught—neither lord, duke, earl, nor king—for the matter o' that!'

"I doubted I'd lose my place, but Mrs. Clark begged his lordship's forgiveness for me, and I wasna dismissed. But I made up my mind his lordship shouldna sleep more nor one night again at Annealy Hall.

" 'Mrs. Clark,' I said, 'you'd rather the brutes would not spoil your white counterpane?' 'Ay, J——,' she said, 'but I dare not offend his lordship.'

"Well, I didna say aught, but I just went about it: and this is how I did it. The great bed in his lordship's room had heavy curtains, an' they were hung on brass rings that run on brass bars, an' they made a deal o' noise an' rattlin' when they were drawed. I found a big ball o' packthread, an' I run one end through all the rings on one side, and th'other through all the rings on th'other side; and when I carried the two ends down the posts and along the floor I cut a clean slice off the bottom o' the bedroom door, so that the thread would be sure to pull easy-like; an' I put the rug over the thread, an' then I couldn't be told myself aught was wrong.

"After me tellin' his lordship a piece o' my mind about his crack reading, they took the next man to me to wait on him for that night, an' I thought it would be morning before he ever would have done, he was so intolerable long. But at last I heard the door of his lordship's room open, an' soon as everything was quiet I peeped through the crack and made sure the master and the brutes were all sleepin'. Then I pulled the thread. It was an awful shriekin' the rings made over the brass bars, an' in a second, crack! went a pistol, an' the dogs barked; crack! went another pistol, and the dogs howled, an' his lordship called, 'Help! help! Thieves! thieves!'

"I ran to my bed fast as my legs would carry me, an' in a minute all the doors in the house flew open, an' candles were flarin' and women screamin', and all the men poundin' on his lordship's door an' callin' 'Open the door, my lord. There be five o' us here, and we'll soon make sure o' the rascals!'

"Some one come an' tried to waken me, but you know I had my breeches on, an' if I'd got out o' bed they'd knawn I was at the bottom o' the mischief.

" 'Go 'long to the great room, an' I'll come,' I said at last, yawnin', an' then, makin' as if I had just hauled on my clothes, I joined the men

at the door ; an' after his lordship was convinced we couldn't burst the door in he opened it, and such a rushin' o' men an' dogs was never seen afore. Lookin' up the chimney and under the bed, I were really frightened at the danger I was in o' bein' found out, an' shakin' all over, when I said, 'There be naught here, your lordship—neither thieves nor murderers—an' *I doubt it was the bogles from the kirk-yard yonder.*'

"My word ! no one slept any more in the hall that night, an' it was the last time his lordship ever went to bed at Annealy Park."

"But you are sorry now, J——, for the trick you played, since Miss Chaworth might have married him if she had known Lord Byron better, and had not been deceived by Mr. Musters ?"

"Ay, that I be, it often gied agin my conscience when I waited till all the folk would be asleep in the hall, an' then I'd bring Miss Chaworth down to meet Musters in the dining-hall, an' leave 'em a bit of a chat an' that ; an' when I'd knock. Sometimes he wouldn't go, an' I'd have to tell him he must, for the folk would soon be stirring in the hall.

"And ho, the picnics we had in the groves ! I'd send out the hampers by the men to the blacksmith's, an' they never knowed what was in them. And Muster's man would get them, and lay the cloth on the sod, an' such long merry talks they'd have while we strolled away a bit : an' then they'd go off together while we'd lunch a bit. The very last time we were feastin' in the groves Musters's man said, 'So many bottles are strawn around, an' these be nice ones, J—— : one for you an' one for me ;' an' we put 'em in our great coats ; an' there they are : you can have 'em both if you want them. Ah, little did the poor young thing know what was comin' ! The day she was of age she married Mr. Musters, an' a month from that she paid a hundred thousand pounds to the money lenders, that were only waitin' all the time for his promise to pay them when he married the heiress. And oh, she was the most unhappy woman alive when he openly treated her bad-like ! an' all he wished of her was money ! money ! Never will I forget the day his lordship's funeral was coming to the inn at Nottingham. My poor mistress came into the town, and up to the very door, before she knowed whose funeral it was. She was so stricken with trouble and illness that the folk thought even then she were some'at daft. An' two years more was a' she could manage. She died from the madhouse."

E. D. W.

Current Literature.

FOR several years the *Fortnightly Review* has been the acknowledged organ of so-called liberal thought in England. Its unquestioned success as a periodical may have led its talented Editor to wander farther from orthodoxy than on cool reflection would commend itself to his own judgment. There is indeed an indication in the current number* that Mr. Morley will not devote so much space at least in future numbers to criticisms, which, as a rule, had better be left to the incorrigible *Westminster Review*. The undoubted ability of the magazine (published only once a month by the way, and not every fortnight, as its name indicates), induced its present Canadian publishers to enter into arrangements with its English publishers for its publication in America. To secure accuracy, this is done every month from a duplicate set of stereotype plates. There is reason for saying that the degree of public favour extended to the venture fully justifies the Canadian publishers in their faith of finding a market on this side the Atlantic.

The first article in the August number on the "Secret Societies of Russia," by that great authority of Russian questions, Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace, is an admirable *résumé* of Russian history, and a lucid exposition of the causes which have made Russia a hot-bed of Secret Societies—nay, of the causes which have led to the present war. The history of Russia, unlike that of England, has been a succession of breaks with the past; a series of new departures. In the reign of Peter the Great, the thread of continuity was suddenly snapped, and ever since violent reform and violent reaction have been the rule. The history of the present campaign in Asia Minor has so far illustrated well the Russian character and habitual mode of action. First, great enthusiasm, inordinate expectations and a haughty contempt for difficulties; next, a rapid advance, obstacles surmounted with wonderful facility; difficult positions stormed with reckless, dashing gallantry, and, as a result of all this, overweening confidence, whispering them that, as one of their proverbs graphically and quaintly puts it, "if they tried to ford the ocean, the waters would not rise higher than their knees." Then comes a check, obstacles are met which no amount of dash and gallantry can surmount, the over-heated enthusiasm cools, the retreat begins, the imprudence of neglecting to secure firmly and methodically the positions gained becomes apparent, and the great shadowy conquest collapses into the most modest of acquisitions. In the history of the nation secret societies have sprung up with most luxuriance in the hours of recoil. This is illustrated by a review of the four great reforming epochs, which are associated with the names of

* *The Fortnightly Review*; August, 1877. Toronto: Belford Bros.

Peter the Great, William II, Alexander I. and Alexander II. In this review, we have historical material at once instructive and amusing, the description of the various secret societies, with their generosity, pedantry, wildness and utopian dreams, being especially interesting. Mr. Grant Duff's "Plea for a Rational Education" is addressed mainly to those who can give their boys all the chances, and is a strong indictment against what is called a classical education. Mr. Grant Duff, who is one of the most enlightened men living, is not content with a destructive criticism, but formulates a system of education, which strikes us as singularly rational and well adapted to our needs here in Canada. One of the things, amongst others, insisted on is a good knowledge of at least one modern language; also a general acquaintance with the laws of health; and, that which Englishmen so greatly lack, a knowledge of geography. This is a most suggestive essay, which we recommend to our Minister of Education and the heads of universities. "Sea or Mountain?" is a discussion of the relative advantages of sea air and mountain air as restoratives to health. Their points of similarity are dwelt on, and how numerous their use is surprising—and their differences. What patients should choose sea, and what mountain regions—at what ages we should elect one or the other air—the *rationale* of the recuperative process—all this is shewn in a clear, terse, popular style, abounding in illustration and reference. The next article, "Cavour," is a painting of the great statesman with the history of Modern Italy for background. The splendid balance and patriotic ambition of Cavour are accentuated, while his herculean labours after 1851, when he began to take every department in hand, are held up to wonder—the wonder being intensified by the fact, delicately brought out, that the whole time the laborious statesman held his own against the King—a notorious free liver. "The Indian Civil Service," will well repay perusal. But the most interesting paper in the whole number is "Three Books of the Eighteenth Century," by the Editor. The three books are by Holbach, and the writer has in addition much to say of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Frederick the Great, &c. Only one of the three books is treated of in the present paper. We are quite sure that many of our readers will not agree with all that Mr. Morley says, but he must be pretty "weak in the faith" who cannot read the article and derive instruction and profit from it.

"I have told the story of the great fire in St. John in my own way. I have tried to do justice to my theme. Like many others, I have passed through the flames, and received as it were my first 'baptism of fire.' My book has many imperfections. It was necessary that it should be hastily prepared. My publishers demanded this, and gave me a fortnight to write it in. I can, therefore, claim nothing in favour of the book from a literary point of view, but this I can claim—the history is reliable in every particular. Not a statement within its pages was committed to paper until it was thoroughly and reliably avouched for. I have verified every word which this volume contains; and while the haste in which it was prepared precluded my paying much attention to style, the book is a complete record of the fire as it was, and not as a lively imagination might like it to be." Thus writes Mr. Stewart to—

wards the close of his book on the recent conflagration in St. John.* There is in these words something of that "modesty of genius" of which we sometimes hear, and which is not altogether a figment of the imagination. Every page of the book gives evidence of great carefulness of research and of the author's capability to deal with the *minutiae* of his subject. But it is not wanting in literary finish. Far from it. Mr. Stewart could not write on the driest of topics without imparting to it a literary flavour. On no single page of this work do you find the least attempt to excite the imagination by a straining after literary effect; but at the same time you cannot read half-a-dozen pages without being impressed with the fact that it is written by a scholarly man. To the readers of *Belford's Magazine* Mr. Stewart needs no introduction. He is well known to them through his clever essays on the American literary men of the day—Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, &c., which have appeared in its pages. It was fortunate for those who must obtain something more than a general knowledge of the Great Fire that the writing of its Story fell to the lot of one not only so competent to perform the task, but who was also an eye-witness of the terrible scenes enacted, and a resident of St. John.

Mr. Stewart takes us from street to street, and from block to block, as the flames spread out their angry claws and took in two-thirds of the whole city in its desperate and destroying gripe. But he does not content himself with being the mere historian of the fire; he is also the historian of the city. He gives us the history of all the public buildings. He tells us when each church was built, and who were its pastors and officers from its erection down to the time of its destruction. With the pen of a clever satirist he gives us a sketch of the inner life, so to speak, of "Chubb's Corner," where the brokers most did congregate and "took it out of" their victims. Over the ruins of the old Lyceum he fondly lingers, telling us something of the men and women who in his time have delighted the people of St. John with their histrionic efforts. He gossips like a very Pepys of the Old Curiosity Shop on Germain St., and gives us all sorts of incidents in the raciest of styles, making us laugh and cry in turns. There are pages descriptive of the way in which some of the citizens met their death on the streets which are written with great power. We must resist the temptation to give excerpts. His talk about the books lost, and the pictures gone for ever, in the last chapter, is a charming bit of reading.

We do things on a big scale on this continent. Chicago a few years ago could furnish one of the greatest fires of modern times. In the destruction of the City of St. John—or at least of two-thirds of it—Canada follows hard on the heels of the United States. Mr. Stewart, from careful surveys and measurements had by himself, says that 200 acres of territory were burned over; the mileage of streets destroyed was nine and six-tenths; the total loss he puts down at \$27,000,000, and he assures us that this is not a high estimate. The City Corporation was a heavy loser. The Dominion Government, which lost half a million of dollars, had no insurance. These are tremendous figures.

* *The Story of the Great Fire in St. John, N. B., June 20, 1877.* By George Stewart, Junr., of St. John, N.B. Toronto: Belford Bros.

They naturally send us to Mr. Stewart's book for all the details, which are the more acceptable because of their pleasing setting. The letter-press is heightened in interest by thirty-three views, which bring out very clearly some of the best known of the buildings and streets destroyed, as well as present to us some of the scenes of desolation and ruin which remain to tell the destructive character of the conflagration. It is in all respects a creditable work, and the early day on which it has appeared in the market speaks well for the energy displayed in its production.

The companion works on "Russia" and "Turkey," reprinted by Messrs. Holt & Co., of New York, should be carefully studied by everyone who desires to understand the strength and the weakness, the merits and the failings, the virtues and the vices, of the two belligerents. Having already reviewed at length Mr. Wallace's admirable account of the Empire of the Czar, we now purpose to give some account of Col. Baker's elaborate work on Turkey.* It may be necessary to distinguish between three Bakers, all known to fame, and, we believe, brothers. Sir Samuel Baker is the well-known traveller; Col. Valentine Baker is a volunteer officer on the Turkish staff; and Col. James Baker is our author. The last-named has lived, off and on, in Turkey for three years (1874-77), and has a large estate, managed by a Scotch agent, about eight miles from Salonica in Macedonia. Before entering upon a review of his book, it seems impossible to avoid a comparison of it with Wallace's "Russia." The author of the latter deliberately set to work to study the language and habits of the Russian people. He was six years in the Empire, and the result is a complete survey of the whole subject, on the whole impartially given. Both authors, as might be anticipated, are prepossessed in favour of the people they have studied; and the great value of both works, taken together, is the real insight they give us into the really good, and essentially bad characteristics of the two empires, as displayed in their institutions, military, religious, governmental, social, and domestic. The strong party feeling displayed in England in favour of Russia on the one side, and Turkey on the other, find their corrections in these two admirable volumes. They differ, it is true, in point of impartiality; for Col. Baker's prepossessions in favour of the Turk are not disguised. Still, generally speaking, the Russophile will learn much that he should know from "Turkey," while the Russophobeist may glean some lessons from both authors. The work before us is extremely well executed in every respect, with a slight reservation in point of fairness and impartial judgment. The narrative of the writer's travels is peculiarly vivacious. He has a keen military eye, the zest of a sportsman, and the practical *nous* of a settler. There is no subject on which even a specialist in any department of knowledge would like to be informed which is untouched in this volume; and Col. Baker touches no subject without casting upon it a flood of light. Topography, religion, military defence, legal, political, and fiscal institutions, land tenure, ethnology, archæology, history, the fauna and flora of the country, its geology, agriculture, manufactures, are all

* *Turkey*. By JAMES BAKER, M.A., Lieutenant-Colonel Auxiliary Forces, formerly 8th Hussars. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson. 1877.

touched with the skill and care of a shrewd, observant, and indefatigable inquirer.

The obvious drawback to the acceptability of the work is a lack of the judicial spirit manifest from first to last. In the preface our author says, "It is a doctrine of Confucius, that 'True virtue consists in avoiding extremes;' and in the following pages I shall do my utmost to profit by this instruction, in order that the Turk may be weighed fairly in the balance." But we do not get to the end of the introduction without finding that, sincere as Col. Baker's desire to be impartial no doubt was, he could not succeed in being so. "Broad and sweeping condemnation of the whole nation," he rightly reproves; and, unfortunately, it is too common a practice. Still there is no use in striving to present the Ottoman Empire as the victim of destiny, circumstances, or the inveterate hostility of "a foreign power." Russia is to him a *bête noire*, to whose charge must be laid all the bad government, all the feuds, all the rebellions, all the atrocities. Now in Mr. Ralston's admirable paper on "Turkish Story-books," in *The Nineteenth Century*, we have proof conclusive that the rottenness of Turkish administration was apparent to the satirist Nabi Effendi, in 1634. Peter the Great had been joint Czar for twelve years at that date; he was not sole Muscovite ruler until two years after. Let us listen to Nabi's expostulation. Every office was purchasable, as it is now; every pasha received bribes and extorted money. "His officers are so many bare and hungry oppressors, who go about pillaging, leaving behind them universal ruin and desolation. When laws are respected they stifle rebellion and stay the course of all disorders, for who would dare to spoil the weak? Who would vex the rajahs and drive into revolt?" So it is clearly evident that long before Peter's apocryphal will, there was tyranny, cruelty, and extortion in European Turkey. Col. Baker admits the venality of Turkish officials, from the tide-waiter up to the Sultan's relatives. He even proposes to change the Moslem battle-cry to "There is no God but God, and *backshish* is his prophet." He denounces the abominableness of the judicial system, —the cause of which is not Russia, but the Koran and the horrible legal code, fully exposed by Captain Osborne in his admirable articles in the *Contemporary*. He tells us that there are no roads, properly speaking, in the country; that the money squeezed out of the rajahs is expended on palaces and seraglios at the capital; and every word he utters about the richness of that unhappy country in agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing resources, makes against his client. For the Bulgarian atrocities of May, 1876, he makes no apology; but it was all Russia's fault. The entire troubles of 1867 and 1875-6, are all traced in imagination to Russia; in fact, no further than the Slavonic Committees of Bucharest and Belgrade. That Russia has fomented these intrigues is not only probable, but proveable; still there is no necessity for laying the guilt at her door, just of getting up a "so-called" rebellion, and then of ordering "panic-stricken authorities" to order the massacre; for Col. Baker has too much regard for truth to deny that the May atrocities were deliberately ordered from Constantinople. He denies that the Bulgarians even rose in rebellion. The natural inquiry then is, What possible justification could be pleaded for the outrages of last year? Every argument urged about the

peaceful, industrious, contented, and prosperous condition of the Bulgarians, is a still stronger reason for indignation at their brutal treatment by the Baahi-Bazouks, under orders, be it said, from the Sublime Porte.

It should be said that Col. Baker's book has another vicious element in it. His travels extended only over a few months—he left England the end of June, 1874, and returned in October, and, in the early part of his Turkish tour proper, spent some time with Dr. Schliemann in the Troad, and some time at Constantinople. By the Black Sea he reached Burgas, south of the Balkans and Varna and thence his itinerancy is well marked on one of the admirable maps in the volume. The journey in the valley of the Tondja, which he points out, with the sharp vision of a soldier, as a splendid line of defence, was, of course, south of the Balkans, but it took in a good part of the "atrocity" district about Philippolis, though it did not extend to that centre. It is impossible to read a description of the kindly hospitality of the people in that doomed district which, as the author says, "became one of the centres of massacre," without wondering that he could speak so perfunctorily about the host and hostess who had treated him so well. A large number of passages had been noted, as proofs of Col. Baker's inveterate prejudices, but the subject, which is not pleasant, may be passed over, with the remark, that if Bulgaria, north of the Balkans, knew little, and that in the southern Bulgaria, along the valley of the Tondja, he was under the tutelage of a British consul, the constant guest of Pashas, who could tell him what they liked, since he did not know the language, north of the Balkan chain, the country was not visited save a journey to Tirnova and its immediate neighbourhood. The knowledge Col. Baker derived from this Bulgarian tour must, therefore, have been exceedingly limited, and, apart from the actual results of his own observation, is worth little or nothing.

The plan of the work is well laid, and we wish that, with the brief space at our command, we could give the general reader some idea of its graphic character, where it deals with descriptions of men, manners, or scenery. Our author professes a wonderful love of nature—see the description of the neighbourhood of Rilo Monastir (pp. 308 and 310), as an example—which overflows in a rapturous fulness of style. He has a good insight into human character, a lively sympathy with the better part of man, and an earnest struggle, sometimes, to find it out amongst some of the queer people with whom he came in contact. Extracts would merely be mutilations, if intended to convey an idea of the value of the descriptions of travel, pure and simple; because they are full of humour, sharp insight and genial *bonhomie*.

Colonel Baker's plan is an admirable one—to convey the greatest amount of information without boring the reader. His accounts of the races, for example, are not put in treatise form, close together, but interspersed them amongst his graceful travel chapters. The writer presses strongly upon his readers an obvious fact, which has not been sufficiently taken into account: the varied character of Turkey's population, the multiform races and religions with which she has to deal. This is enforced with no pertinacity, though it is illustrated everywhere; and rightly so. In Western nations, such as England, France, Germany, and the Latin nations of the Mediterranean, here

have been intolerance and persecution, the offspring of the *odium theologicum*; Turkey has any number of Irelands upon her hands—not of one race, but of many—with diverse creeds, which have not only quarrelled with her, or with one another, but in schisms and heresies interminable. Each sect has formed for itself a nest of intestine troubles, and all these dissensions the Porte has been compelled to adjust in the attitude of peacemaker. On the whole it has done its work justly, patiently, and well, as Colonel Baker's account of the firman on the independent Bulgarian Church proves.

We can cordially recommend his book as one which contains an immense fund of information on a comparatively little known country, and which would at any time have been an acceptable addition to our libraries. In the presence of the stirring events which are now transpiring in the East, it cannot fail to have a special value and importance.

The out-gushings of a soul surcharged with that divine afflatus which makes the pulses of the poets throb, their heads burn, and their hearts beat faster, are always interesting if not awful. But unfortunately in this age of general adulteration the mighty spirit is often so watered down that it may be safely warranted that there is "not a headache in a gallon of it," not a throb of the pulse, not a sensation in the cardiac region, save possibly indigestion. Where the poet of "Pasco" * obtains his inspiration it is hard to say. Possibly the small grocery round the corner has got the agency for Polyhymnia, Erato & Co.'s "Stunning Parnassus Ale," and the water-works people have laid an extra large pipe into its premises.

Pasco is a young Cuban gentleman of intense patriotism, whose cheek glows with a flush

"As soft as are the roseate tints that streak
The summer's sky when as night's curtains close
On Twilight's breast (!) day sinks into repose—

a complicated condition of colouring which is however fortunately "tempered with a grace of true nobility," and "a nameless air of conscious force." Pasco burns to free his country from the Spanish rule, and is much incited thereto by the words of her he loves, a certain "Lulu," who having, regardless of scansion as of Mrs. Grundy,

"In one long embrace
Upon his breast pillowed her lovely face,"

addressed to him with sentiments, which coming from "a sweet form confined in softest folds of chaste illusion," would make a patriot of a pieman. The condition of his unhappy country is described by the poet as that of a stag attacked by a panther.

"The noble stag just struggling to his feet,
Defiantly fronts his pursuer's hate."

Furthermore, the sympathising on-looker is requested to

* *Pasco and other Poems*. By R. Rutland Manners. Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

"See on the jaws of his fierce assailant,
The scarlet life, in savage cunning rent
From his torn limbs, that know no soothing balm,
Save the soft currents of his life-blood warm."

That this extremely felicitous simile may not "o'erleap its selle," the author explains,

"Lo, Cuba thus confronts Hispania still."

The rare beauty of figure, diction, rhyme and rhythm in the foregoing only require to be read to be appreciated. For the rest, the fortunes of the hero will be better, perhaps, imagined from the above sample than further described.

Of the "other poems" the poet's manner shows the same noble disregard of the mechanism of verse making which characterizes "Pasco," while the matter is not, unfortunately, sufficiently fresh from Apollo's Lyre to compensate for the deficiency. As to Mr. Manner's depreciation of criticism for his verses on the plea that they have been "written during the leisure time of evening," while they are collateral witnesses to poor Charles Kingsley's theory that nothing he wrote at night was worth reading, their appearance in the volume before us is proof that there is the considerable difference between the two authors, that one did and the other did not possess a waste paper basket.

For a long time it has been apparent that the present is the "children's hour." For them the wisest philosophers, the raciest humourists, the cleverest draughtsmen expend their energies, kings go down on their hands and knees, and romp, till, as Lamb's nonsense has it, "the gunpowder runs out at the heels of their boots," and so much the better too, while, as for ordinary fathers and mothers, uncles and big brothers, from the first moment of the arrival of king "Fire" or queen "May," from babydom to breeches and frocks, many are the children's "most devoted lovers and servants." How enthralling the bondage and how sweet the chains, may be judged by the rush for those two charming little books, "Helen's Babies," and its recent sequel, "Other People's Children."* The charming simplicity of the two trots, Budge and Toddie, all their quaint sayings and irrational doings; the progress of their deterioration from their primal cherubic sphere, and the comical perplexities of their natural and unnatural guardians, striving to instil the decencies and Mrs. Grundyisms of this formal globe into minds and hearts as innocent as a painful of water, and about as capable of permanent impression—are they not all written in the Chronicles of the Kings of the Nursery, to be used and laughed over, and possibly, for there is a fine tough moral at the end, digested by their admiring subjects?

* *Other People's Children*. By the author of "Helen's Babies." Toronto: Belford Brothers.

Musical.

We take the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, unmixed with even the smallest grain of envy, in being the first, as we believe, to announce to the world a fact the truth of which time will only strengthen and investigation but corroborate. The long looked-for American composer has arrived. His name is E. H. Bailey, against which there can be nothing said, unless his admirer should be betrayed into calling him the "great" Bailey, which might lead to a confusion of terms, and suggest the energetic but inartistic promoter of a well-known itinerant equestrian combination; and his genius and attributes are graphically and lovingly dwelt upon in the pages of the *Folio*. We could wish, indeed, that the writer of the article in question had been a little more diffuse, and had condescended to tell us more of his hero's past history. A sketch of his life would have made an acceptable addendum. How gratifying, for instance, only to know his birth-place; how precious any anecdote, however weak, of his darling childhood; how intensely interesting to calculate how far the early influences of home and parents (probably poor but honest) have shaped his glorious career! All this is lost, however; and though we would not even hint that the art-enthusiasm of the writer had run away with him, yet we are desirous of informing him that, in our opinion, these blanks in the history of Mr. Bailey should be filled up as quickly, correctly, and as minutely as possible, for the good of the cause. In the meantime we have ample opportunity for judging of his truly peculiar gifts and style of composition. It seems that Mr. Bailey has not sprung all at once into fame; as he is one of that coterie of musical professionals who stately write for the pages of the *Folio*; and we feel, in common with most of our readers, we presume, no small humiliation and regret on reflecting what possible literary delights we have missed.

Mr. Bailey is chiefly remarkable, it seems, for "subjective originality and artistic excellence;" and his compositions embrace "nearly one hundred pieces, diversified in style and varied in movement, which make an invaluable repertoire for student connoisseurs." We hope that every thorough musical instructor will immediately start his pupils on these noble "one hundred," that their *diversity* and *variety* may not pass unappreciated. A course of Bailey would, we fancy, be highly beneficial, especially to the growth of the high virtues of patience and resignation. We are also told that this music is allied to Bryant's poetry, both being "keyed to the harmony of the spheres." At some time in his history, Mr. Bailey was so unfortunate, we take it, as to "catch in his soul a flame" which evidently had no business to be wandering about so far from "nature's altar fires." However, it was not long detained there in hopeless imprisonment; for, we learn, very much

to our comfort, and probably equally to his own, that he succeeded in breathing it out "in a Pentecost of musical utterance." The same "poetic fire" which graces his sacred compositions, actually pervades his secular efforts, before which fact we humbly bow in awe and admiration. As what might be termed a "clincher," some of these sacred compositions are appended to the same number of the *Folio*; and really when we come to make a selection we feel *au desespoir*.

And now, interesting as the subject is, we feel ourselves incapable of continuing it, for the few cold words at our disposal do not seem to do Mr. Bailey justice; and sooner than be charged with such a grave fault we are content to let the *Folio* do the rest. We congratulate the Republic on the possession of this *rara avis*; and may it allow us to indulge in a little pardonable pride as we are natives of the same continent!

Apropos of the *Folio*, which for a second-rate publication is taking too prominent place in Canada, what fearful and wonderful English does it indulge in! Its own literary department is said to include "a *newsy, chatty melange of musical news and gossip*." We are told of a certain collection of "short sacred tunes" which choirs will find *especially* suitable for special work." The statements it makes are not altogether authentic either. The Handel Festival, given every three years by the Sacred Harmonic Society, is ascribed to the "London Handel and Haydn Society," whatever that may be. The editorial staff of the *Folio* must be in fine condition, and we envy the happy go-lucky frame of mind which must characterize the author of the foregoing statements.

The history of the guitar is a very interesting one. Instruments of the guitar kind are of great antiquity as well as of general use by people of all nations. The kinnor and nebd, mentioned in the Bible, were stringed instruments of the guitar and harp family, but of their exact nature it must be confessed little is known, though much is conjectured. The Egyptian frescoes and other paintings, valuable as showing the frequent use of musical instruments, include several specimens of the harp and guitar family. The nefer, one of the latter class, had a neck, sometimes with a carved head, and was furnished with three strings and had a resonance box. Upon the neck or fingerboard, frets were tied or fastened as in the modern guitar. Each string is said to have been able to produce two octaves. The three strings were supposed to correspond with the seasons of the Egyptian year. Grecian writers describing Egyptian instruments do not afford much real information concerning them, and all attempts to reconcile their statements only lead to confusion; for conjecture is not conclusion. Too much trust has been placed in the accuracy of sculptures and painted images, and various theories have been founded upon the character of musical instruments as deduced from their represented forms. As with ancient, so with modern, musical instruments of far away countries, travellers' tales have too often been trusted, and their statements received as conclusive, when in the majority of cases they are confessedly ignorant of the subject upon which they give "authoritative judgment." Philology does not, after all, furnish the best assistance towards determining relationship in this matter, and, as a rule, the picture of an in-

strument offers but little help or guide in this matter. References to musical instruments by the poets of several ages afford no aid whatever, but, on the contrary, often tend to mislead. If they were trustworthy, it might reasonably be supposed that no other instruments but the lyre and harp were ever employed to "assist the music." But colloquial terms—often despised by musical poets—are of most value to the historian, and it is therefore found that the common names applied to a stringed instrument with a finger-board, kissar, cittern, zither, ritra, rithara, geytarah, guitar, point to a common origin. There is no question but that the guitar was introduced into Europe after the Crusades. The name purely Eastern, has been adopted with only such a variation for spelling as European use demands. The modern Egyptians call it "geytarah Carbaryeh" the guitar of the Berbers, the people who are the direct descendants of the ancient race of the country, and as names and words in the East vary in the course of ages less than those in the West, it is likely that the word is of great antiquity. The Chinese, though a people of a different stock, have an instrument called yue-kin or moon guitar, having four silken strings arranged in pairs, each pair being tuned in unison, and the two pair a fifth apart. The instrument has been called by travellers, following the method of pronouncing the name in Canton, *gut-kum* which may or may not be philologically related to the guitar. The lute, another member of this family, also comes from the East; the name is the European method of spelling its title "el'ood." The pandore, bandore, pandonra, and mandoline are simply other names for a lute or guitar arising from fancy or accident.

The mandola or mandoline, for example, derives its title from the almond shape of the resonance body; the Italian word for almond is mandola. Variety of names for the same thing, together with slight difference in form, tend to confuse the enquirer. The method of performance, the shape, the mounting, the material of which they are constructed, and various other causes, are often taken into consideration in the naming of instruments. If these reasons are lost sight of, a certain amount of confusion naturally arises in the classification of musical names and titles; and things are treated and spoken of as dissimilar which are really closely connected. If, for example, we were five thousand years older, and our specimens of a pianoforte, or if its musical literature existed, and we were left to judge of the form and use of the instrument called by the several names applied to it, we might say with good authority, out of existing documents, that our ancient English ancestors were accustomed to listen for hours to a performance upon a broad wood, probably an extensive forest or a wide plank, as the acute future critic would say. Further, it might be inferred that our German contemporaries were enraptured with the skill of one who was able to produce similar effects from a flügel, the wing of a bird. The connection between a forest and a bird's wing might suggest some very ingenious comments. In cases where titles are given independently, and detailed descriptions are wanting, the difference becomes apparently wider each successive age, until all ends in chaos. If the ancient Eastern title geytarah had not been adopted with the instrument by the Spaniards, and by other nations following them, the changes in the form of the in-

strument might have been held as indicating many origins. There seems to be no connection between the words *nefer*, *nebel*, *pandonra*, *lyre* and *kithara*, still it is not unlikely that they had a common starting-point. When the drawings of ancient performers on stringed instruments are examined, it will be found that if, as they are represented in the majority of cases, a modern player were to hold his instrument in a similar fashion, he would be unable to support and play it at the same time.

As the human form appears to have been pretty much the same in old times as it is at the present day, it is more than likely that the artists "evolved" the representations out of their "inner consciousness," and, therefore, that they are not to be confidently trusted. Plato advises to train up children to use the right and left hand indifferently. "In some things," says he, "we can do it very well; as when we use the lyre with the left hand and the stick with the right." Unless some other occupation than that of holding the instrument were intended, such a piece of advice would be superfluous. The *cithara* is mentioned by Ovid, Horace, Virgil and other Latin authors, with but little reference to the manner of performing on it, other than that it was held by one hand, while the other struck the strings with a *plectrum*. In France, Spain and Italy the guitar is used as an accompaniment for the dance as well as for the voice, and at one time, during the last century, it was so popular in England that the sale of pianofortes was interrupted, until an ingenious maker bethought him of a plan by which to weaken and ultimately to destroy its popularity. There is an extensive literature of guitar music, called into existence by the revival in favour of the instrument, brought about by the number of Spanish refugees resident in England during the Carlist rebellion of 1834 and 1839. But in the present day, the instrument is but little cultivated; in fact, it may be said to have become undeservedly neglected.

Down the Shadowed Lane She Goes,

— OR THE —

HAPPY LITTLE MAIDEN.

J. I. GILBERT.

p cres.

rall. p

Down the shadowed lane she goes, And her arms are la - den

With the wood-bine and wild rose, Hap - py lit - tle mai - den!

Sweet-ly, sweet-ly doth she sing As the lark a - bove her

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

*ad lib.**a tempo.*

Sure - ly ev - 'ry liv - ing thing That has seen must love her.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal line has a melodic phrase that ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic patterns.

The third system of the musical score. It shows the continuation of the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line is mostly empty in this system, suggesting a long note or a rest. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic patterns.

As she stray'd and as she sung, Hap - py lit - tle mai - den,
Dropp'd a flow - er, so they say, Dropp'd and nev - er miss'd it;

The fourth system of the musical score. It features the final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melody that ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic patterns.

Shadowy lanes and dells a - mong, With wild flow - ers la - den,
And the youth a - lack - a - day, Pick'd it up and kiss'd it.

The first system of the musical score for 'Happy Little Maiden'. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.

Chanced a bon - ny youth that way, For the lanes were sha - dy,
Now in sweet lane wan - der - ing, With love flow - ers la - den,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano) at the beginning of the second measure.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

She dropp'd one wee flow - er, they say, Did this lit - tle la - dy.
With her love she strays and sings, Hap - py lit - tle mai - den.

The third system of the musical score. It begins with the tempo markings 'ad lib.' and 'a tempo.' above the vocal line. The system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

The fourth system of the musical score, which appears to be the final system on this page. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active, flowing accompaniment in the right hand.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1877.

UP THE THAMES.

SECOND PAPER.



VIEW OF RICHMOND HILL.

ARRIVED at Richmond, a spot which divides with Hampton Court and Windsor the sovereignty of rural Thames, the correct thing is to climb Richmond Hill, an eminence which secures a distinction over both the rival attractions in at least one respect—that of breadth of prospect. That so slight an elevation should do so illustrates the extreme flatness of the country. The rise above the plain is not so great as that which commands a less noted but not less beautiful view at Richmond, Virginia—a scene which stands credited with having determined the name of the latter city. The winding river, broken by islets, and the immense

expanse of level woodland, are the leading features of both pictures. The American has less advantage of association. It has no Windsor and



RICHMOND CHURCH.

no minor palaces. The town in the foreground, though boasting a far more picturesque site, is less picturesquely built, finely as the lath-and-plaster Capitol stands out against the eastern sky. But the James, as a piece of running water, no

doubt excels the Thames. It is, in the lower and more placid part of its course, much like the Thames, while it possesses in the so-called falls which foam and sparkle in a thousand rapids and cascades among nearly as many birch and elm clad rocks and islets to the spectator's feet, an element wholly wanting in the other. Gazing upon the Virginian scene, Claude and Salvator would have opened their sketch-boxes and sat down to work side by side.

Let us borrow from Thomson—"Oh, Jamie Tamson, Jamie Tamson, oh!"—who sleeps in the odd little church below, and whose pen is most successful in the Claude style, what we need in the way of description of a scene so often limned with both instruments:

Here let us sweep

The boundless landscape: now the raptured eye
Exulting swift to hugh Augusta send,
Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Imperial Windsor lifts her lofty brow.

Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Far winding up to where the Muses haunt—
To Twickenham bowers; to royal Hampton's pile:
To Claremont's terraced heights and Esher's groves.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.

Another minstrel from Tweedside tried his hand upon it in *The Heart of Midlothian*. He stops Jeanie and the duke, notwithstanding the life-and-death importance of their errand, to mark where "the Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene to whom all its other beauties were but accessories." It is but a limited monarchy, of the mild

British constitutional type, that can be attributed to a sluggish stream of a hundred yards in width, majestic as it may have appeared to the poet of "Tweed's fair river, broad and deep." In this case, stateliness and dignity attach rather to the land than to the water, if only because there is more of it. Magnitude is essential to them. Kings must not be little, as Louis XIV. taught us with his robes and padding and periwigs. It is an odd sort of sovereign, moreover, that occupies the lowest place in the presence-chamber, and is dominated by all his surroundings.

One visit will not do for the scene before us. He who desires to test its multiformity must see it again and again. The English sky has a vast variety of cloud-effect, which repeats itself in "moving accidents," as artists term them, "by flood and field." When the sky is not en-

tirely overcast, the ever-varying catches of light and shade on so broad a surface forbid its presenting exactly the same appearance for more than a few moments together. The white buildings scattered over it assist this kaleidoscopic movement. As we gaze upon a smooth patch of unbroken shadow some miles off, it is suddenly and sharply flecked, thanks to a drift of the cloud above it, by a bright light, and another and another, till a whole town or range of villas, before unseen, brightens the distance. On-



THOMSON.

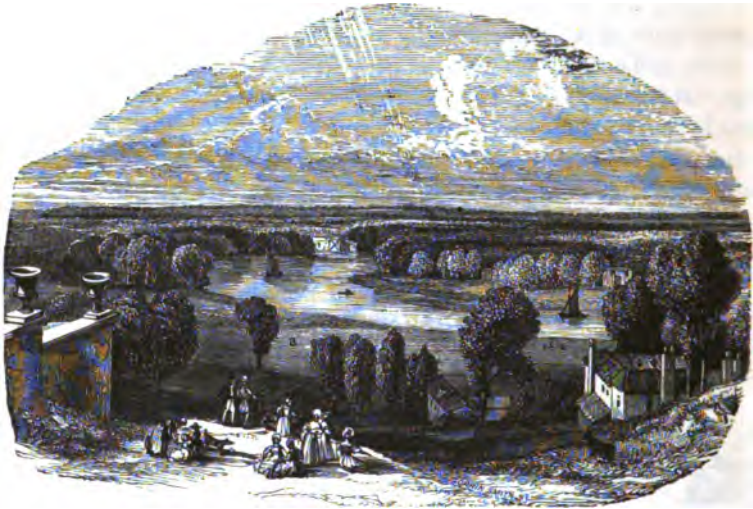
ward sweeps the cloud, followed by its fellows, and these new objects fade into nothingness, while others beyond them, or it may be nearer, flash into view. The water aids this incessant change in the general and particular distribution of light and shade by its reflection. It deepens shadow and intensifies light. It is never sombre, however dull may be the visage of the land. Somewhere, edging an island or shooting out from a point, it will furnish a bit of glitter, all the more effective because of the gloomy setting that demands it and supplies its foil.

Singular as is the predominance, in this view,



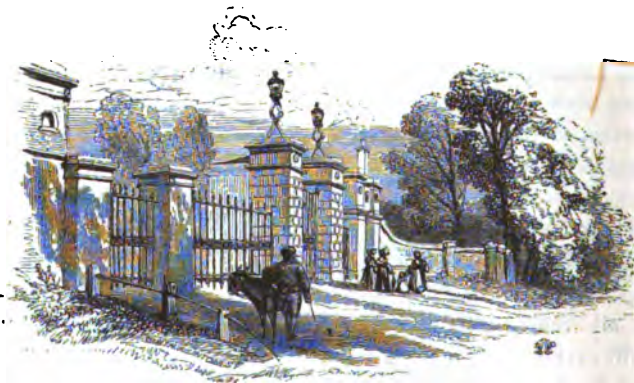
THOMSON'S GARDEN.

of copse and grove, over the signs of habitation and industry belonging to the heart of so densely peopled a kingdom, art has not failed of its share in decorating the foreground. Villa and terrace cluster along the



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

slope ; for this has always been a favourite retreat of the Londoners, whether they came for a day or for a decade. Turning from the river, we lapse again under the sovereignty of turf and leaf as we enter the



GATE, RICHMOND GREAT PARK.

gateway of the Great Park. This must have been a second surprise to our countryman, whose disappointment with the front view vented itself in the remark : " Why, this country wants clearing ! "

Here we are within the precincts of royalty. The park, some eight miles in circuit, belongs to the Crown ; as part of it, with the old palace of Sheen, has done since Henry I., and the rest since Charles I., who

purchased and enclosed it at great cost to his purse and popularity, of neither of which had he much to spare. The gay groups of holiday folks who throng the walks suggest, instead, that it is the property of the people. The phrases are becoming synonymous. The grounds attached to the royal palaces, in this as in other parts of England, are



EDWARD III.

more enjoyed by the masses than by the sovereign. The queen abandons them all for her new boxes, with their scant and simple demesnes, at Balmoral and Osborne. Two centuries and more have elapsed since any of her predecessors lived at Richmond, and the chances are against its becoming the abode of her successors. It is too historical to be a home. Kings and queens, like common people, like to set up their household gods and construct a lair for themselves. They do not

like, even in the matter of a dwelling-place, to wholly sink their personality and become a mere dynastic expression. This fancy for setting up for themselves has been especially strong among the Hanoverians. George III. liked to bury himself at Kew, or among his pigs and sheep on the farms into which he converted part of Windsor Park. His hopeful son established himself at Carleton House, with the occasional relaxation of the Chinese monstrosity at Brighton. The present prince of Wales has domiciled himself at several places. His favourite resi-



RICHMOND GREAT PARK

dence, Sandringham, is a new purchase. Should he retain his liking for it, it may rank in future story with Woodstock or Sheen.

Sheen or Shene, with a variety of other spellings, was ^{anciently} the name of Richmond. Sheen Palace was occupied by the first three Edwards: the hero of Crecy there closed his eyes on the glory of this world in the leafy month of June, when the England whose language under him breathed the atmosphere of a court, and who singles him out as her favourite among the Plantagenets, was looking her loveliest. Through the window came to the dying warrior the murmur of the same river and the breath of the same groves we now look upon. Far in the west the new towers of Windsor, built by him, broke, as now, the flat horizon. The mass of leafage that matched it in the distant east may have bent above Chaucer's pilgrims on their merry return from Canterbury with sins newly shriven and an ample stock of indulgences to cover a new supply in the future. If the tales with which they beguiled their penitential way to the sacred shrine were of the character given us by their poetic chronicler, gay indeed must have been those which, pious duty discharged, and conscience disburdened, cheered their homeward ride.

Henry VII. gave the place its present name in honour of Richmond in Yorkshire, from which he derived his title. It witnessed his closing



DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S VILLA.

hours, as also those of the last of his dynasty. It was down Richmond Hill that "Cousin Cary" dashed on his long gallop to Scotland to tell James VI. that the halls which had received the body of his

ancestor, James IV., a slain enemy of England, brought from Flodden wrapped in lead and tossed unburied into a lumber-room, were his. In our day Cary would have simply stepped into the telegraph-office, and at the cost of a shilling placed the information in the hands of the new incumbent before the *rigor mortis* had seized the limbs of the old. But the nearest approach possible then to this achievement existed only in

the imagination of Mr. Burbage's partner in the Globe Theatre. That very practical business-man was exercising his mind on the invention of the still popular despatch-machine called Ariel, which promised to

—drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

The first of the Stuarts did not greatly affect Richmond, perhaps because he did not like treading too closely in the footsteps of the mur-



ORLEANS HOUSE.

derer of his mother, and perhaps because of other associations with the place. Elizabeth herself had been a prisoner at Richmond for a short time in her sister's reign. It served a similar purpose for Charles I. in 1647. All this helps to explain the fancy of monarchs for setting up new establishments. The old ones, in the course of time, accumulate



MARBLE HILL, TWICKENHAM

such an unpleasant stock of reminiscences. *Memento moris* lurk under the archways and glare out from ivy-clad casements. The Tuileries have earned the disgust of three French dynasties; and no British sovereign will ever carry a good appetite into Inigo Jones's banqueting-room at Whitehall, beautiful as it is.

A further reminder of the misfortunes of royalty is furnished by a glance across the river. A stately mansion on the shore opposite Richmond was the retreat, during part of his exile, of the "citizen king," as Louis Philippe delighted to style himself; and also, by another shuffle of Fortune's cards, since 1848 that of one of his sons. He left behind him an excellent repute, as did Charles X. at Holyrood, Louis le Bien-aimé at Hartwell, and the latest, not last probably, of the migratory Louises at Chiselmurst. It may be doubted if any of them were ever so happy as in England, allowing them their full share of the Frenchman's proverbial contempt for a home anywhere outside of France. The sense of repose and security could not fail to be the keenest of luxuries to the occupant of so shaky a throne. Nowhere in the broad British asylum could that sense be more complete and refreshing than here under the sleepy trees by the sleepy river; everything in the remotest degree suggestive of war, tumult and revolution smothered out; the whole strength of the British empire interposed against peril from the fevered Continent, and the peace of centuries inwoven into the ways of the people and the air of their abodes. In the time of Louis Philippe that prophecy of the first Darwin—the father who looked to the future, and not the son who reads the past—which harnesses steam to "the slow barge" had not come to pass. That snail-like craft, dependent on the tow-ropes and such capfuls of wind as the groves allowed to filter through, monopolized the river. Even the very moderate commotion due to the passage of a small steamboat was wanting. And that is again disappearing. The wrinkles it drew upon the calm and venerable face—venerable in an old age the most hale and green imaginable—of Father Thames, are fading away, and he smiles up from his leafy couch into the face of king or commoner, Frenchman, Briton or American, with a freshness that is a sovereign balm for inward bruises of heart and mind. These Bourbons and Bonapartes all grew fat in England. Whatever else she may grudge the "blarsted foreigners," she is lavish to them of adipose tissue. The fat of the land will always find its way to their ribs, as the eglantine will to the cheeks. The ever-watchful pickets thrown by the nerves to the whole circuit of the body physical in our climate find themselves speedily driven in on landing upon British soil. Its assembled forces no longer sleep upon their arms.

Let us trust that the enforced migrations of Gallic rulers are all over, and that the Septennate of Marshal MacMahon may end, after the scriptural rule, in jubilee. Should it fall out otherwise, however, the long

tiers of villas that terrace the green slopes of Richmond and Twickenham are ample to accommodate generations of exiles. Good company awaits them, too ; for fashion takes the locality under its wing, and the peerage is not unrepresented among what we should call the settlers. The "bould Buccleuch," head of the rieving clan Scott, still makes occasional raids across the Border upon the beef of the Sassenachs, with the difference that he now brings knife and fork along instead of hurrying his sirloin northward on four legs at full trot.



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

Orleans House, we should add, was not indebted for its first introduction to royalty to Mr. William Smith, as Louis Philippe named himself on his final escape from Paris, having borrowed the idea of adopting that widely-known surname possibly from Buckingham and the Prince



WIMBLEDON COMMON.

of Wales (afterward Charles I.) on their visit, also incognito, to the same city in 1623. Queen Anne, when simply Princess of Denmark, and on her good behaviour to secure the honour of rising to a higher title after the demise of Dutch William, made it her residence. On an ait in front, sacred now to bourgeois picnics, and named Eel-pie Island from the viand to which, in deference to their tastes, it is consecrated, the last hope of the Protestant Stuarts, her son, the little duke of Gloucester, was wont to drill his young playmates in mimic war. But the Fates had other use for him. Hence the four Georges, Queen Victoria and—Arthur II. (?) Years after, when Mrs. Masham's and the Duchess of Marlborough's hand-maiden had followed her boy, Caroline, queen of the Second George, was entertained by Mr. Secretary Johnstone, the then proprietor of Orleans House. Her visit is memorable only as having caused the addition of the semi-octagonal excrescence seen in the engraving. That it was not repeated may be accounted for by the circumstance that Marble Hill, the next house, was built by her loving spouse for the countess of Suffolk. The reader will recall the death-bed scene, the request to marry again, and George's impassioned protestation, through blinding tears, "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses !*" Capital fun those "wee wee German lairdies" have purveyed, unwittingly, for the wits of their days, from Swift down through Wilkes and Walpole to Tom Moore. The Hanoverian line may thus be said to form the vertebral column of a century of squibs, or rather the wooden pole around which they twine (not very lovingly) and shoot. It was a queer family. Its little peculiarity, notorious through its whole career on English soil down to our day, of being perpetually at war with itself, was alone ample material for satire. Lord Granville, one of its ministers, said, "It always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." The Princes of Wales have always been in opposition. Prior to George III., who was prompted to a neat touch in his first address to his

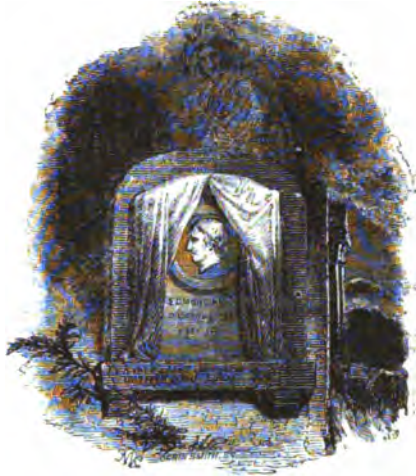


WIMBLETON HOUSE.

Parliament in declaring himself "entirely English," and even in that furnishing new food for lampoons, the weaning of it from Germany, in speech, habits or residence, was not much more than a pretence. The difficulty of extracting the king from the delights of his Hanoverian hermitage, once there, was a perpetual worry to Lords and Commons. The vernacular of his subjects was as foreign as Sanskrit to the First George, and nearly as much so to the Second. The former communicated with his prime minister, Walpole, in Latin—royal Latin, a shade better than dog Latin, and not so good as law Latin. Carteret had the advantage of his chief. As Macaulay says, he "dismayed his colleagues

by the volubility with which he addressed His Majesty in German. They listened with envy and terror to the mysterious gutturals, which might possibly convey suggestions very little in unison with their wishes."

Horace Walpole, whose castle of cards, as fantastic and almost as unsubstantial as his *Castle of Otranto*, lies about a mile above Twickenham,



KEANE'S TOMB.



POPE'S VILLA—1774.

has sent down to us many gossip items in reference to Richmond and its neighbourhood. His father enjoyed, among his long list of other profitable and pleasant sinecures, the rangership of the Great Park. The office was nominally held by his son, but

the statesman made it his resort on Saturdays and Sundays. His relaxation from business consisted he said, in doing more business than he could in town on those days. He and George found time, however, to do a good deal of shooting over the twenty-three hundred acres which compose the enclosure, and after that to dine tête-à-tête. Her Grace of Suffolk, fearful of the effect of post-prandial punch on the royal head, and consequent disclosure to the astute minister of more than he might otherwise know, placed some German spies around the board to check the elector's potations. The plan failed, the indignant monarch putting them to flight with a tremendous volley of the most sulphurous oaths and epithets the High Dutch vocabulary can boast.

Blucher might have envied his accomplishments in that line.

Let us traverse the range of these old sportsmen to the south-eastern end of the park. The descendants of the bucks whose haunches furnished the chief dish at their—in several senses—rude feasts troop across our woodland path, or gaze at us from their beds of fern. Little cottagers, quite as shy, or little Londoners at play, quite the reverse, help to people the glades. What should we more naturally hit upon, under the greenwood tree in these depths of merry England, than Robin Hood Gate? It points us, in

a short walk, to Robin Hood Farm, on the edge of Wimbledon Common. There is nothing here of the bold forester but the name; and that we find in other parts of England, for he represented the popular and anti-privilege party in the dim days ere party or constitutional government was invented. Some stretch of the fancy may bring him back in the flesh on match-days, when the modern successor of the trusty yew is displaying its powers in his hands, perchance, of keen-eyed and stalwart yeomen from over-sea forests undreamed of by him. "Teams" take the place of the bands of merry Sherwood, and the distance marked off for their aim is fifty score instead of six score, the ultimatum of the long bow. This he would after a bit of the conservative hesitation of the Englishman, admire; and he would mourn that he and Friar Tuck had lived too soon. Less



POPE.



POPE'S TOMB.

adjustment of his perceptions and sympathies would suffice to place him quite at home among the modern throng upon the ground. Allowing for the change of dress, absurd enough, from the lithe jerkin and hood to the stiff hat and tight coat, he would detect, in the voices that spoke from and the forms imprisoned in the new garb, the rugged Saxons of old, deep of speech, deep also of thew and bone, rough and blunt in play and talk. He might wonder whence came the thousands that dotted the breezy swells of the common, and the long line of equipages, each more elegant than the most sumptuous litter of Cœur de Lion's court; but he would trace some triumph of his politics in the nearer fraternizing of Giles on foot or Fitz on wheels or horseback, implied in friendly rivalry at the butts of peer and commoner. The queen's son-in-law, a Redshank from the savage fastnesses of Argyll, figuring among the contestants, with lesser lights of his class around him, would seem a realization of his dreams.

The commons, too, is yielding to the march of progress. Long beleaguered by rank on rank of villas, they are gathering it to themselves.



LADY HOWE'S VILLA, MISCALLED POPE'S—1842.

Gangs of navvies not long since were levelling the embankment of "Cæsar's Camp" on its southern edge, a circular embankment of six hundred feet in diameter, the two opposite entrances, perfect till to-day, traversed by a farm-lane, through which Hodge, Buck and Bright, three well-matched cronies, lumber along in the track of the legions. The new Rome is not to be gainsaid. Her irresistible march sweeps away her own *pagani*—*pax* Hodge, who is unquestionably orthodox, and thinks with Mr. Gladstone, if he ever thinks at all, the Anglican Church

"worth preserving" if only to provide him a Sunday's snooze below the curate as he

Heers un a bummin' awaay loike a buzzard-clock
ower his yead.

Wimbledon House offers its park, beautiful exceedingly, for an eastward stroll toward London, if we wish to go back. But such is not our present plan. Standing on Charles I.'s "musk million ground, trenched, manured and very well ordered for the growth of musk-millions"—



HARROW.

wherein, all undreaming of his fate, a few days before he was brought to trial by Bradshaw & Co., he gave directions for planting some choice Spanish seed—we listen, unseduced, to the siren strains of the South-western steam-whistle, that shrills across lake and grove from the station below, and turn back by a more southerly route than that which brought us hither. How smoothly and unconsciously the miles roll off under our feet in this cool air and on these cool pathways! We cross the park toward Ham, passing the knoll where Henry is said to have waited impatiently to hear the gun that announced his summary divorce from Anne Boleyn, and to have sprung instantly into the saddle to announce his happiness to her destined successor. The bend of the river which we now cross may be called Poet's Corner. Thomson's resting-place at Richmond we have mentioned. Edmund Kean, the powerful interpreter of poets, if not one himself, sleeps by his side; the thunders of the pit, whereof he had his full share, all forgotten. This nook was also the haunt of Collins, who composed at Richmond some of his best

productions. Unless on the principle of Christopher North, who, if called on to describe the loveliest of landscapes, would, he said, have carried his writing-desk into the deepest cellar of the Canonsgate, it is not very apparent how this slumberous river-side could have supplied inspiration for a stirring "Ode to the Passions."



TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

Over Twickenham hovers a mightier shade than these. "Close by those meads for ever crowned with flowers," and quite as close to the river, once stood Pope's house. It was destroyed by Lady Howe, purchaser of the place, early in this century. This fair Erostratus comes in for a vast amount of inverted benediction from pilgrims to the shrine of the author of the *Rape of the Lock*; and the poet himself, could he have looked into futurity, would probably, after the example of Shakespeare, have bequeathed some maledictions to the desecrator. But it



HANWELL CHURCH.

stands to reason that she had a perfect right to build a house on her own property to suit herself. What else were the use of being a true-born Briton, with her house for a castle, and a right, of course, to model it as

she thought best for defence or any other purpose? She did not greatly improve the style of the structure, it is true, but that also was her own concern. She has the undisputed merit, moreover, of preserving the famous grotto in tolerable condition. Pope's account of this structure, fashionable in his day, will be as much as the reader wants of it: "From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple, passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto it becomes in an instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods and boats are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations," etc.

The rheumatics seize us as we think upon it. Was it not damp enough above ground for the shivering little atomy, that he must needs have a subaqueous burrow, like a water-rat, and invite his guests to

Where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror, through the shady cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill?



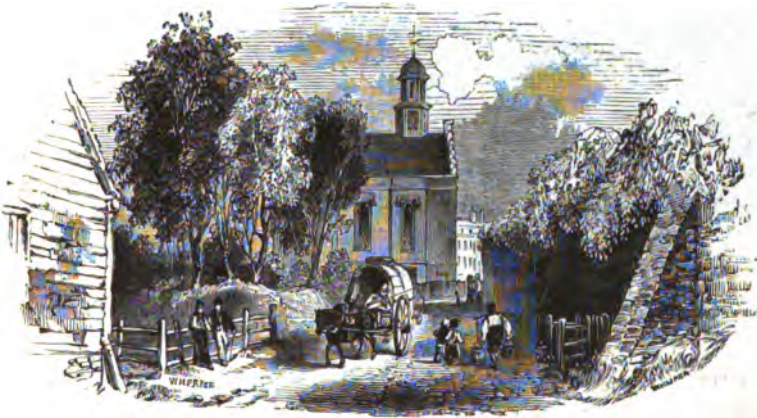
HARROW CHURCH.

Pliny's description of his villa seems to us more excellent fooling than this. And yet it was true taste once in the eyes of a writer a leading trait of whose verse, in selection of words and imagery, is exquisite taste. He had the aid, too, in his decorations, of the heirs to the throne, the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The most interesting fact con-

nected with this seat, aside from the fame of its creator [and of the friends who visited it—Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Arbuthnot, etc.—is

that, like Abbotsford, it was built with the pen. Abbotsford, the child of mediæval romances, was erected, naturally enough in the Gothic style. Pope's villa, the fruit of the profits in "traducing" Homer, bears, or bore, as fitly the Periclean imprint. The blind old bard, weakened as he was in Pope's heroics, was yet, "all his original brightness not yet lost," strong enough to build for him a better house than is likely ever to have sheltered his own hoary head. Pope coined him into broad British sovereigns, and among Anglo-Saxon readers, as a mass, he is current under Pope's mint-mark to this day. When we quote the *Iliad*, we usually quote Pope. A host of other translations since, some of them superior in accuracy both of language and spirit, have failed to supplant his. Only a poet can translate a poet, and in such a translator we pardon liberties that would be scouted in others. He is sure to give us something fine, if not precisely what was bargained for. The others irritate us by the very exactness which he could afford to neglect, and which is their only merit. Pope's Homer washed and dressed up to the requirements of our civilization, has outlived the blunt semi-savage chalked in hard outline for us by his competitors.



HARROW SCHOOL CHAPEL.

From Richmond Hill we take in at one view the lairs of the greatest English poet of the eighteenth century and the chief of the nineteenth. Bluish-gray in the north—blue it would be in our atmosphere—rise the towers of Harrow-on-the-Hill. As we have now reached the upper level of the Thames, the first weir and lock occurring at Teddington, a short distance above where we stand, we may as well branch off through the rural part of Middlesex and follow the valley of the Brent, by Hanwell, with its neat church, to Harrow, lounge in the play-ground of Byron, Peel and some other notable boys, and regain our original start-

ing-point by the great North-western Railway, the world's wonder among iron roads, with its two thousand locomotives, its forty thousand waggons and coaches, and its revenue larger than that of the British empire a hundred years ago.

Master John Lyon, when in 1592 he endowed the school, showed



HARROW SCHOOL.

admirable judgment in his selection of a site. It occupies the highest ground in Middlesex. From its belfry we look down upon the "huge dun canopy" of St. Paul's in the east, and imagine, through the mist, fog or smoke that usually form a secondary canopy to the city beneath it, London. Over wood and hill, to the south-west, the view stretches to Windsor; the battlements of intellectual confronting those of feudal and monarchical power—siege-works raised against

the stronghold of despotism at long range, and working through a long leaguer, but triumphant at last.

The church dates, in part at least, from long before the school. They show you, in the base of the tower and the columns between the nave and the aisles, masonry attributed to Lanfranc in the time of the Conqueror. Near by, on the summit of the hill, you find a curious achievement of Nature a good deal older still in an unfailing well from which Saxon swineherds may have drunk when the Falaise tanner's daughter was in maiden meditation fancy free. It was a fair Castaly for Childe Harold, yet supplemental to those among "the highest hills that rise above the source of Dee." To them he himself traces the Muse's half-fledged flutterings that ripened into so broad a flight :

The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-Gair with Ida looked o'er Troy.



"BYRON'S TOMB."

He was then a child of but eight years. But for the lucky snatch of an attendant, he would, on one of his boyish scrambles above the Linn of Dee, have tumbled into the torrent and left Tennyson unchallenged. Three more decades were allotted to the line of the Byrons. The glory of eight hundred years was to be crowd-

ed into that closing span.

The place, with a slight reservation in behalf of his school-and form-fellow Peel, belongs to Byron. He is the second founder of the ancient seminary. More than that—as he would, we fear, were he alive, be amused to learn—he has, after a fashion, re-consecrated the church. The charm about that edifice lies no longer in crypt and column coeval with the Conquest, nor even in the edifying ministrations of the duly presented rector, but in a rusty old tombstone over some forgotten dead which the poet so much affected as a seat that his playmates dubbed it Byron's tomb. From it Windsor Castle is in full view, and constituted, conceivably, the core of his boyish meditations. It is still open as a resting-place to any sympathetic tourists who choose this mode of absorbing the afflatus. It does not appear, however, that any verse much superior to the *Hours of Idleness* has ever resulted from the process. We, at least, are content to stop with—

Oft when oppressed with sad, foreboding gloom,
I sat reclined upon our favourite tomb :

and, neither sitting nor reclining, much less both at once, we wind up our dawdling with catching a fly and utilizing its wings to reach the station in time to catch the next train from Mugby—*alias* Rugby—Junc-

It is afternoon, and a Guards' band is playing across the avenue to the left. The crowd is drifting toward them. Let us push a little farther west, past the not particularly interesting village church of Kensing-



KENSINGTON CHURCH.

ton, and follow in the footsteps of most of the literary and political celebrities of the nineteenth century to the most picturesque and (in strictly modern history) most noted of the old country-houses that London has swallowed up. This is Holland House, the home of Addison, the two Foxes, and, more freshly to our day than either, the last Lord Holland and his wife. If the lady kept her lions in order by much the same "heroic" method of discipline adopted by keepers of a menagerie, abruptly silencing Macaulay when his long fits of talk, and snubbing Rogers when his short fits of cynicism, began to bore, her quiet and amiable spouse was always prompt to apply balm to their wounds. He was the chief of British Mæcenases. The series of *ana* begotten of his symposia—of the list of guests at which, invited or uninvited, he used to say he was never advised until after they had met—would make a fair library.

The hour, as we turn eastward, speaks of evening. The summer sun, in a latitude five degrees north of Quebec, and a day of eighteen hours, contradicts it. We may pass in from what only the other day was the

country, toward what is but technically the City, and is reverting in sparseness of population to the country character, and find, on the way, the life of London streets as stirring as, and more gay than, at high noon. The heavier and slower features of it have died out. Drays, waggons and 'buses leave the road clearer. We see farther and see more. No longer blockaded to a block, the whole length of the street opens before us. Daylight *brightens* into gaslight, and we realize that for to-day we are no longer out of town.

E. C. B.

THE EVE OF THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.

O'er Lake Ontario, like a bridal veil,
The mist of morning floats in shining haze ;
And like to sea-birds, on their pinions pale,
The white-winged vessels sweep into the gaze.

Those avant-couriers of the Equinox,
The wild-maned clouds, race up the sky at noon ;
The maple murmurs and the pine tree rocks,
As if awaking from their summer swoon.

The change-charmed birds have sought a Southern home,
The wild bee makes far, lonely quests in vain ;
The sad-eyed kine o'er empty meadows roam—
The bare, brown laps where Summer's head has lain.

The earth in weird and withering glory lies ;
For Summer, with her upturned torch in hand,
Touches the forests with it as she flies,
And glows the oak leaf as it were a brand :

Autumn's red blazon lords the maple's green,
A hectic phantom haunts the woodland's dream ;
And, floats upon the ear, like Celtic keen,
The wail of water-fall and sob of stream.

The hues that glow on sunset's burnished wing,
With the North's amber-tinted twilight blend ;
From vale to hill the shadows seem to spring,
And call unto the Night as to a friend.

Up in the dizzy zenith Cygnus swims,
The Eagle is away in glittering flight ;
The Harp floats westward, shining with the hymns
With which it leads the host of heaven all night.

The sky, with tongues of glory calleth : " See
The path through space the galaxy has riven ;
The planets' march in peerless majesty,
The starry pomp and pageantry of heaven."

S. J. WATSON.

DAWN.

Oh ! what is love that it should sing
 In liquid music through the day,
 And drown all fears in hopes that bring
 Fresh hopes that live in dreams of May ?

Oh ! what is love that it should take
 No tinge from sunless days that were,
 But sink into the heart and make
 The future vista only fair ?

It comes like morn : its golden hues
 Flush our dark beings into light,
 And tone the senses that we lose
 Naught of its own supreme delight.

It comes : if down the wold we tread
 Or crowded burgh, or quiet lawn,
 The prospect cheers, for overhead
 We feel the glory of the dawn.

It comes : and from the summer hills
 A light that charmeth ever breaks,
 And from the sounds of rippling rills
 A sweeter strain of rapture wakes.

Beneath the calm of blushing skies
 The scents of June are mix'd and blown :
 Earth seems as fair as Paradise,
 Or treasures we have never known.

For thoughts are greater than they were,
 And somehow we are more than dust :
 We rise above ourselves and share
 A sweeter hope and larger trust.

Love is the music and the light,
 Soft as the dew, deep as the sea,
 Which lift the curtains of the night
 That our short day of joy may be.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE depositors in the Poor Man's Savings Bank were favoured with only one day for the run which they had determined to make upon its ready funds. On the second morning a receiver took possession of it, the door was closed upon the gathering crowd, and a placard, stating the facts, was posted upon it. Many of those who assembled in front of Mr. Benson's house, and prevented his egress, were those who had been turned away from the bank,—men of desperate fortunes and desperate purposes, who were only restrained from violence by the presence of a body of police.

Mr. Benson's note, stating that he was too ill that morning to make his appearance at the bank, was received ; and it was concluded to let him alone that day, for rest and recovery, as he would need all his strength for the investigation determined upon.

To Mr. Benson, with his active habits, his accustomed freedom, and his long command of circumstances, the day seemed interminable. To be caged in his own house, with a lost dog for his only companion ; to have the attention of the whole city called to his fall by the miserable mob before his dwelling ; to be besieged and menaced by the men and women who had so revered and bowed down to him, filled him with anger and shame. He could see no way out of it. Why should he care to live ? What would there be left to him when his reputation and money were both gone ? Even should he escape the punishment of a prison, he could be nothing but an outcast. The heap of ashes in the street, from which he had called his brute companion, would be his home, and no cry nor whine that he might raise would move to beckoning the hands of sympathy and mercy. The mark of Cain was upon him. Every one who found him would slay him, and he felt that his punishment was greater than he could bear.

Practically, he was already a pauper. He had been practising the arts of the dead-beat for weeks. He had borrowed, from day to day, on such pretences as might be necessary to secure success, and the end had come. He could never fulfil his pledges ; he could never have a chance to rise again. He could see nothing before him but flight and disgraceful exile, or a pinched and disreputable life among the scenes through which he had moved for so many years in honour and assured

power and prosperity. As the night came down, and the crowd in front of his dwelling dispersed, he found that his untended rooms were growing cold. So he built a fire for himself in his library, and spent the evening in burning papers. Every scrap that could possibly make against him in the examination of his affairs was consumed. He tore the leaves which recorded his knowledge of the stolen bonds out of his note-book and burned them.

An awful purpose was taking possession of his mind. He had not received it fully, but it hung around him like an invisible spirit,—dreadful, but not unwelcome,—bearing the face of an enemy but the hand of a friend; pointing a path out of certainties into uncertainties—out of a known hell into one unknown—out of cruel entities into possible nothingness. He had arrived at a point where what he regarded as his faith had slipped away from him, and skulked in the distance, and laughed at him for a fool. If there had been anything in prayer—if there had been anything in religion—if there was a God above him or a hell beneath—why had he, whose life had been conspicuously religious, been left unhelped and unblest? It was all a foolish, cruel dream.

The heavens were not only brass above him, but they had become burnished brass, in which he could see reflected every unworthy motive by which he had been led to seek the propitiation of the Being who, as he had believed, made them his abode,—his desire for respectability—his wish, for duties rendered, to secure wealth—the yoke of obligation he had borne in the place of a love that should have borne him—the wide and fatal gulf that lay between his religion and his morality. It was all worthless dross—the residuum of a life which he had supposed was pure gold.

The first of the evening hours were busy ones. The dog sat and watched him, licking his cold hands when they were at rest. Even the dog seemed to feel that there was another dark shadow present which he could not see. He sniffed the air. He went back and forth between the window and the door. Then he lay down and lapsed into troubled dreams, from which he woke to reassure himself that nothing unwelcome had happened to his new master. The roar from the street was muffled by the intervening rooms, and only made the silence of the house deeper and more dreadful. The clock ticked so loudly that Mr. Benson rose and stopped it—and then the shadowy presence crept closer. It promised escape. It promised forgetfulness. It promised a sudden end of all earthly cares and sorrows. It promised an overwhelming defeat of all earthly enemies. It promised a revenge upon all persecutors. Under its stimulating suggestions he felt a tide of triumph rising in his heart. He was still master of the situation. There was only one consideration which damped his sense of triumph. Would not the act to which he



SEE HERE! SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN!

felt himself moved be a confession? Would it not stain him with a disgrace more dreadful than the alternative life of ignominious poverty?

And then there came the suggestion of a scheme which would relieve him even from this. He knew that Captain Hank would come, and he rejoiced in the thought that the robber was starved and desperate. There was no act at which the miscreant would hesitate, in his blind greed and rage.

It was already getting late. He took out his watch and saw that it lacked but half an hour of midnight. Rising from his chair, he patted the dog's head, and said:

"Old fellow, will you take care of this room?"

The dog understood the question, and wagged his tail in an affirmative response.

He passed out of his library, closing the door behind him without locking it. He slowly mounted to his room, lighting a single burner, poured out a potion from a phial, then crushed the glass into a thousand pieces, and wrapping these in a paper, raised a window and tossed them into the street. Then he carefully removed his clothing, turned down the light somewhat, and placed the potion within his reach, went to bed. He was dressed as usual for his rest, save in a single particular. He had put a handkerchief around his neck, and tied it loosely, in a hard knot.

A church bell not far off tolled the hour of twelve, and almost simultaneously he heard the door-bell ring. Captain Hank was true to his appointment. He rang again and again, and then Mr. Benson heard him, wearied and maddened, descending the steps.

The street was still, for the hour had come when the stir and strife of the old day had worn themselves out, and the life of the new day was not begun—that period which, sweet as it is in the country, is full of awe to the waking citizen—that period which seems as if a million hearts had ceased to beat, and the city were dead. The sleepless invalid, the superstitious child, the watchful mother, turned upon their couches, and longed for the sound of wheels, or the step of a passing watchman, to assure them that amid the dangers of the elements and the machinations of crime, more fearful than storm or fire, some one was awake and abroad.

But Mr. Benson was more than content with the silence. He hoped—he almost lapsed into his habit of praying—that it might not be broken. He had abounding faith in the desperate ruffianism of his midnight visitor, and believed that he had not gone away. He lay still, listening, with every sense alert, to catch the slightest noise that might reach his room. He lay thus an hour, nothing but his throbbing heart disturbing him. At length, when his patience was nearly exhausted,

he heard a low, grating noise in the rear of his dwelling. He rose upon his elbow, to make sure that he was not deceived. A creak, as of some fastening severely tried, or slowly giving way, assured him, and then he swallowed his draught to the last drop, and lay down again.

Ah! who can follow him now, even in imagination? Those first sweet, wild dreams, whither did they lead him? Far out to sea, bounding over waves of silver, with the breath of spicy islands regaling his quickened senses? Were there beautiful forms upon the deck around him? Were there marvellous fires in the sky above him? Did he fly, as if the bark that bore him were a thing of the air? Were the elements his slaves? Did the creatures of the deep, with iris-tinted sides, rise up to gambol in his sight, and strew the sea with pearly spray?

Did he hear the bells of his church ring far away—far away—as if their tones fell down to him like stars, blazing and fading, or flew down to him like angels, from some inaccessible height, and folded their wings as they touched and melted into himself? Did he hear the organ that once led him in his worship, beginning its cadences in some almost inappreciable dream of sound, like a rivulet picking its sweet, complaining way through a distant glen, and then rising by slow accretions of power, until the waves of awful music broke out upon the universe, hurrying the clouds out of heaven, and enveloping the world with the screams and thunder and multitudinous voices of a thousand storms? Did he walk through the streets of a golden city, a crown upon his head and a purple robe upon his shoulders, trailing over pavements of ruby and amethyst, while all who met him bowed or knelt in obeisance, and dusky slaves in gorgeous raiment announced his coming, and made wide the path for his feet?

And then, did there slowly come a change? Was he aware that a dog was at his side—a strange creature that would not away, but pressed a cold nose against his shrinking hand wherever he went—a living shadow that followed him or asserted a place by his side, through whatever glory shone upon him, or whatever ministry of honour was tendered to him? Did he try to fly from the creature, and, as he flew, did he find himself at sea again, the dog with gleaming eyes and glistening teeth, swimming in the wake of the scudding vessel, his body stretching miles away in serpentine waves and convolutions? Did ships wrapped in flame rush wildly across his path, paving the ocean with fire, and painting the clouds with blood, and bursting like rockets into stars of green and gold, and showers of crimson rain? Did his own ship split in twain, with a crack of thunder, and did he slip helplessly into the yawning chasm, his struggling heart grasped in the horny hands of fears that rushed in upon him, impersonated in forms of hideous terror—down—down—down—into the violet water, great monsters, with staring,

vacant eyes, chaffing him with their slimy sides ; rotting wrecks below him, with sleeping skeletons upon their decks ; gems on the ocean's floor, that slipped away from him as he tried to grasp them ; mocking laughter ringing that seemed to reverberate through interminable galleries, bursting upon one ear, and then echoing wide around the world, and coming back, shivered into spiteful ripples, to the other ?

Then by some swift miracle was he in his home again—with a great multitude of weeping, blood-shot eyes gazing up to him from the street, with a thousand tongues loading him with curses, and a thousand hands lifted in menace ? And then did he hear a far-off roar, coming nearer and nearer, as if some great engine of wrath and destruction were approaching upon wheels that ground the pavement beneath them to powder, while the faces of the crowd grew white with apprehension ? Did it come on and on, while men yelled and women fainted—on and on, fiery-throated, clothed with triple brass, drawn by demons, and rushing by at last with ponderous, thunderous, irresistible momentum, leaving behind its murderous passage an indistinguishable mass of mangled flesh and comminuted bones, all crimsoned with the vital tide from bursting hearts ?

And then, ah, then ! when the wheels had passed away, and a strange lull came down and enveloped all things, did he find himself standing in a vast, white silence, that seemed a part of his dream, yet presented materials and visions which had never entered into a dream ?

The stuff of which dreams are made was all behind him ! As a storm which sweeps from the west, on a late afternoon, with its burden of lightning, and thunder, and rain, and tempestuous wind, lifts its veil from the evening sun, while still its departing skirts trail down the east, so his dream had come and gone. There were flashes back upon the world-ward memory, but he had entered a new world, with an everlasting sun.

Was it a desert of illimitable sand, with mocking oases and seductive and deceitful mirages ? Was it a land of fair pastures—of flower-bordered paths that led to a golden city with gleaming spires, and welcoming banners, and walls of precious stones ? No one knows ; and those who have followed him through the possible dream which introduced him to his new life will gladly commit him to the just and pitying One whom he served so poorly and mistakenly in his earthly career.

Captain Hank, unknowing of the tragedy that had occurred during his tedious passage into the house, had at last effected an entrance. The family were gone with their jewels. Thomas and the cook, licensed by their owner, whose determination to end his life had already been dimly taken, had carried off the silver ; and he found the available rewards of his guilty enterprise provokingly scanty. He carried his dark

lantern around from room to room, peering into drawers and closets, stopping at intervals to listen, and inwardly cursing his ill luck. He regaled himself in the larder with such viands and wines as he found, and mounted leisurely from story to story making sure at every step of his backward passage, and looking for the room in which his victim slept. He did not enter the library, where he knew the safe to be, because he would not find the key there. The old grudge which he owed Mr. Benson for circumventing him in getting possession of the bonds, and the new grudge which had been inspired by Mr. Benson's failure to keep his promise with him on that evening, were burning bitterly in his heart. His disappointment at not finding anything in his search that was valuable, and, at the same time, portable, fed the flames of his anger and resentment.

At last he opened the door he sought, and carefully peered within. There lay the man he hated, in a sound and peaceful sleep ! Unmindful of his engagement, enjoying the calm repose of a man to whom crime was a stranger, forgetful of the wrongs he had inflicted upon a thousand poor men and women, recruiting himself for another day's machinations and mischief,—there he lay in a slumber so profound that neither noise nor light turned full upon his face could disturb him !

At first Captain Hank was struck with a kind of awe. His heart beat thickly in his ears as he stepped within the room. He had seen the handkerchief around Mr. Benson's neck, and had determined what he would do with it if the wearer should stir. He found his clothes, and extracted a bunch of keys from the pockets, and then he looked again, and saw the placid face in a smile that seemed half conscious. He searched the room for treasure, and discovered a watch, which he pocketed. Then he heard, or thought he heard, a noise. Was Mr. Benson waking ?

He turned upon him like a tiger, grasped the handkerchief at his throat, and gave it a cruel twist, that carried his knuckles deep into the cold flesh. Then he released his hold, and sprang back as if a viper had stung him.

"Great God !" he exclaimed, "the man is dead !"

If invisible fiends haunt such a man and such a scene as this, what inextinguishable laughter must have possessed them when they saw how cleverly Captain Hank had been entrapped by his wily antagonist ! The handkerchief was placed there for him by the man who, proposing to pass out of life, and lingeringly fond of his reputation, contrived every thing for the purpose of being reputed a murdered man. In the malediction of the crime of another, words of pity and commiseration would be spoken concerning himself ! To be murdered would be to soften the world's judgment ! To be murdered would be a calamity so much greater

than the loss of money, that the disaster which he had brought upon so many would be forgotten in his own !

There was no cause for haste now. Captain Hank had learned that he was then the only living man in the house. He sat down in a chair, pale in the face, feeling his hands and feet growing cold, and perspiring at every pore. He had not in his heart intended murder, but there lay the evidence of his crime. He recognised all the possibilities and probabilities of the situation, but with the keys in his hand he would not relinquish his quest for treasure until he had visited the safe.

Not a growl, not a whine, had the dog uttered during all the noise, but he stood ready and waiting, with fierce eyes and trembling limbs, to defend what he had agreed to defend. His keen scent had detected the invading personality. He knew already the antagonist he was about to encounter, and every savage, brutal instinct within him was aroused. The moment Captain Hank opened the door, and threw before him the bar of straight red light from his dark lantern, he saw two blazing eyes that sprang toward him. He darted back, but there was a grip upon his throat. He gave an involuntary yell of pain, and dropping his lantern in the darkness, fought wildly with his hands. He reached the staircase without knowing it, and then, just as he had drawn a pistol from his pocket, fell headlong, and man and dog rolled to the foot of the stairs together, the aimless firearm exploding during the passage. A groan, a cry mingling with the growl of the unhurt beast that held him fast, completed the tragedy of the moment.

A watchman who, unknown to Mr. Benson, had been detailed to stand outside during the night, and make sure that he did not fly, heard the tumult within, and knew that some strange and fearful violence was in progress. His club rang upon the sidewalk in a long series of sharply resounding strokes, and, as a police station was but a few rods distant, it was not five minutes before the entire block was surrounded by a cordon of strong and eager men.

The front of the house was bolted and barred, and nothing but extreme violence could effect an entrance there. No response came to the loudest knocking and the most persistent ringing. Then, three or four of the policemen found an opening into the block, and sought the rear of the dwelling. A window was up, and they saw that it had been forced.

One after another, they lifted themselves in, and lighting the gas in the basement, proceeded with their lanterns up stairs. There, stretched upon the floor of the hall, the great dog over him, lay a bleeding form which they recognised at once. They understood the nature of his errand, and did honour to his captor, who looked from his prize up into their faces, and wagged his tail. They patted his head, and told him that he had done well.

The dog seemed to know that these men had authority, and yielded his place to them. Creeping back he suddenly darted upstairs. He did not stop at the library, but went on, snuffing as he went, and while the policemen were stooping over the prostrate man, trying to determine whether life were still in him, they heard a howl far up among the chambers, so wild, so full of sorrow and the distress of despair, that their strong hearts almost stopped beating.

Having determined that Captain Hank was not dead, a single officer was left to watch him, while the remainder, with solemn faces, mounted the stairs, led by the brute voice that bewailed the lost master, to the room where he lay. It was a plain case. Mr. Benson, with whose dignified figure they had been familiar for many years, was dead, by a murderer's hand. The twisted handkerchief by which the awful deed had been wrought was in its place, and the print of a cruel hand beneath it. The doer of the murder had forced his way into the house. He had been caught in the house; and when they went back to him, too sober and awe-stricken to upbraid or curse him, they found upon his person the evidences that he had been in the room of the murdered man.

Captain Hank had opened his eyes. He looked wildly about him, and saw that he was a captive.

"Take care of the dog," he growled, huskily, "or I'll shoot him."

"Ay, old fellow, we'll take care of you, too," was the response.

They tried to lift him.

"Hold on, boys! Let me think," he said.

"You'll have time enough to think between this and the rope," was the answer. "Get up, if you can, or we'll help you."

"Hold on a minute," repeated Captain Hank. "There's something I want to say. I can't quite get hold on't. What was it about the rope? Oh, look here! Benson's dead."

"Yes, we know that, and we know who killed him, too."

"See here! He was dead when I found him. Now I remember all about it."

"That won't go down Captain Hank. You've left your mark on him."

"Boys," said Captain Hank, with a harsh oath, "this is rough on a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man, as comes here by app'ntment, to collect his honest debts. Old Benson owed me a pile, an' he telled me he'd pay to-night, an' he wasn't up to his bargain. He couldn't be. He was—he was—dead! I found him dead."

A chorus of derisive laughter was all the response that Captain Hank received for his attempt at explanation and justification, and, with a groan, he realized at last the adverse verdict of appearances, and saw before him a murderer's death.

"Boys, I'm in for it," he said, as he struggled to his feet, and supported himself against the newel of the staircase.

Meantime the dog had descended, and stood guarding the door. They patted his head, and told him his work was done ; and as they opened the door into the street, he rushed out, and that was the last that was seen of him. His new master was gone, and he went on his fruitless quest for the old, to become the degraded occupant of some squatter's shanty in the outer streets, or a vagabond with his houseless fellows.

A force was left in charge of the house, and Captain Hank was conveyed to prison, stoutly asserting all the way that he had committed no crime, but was only trying to reclaim his own, "by app'intment."

As Captain Hank is not a pleasant personage, he can be dismissed here with the statement that the preliminary courts made short work with him, and that, on his trial, he had no defence worth making. But up to the moment when his brutal life was violently ended by the strong arm of public justice, he persisted in the statement that he was not guilty of the crime charged upon him.

The next day after the arrest of Captain Hank, New York had another great excitement, and the crowd before Mr. Benson's door was larger than it was on the previous day. Those who had known Mr. Benson in the days of his power and popularity could not resist the inclination to pass his door and look up at the walls that hid his mortal remains. The hideous, filthy men and women who swarm in the bar-rooms and brothels crept out of their hiding-places, attracted by the scent of crime, and gazed at the notorious mansion. The victims of Mr. Benson's breach of trust came to bid farewell to all hope of regaining their lost treasures, and returned to drop, one after another, into hopeless pauperism. For a whole solemn and sickening week the street was forsaken by passing vehicles, to avoid the lazy, curious crowd.

And then came, too, the sad unfolding of Mr. Benson's deceits, tergiversations, wholesale breaches of trust, slaughters of the fortunes of widows and orphans, and of crime for which none dare make excuse. The public journals were full of the matter for many days. The church was scandalized, and careless and scoffing paragraph-writers flung his unseemly record and awful hypocrisies in its face. The men who had regarded him as an honourable citizen and a worthy companion, looked at each other with distrust—almost in despair. If such a man as he could fall—if such a reputation as his was valueless—if a man who had been almost boastfully devoted to duty could be basely selfish and even trade upon his own virtue, who and what were there left to be trusted ? His death and disgrace shook the very foundations of public and private faith, and helped to make virtue and piety seem like old frippery, to be kicked about the streets by heedless or spiteful feet. Public and private

integrity was made a by-word by ten thousand ribald tongues, and the robes of Christianity were smutched by foul hands, as she walked along the streets or took refuge in her gaudy sanctuaries, shame-faced and silent. It was a great public calamity, by the side of which the loss of a few dollars by the suffering poor was as nothing.

Mrs. Benson and her family were so crushed by the death and disgrace of the husband and father that they could not attend his funeral. So the coroner held his inquest, and when he came to his conclusion, which involved the death of still another man, a few formal rites were observed, attended by old friends for humanity's sake, and then Mr. Benson was committed to his last resting place. Then some new excitement crowded the old one out of mind, and the world rolled on as before.

It is not for us to execrate his memory. He was imperfect, or he would not have been a man. He was sinful, or he would not have been mortal. He was tempted; who is not? He yielded to temptation; who does not? He was mistaken—mistaken in himself, mistaken in the spirit of the religion he professed, mistaken in the motive which ordered his relations to the world around him. None may cast a stone at him. All may toss one upon his dishonoured grave, to heap a warning that may drive every erring man to his knees in prayer for manliness and wisdom, and power to resist temptation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a terrific storm, a lurid sunset, a night of slowly-coming stars, and a morning. Mr. Benson's history was within the horizon of the little group of friends which engages this swiftly-ripening narrative. They were all shocked and saddened by the closing events of that history, but youthful elasticity, interest in daily cares, and springing hopes and anticipations, left the burden behind, to be recalled only at rare intervals by a chance suggestion.

In the mansion of Mr. Coates there was an unhappy woman. Mrs. Coates had seen the season pass by, and still Jenny seemed to be no nearer the consummation of the maternal hopes than she was at its beginning. Nicholas, from whom she had expected so much at first, was past plotting and praying for. The victim of the "numb palsy" had not only ceased to be a victim, but had secured the prize so fondly and greedily coveted for Jenny; and Jenny had seemed not only to be content with her friend's triumph, but heartily glad of it. And there were the happy lovers in Mrs. Coates's own house, flaunting their happy loves in Jenny's face.

It was a great trial, and when Jenny laughed at her mother's foolishness, the tearful response was :

"Wait till you know a mother's feelings, though goodness knows when you'll get a chance ! As I told your father about his being converted, it doesn't look as if you'd catch cold with the suddenness of it."

Then Jenny would laugh again at the utterly unconscious waggery of the reply.

Mrs. Coates had another trial. Glezen was Jenny's very attentive friend. He visited her frequently, spent long hours with her at the piano, read with her, and became her devoted escort to concerts and assemblies ; but in Mrs. Coates's impatient and practical eyes, he was like a dog in a manger. He would neither appropriate the food within his reach, nor permit others to approach it. It was this aspect of the matter which offended and grieved Mrs. Coates. If he wanted Jenny, why didn't he say so ? He was having a nice time at her expense !

Not that the fond mother approved of what she was pleased to call "a professional man," who had not yet become forehanded. And not that she would be unreasonable and oppose "a professional man," if Jenny should prefer one. Not at all ! She would make any sacrifice for the happiness of Jenny, who, of course, always refused to be anything but happy.

If Jenny was unimpressible and refused to make any attempt to consider herself a mother, in order that she might be able to fathom the maternal anxiety on her behalf, Mr. Coates had the insensibility of the nether millstone. It was in vain that Mrs. Coates assured him that Jenny's affections were trifled with, that her youth was wasting away in unproductive dalliance with opportunities, that if she were a man she would either bring Glezen to his knees, or give him his "walking papers," and if he could look on and see his own flesh and blood sacrificed to a trifler, he was worse than an infidel.

"G—Glezen's a sly d—dog," Mr. Coates would respond, in a rasping way, which indicated that he rather enjoyed his trifling, and particularly delighted in its effect upon the wife of his bosom.

"Y—yes, G—Glezen enjoys g—girls. I used to enjoy'em m—myself I l—like 'em n—now."

"You're not a mother," Mrs. Coates was wont to rejoin, in a tone that seemed steeped in sorrow that she could find no one who could sympathize in her anxieties.

"Don't bl—ame me, w—wife, I n—never had half a ch—chance," were the cold words which drove her to other resorts.

Finding that neither Jenny nor her father could be enlisted to assist in bringing pressure to bear upon Glezen, she determined to make her next trial upon Nicholas and Miss Larkin, whose completed arrangement fronted the distressed mother as a reproach.

The winter had passed away. The tardy spring had come and almost gone. March, with its winds, had blown out its boisterous breath. April, with its long, sweet rains, and its fickle shine and shadow, had steeped the earth with fruitfulness, and May had clothed the parks with green and dressed the trees with tender foliage. The dead year was alive again, and the day was rapidly approaching when Nicholas was to leave the city for his home, with his fair companion at his side.

Spring is for love and the young. To the old, who have retained their integrity, the spring grows to be more and more a miracle. The skies are never more tenderly sweet, the young verdure and the bursting flowers never more marvellous and enchanting, the rivers, gleaming in the climbing sun, never brighter to any than to those who, still true to truth and purity, are seeing their closing years. But the spring is not a part of themselves. They see more of God in it, and less of human life. They look upon it from the outside, as a beautiful thing from which their own life is retiring. They look forward to it, they look at it, they look back upon it, but they are not in it and of it. The season has not a part of its birth in their own hearts. Is it that they are half or wholly conscious that their life has gone forward and united itself with another spring, of which the springs they are about to leave are types?

Very different is spring to the young! Hopes are springing with the grass. Loves are opening with the flowers. Plans are clothing themselves with foliage. Blood is set free and courses with the rivers. Eyes grow bright with the sun. The breezes, the languors, and all the sights and sounds and influences of the delicious season are answered or matched by sensations or emotions which prove that spring is as much a part of the animal life of youth as it is a part of the vegetable life of the field. Ah! those springs that annually come to the life of the young! Are they not the consummate blossomings of existence? Are they not the stuff of which poetry is made? When we grow old and get outside of them, do we not go back to them to gather our fairest flowers, and steep our senses in their perfumes?

Spring had come to Nicholas. He had been doing the work of an earnest man, and now he felt that he was a boy again. A great, inexpressible joy had taken possession of him. He was happy, high-spirited, playful. His engagement with Grace Larkin was made public, and hearty congratulations met both of them on every hand. She was growing stronger with every passing month; and, as she reviewed the history of the year, she felt, with the warmest and humblest gratitude, that she had been the subject of the divinest care—felt, almost, that miracles had been wrought on her behalf. She felt, too, that something of a miracle had been wrought in and upon Nicholas himself. The quiet,

aimless, reticent, bashful boy had developed into a self-possessed, forceful, ready-witted and active man, of whom she was not only fond but proud. Out from under the shadow of Mr. Benson and Mr. Benson's home; out from under the shadow of her long invalidism, out from under the shadow of the brooding despairs which her happy temperament and submissive piety could never wholly dissipate, she regained her old vivacity and *esprit*, and helped, with the much beloved daughter of the house, to make the Coates mansion one of the sunniest homes in the city.

Still Mrs. Coates was not in any degree sunny. She was a mother, with a daughter, and the gravity of the tremendous responsibility pressed the tears from her eyes, and crushed her joys, as a boulder weighing a ton might crush the flowers upon a mossy bank, and press the bank itself to wasteful weeping.

Failing, as has been said, to get satisfaction from her daughter, and that daughter's most unnatural father, she had determined to try her experiment upon Nicholas and Grace Larkin. One day the group was all to be collected at dinner, and she knew, not only that Nicholas would come a long time before Glezen and Mr. Coates, but that Jenny would cling to her room, and, obedient to the golden rule, leave the lovers to themselves.

This was her opportunity; and a few minutes after the arrival of Nicholas, she presented herself before the happy pair, with a handkerchief pinned around her plump throat as a sort of signal of distress, and a lugubrious expression upon her face, which they might have attributed to a toothache if she had not held one hand over the region of her heart.

"I expect you are very happy," said Mrs. Coates, with a sigh, "and I s'pose I ought to rejoice with them that do rejoice, but I can't always command my feelings. I've often said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'let it never be said, whatever may be our troubles, that we don't rejoice with them that do rejoice, for if we don't do it, they may rejoice in our calamity and mock when our fear cometh,' says I; but nobody can tell what I suffer unless she is a mother. Here's Jenny, slipping along as cheerful as a lark, and not thinking a thing about a—about a—pervision for life, seeing opportunities as thick as spatter, going around begging for takers, and she just turning up her nose at 'em! It almost drives me distracted. I've often said to her, 'Jenny,' says I, 'opportunities,' says I, 'are things with long legs and quick motions, and they never stop to play by the way. Snatch 'em by the garments,' says I, 'take 'em by the hair,' says I, 'if necessary, but don't let 'em go by. You don't ordain 'em,' says I; 'they are sent in mercy for you to make the most of, and it's a shame and a sin for you to set and see 'em

get out of your reach, so that you couldn't touch 'em with a ten-foot pole, if you wanted to ever so much.'"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said Nicholas, with an expression mingled of mirth and mystification.

"No, I don't suppose you do," responded Mrs. Coates; "but if you were a mother you could understand it."

"But you know the difficulties, Mrs. Coates," said Nicholas, biting his lips.

"Yes, I know the difficulties. You can't see anything now but Grace Larkin. I've sometimes thought it would have been better if I'd been took away when the measles went so hard with me, and all I could say was 'catnip,' and if I hadn't said 'catnip,' Mr. Coates would have been a widower, and Providence would have looked after Jenny. Providence,"—and Mrs. Coates regarded Grace with a mourning, tearful gaze,—“seems to do more for a girl than a maternal parent. Here's Grace, with nobody to look after her but Providence, making out well, and all I do comes to nothing.”

Nicholas and Grace were exceedingly amused, but kept their countenances in respectful repose.

"Is there anything that we can do?" inquired Nicholas, who was sure that Mrs. Coates had come in with some practical purpose on hand.

"When I was a gal," said Mrs. Coates, "attentions meant something. Now, they don't seem to mean anything. A young perffessional man can hang around a young woman, who has not made her pervision for life, month after month, scaring everybody else away, and tempting her to sacrifice all her opportunities, and it's nothing! It's just nothing at all! They are only having a good time! They play and sing together, and he puts her shawl over her shoulders, and she smiles in his face and says: 'thank you!' and he 'scorts her when she goes anywhere, and he comes and goes, and comes and goes, and comes and goes, and that's all there is of it! I gets so provoked sometimes that it seems as if I should bust. I've said to Mr. Coates, again and again, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'are you aware that your daughter's affections are being trifled with? Do you realize that there is a snake in the grass, and that it's your duty to bring his nose to the grin'stone? You have a responsibility,' says I. 'You don't like to have a man running into your store every day, looking over your goods and tasting of your sugar and your tea, and never buying a thing.'"

Nicholas understood the drift of these remarks, and was not a little embarrassed by them. He had introduced Glezen to the family, with the best intentions, and a hope that was véry strongly sympathetic with that of Mrs. Coates, but between the two young men the name of the

young lady in question was very rarely mentioned. Glezen was not communicative concerning his own private affairs; and Nicholas would not obtrude upon him the delicate question which he was almost as desirous of having answered as Mrs. Coates herself.

"You can allude to no one, I suppose, but my friend Glezen," said Nicholas, "and you must let me say this for him, at least, that he is upright and honourable, and would, if he knew it, no more harm your daughter than he would harm one of his own eyes. I am sure that he is pleased with her."

"Then why don't he come to time, and p'opose? That's what I'd like to know;" and Mrs. Coates pressed her lips together, and looked out of the window.

"Perhaps," said Miss Larkin, "he may fear a refusal, or the objection of her parents."

The last suggestion was too much for Nicholas, who suddenly rose, and went to the window to hide his smiles.

"Well, that may be," said Mrs. Coates, softening under the flattering thought. "That may be, and I must say that I did not intend to have Jenny marry a perfeSSIONal man, but I'm not going to stand in the way, if Jenny is satisfied. I've said to Mr. Coates, many's the time, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'it's all very well for you to make a hundred thousand dollars on a jump in sugar, but a man isn't to blame for being a lawyer,' says I. 'He's got to get a living some way. Don't be hard on the perfeSSION,' says I. 'We've got enough for both of 'em, and you know,' says I, 'that we should never think of marrying off Jenny without giving her a house and furnishing it with the best, if her husband was as rich as mud. Let it not be said,' says I, 'that you and I should stand in the way of our own flesh and blood, even if they can't see the way clear to our ideas.'"

Mrs. Coates had now imparted all the information necessary for a vigorous prosecution of a campaign against Glezen, if Nicholas and Miss Larkin should see fit to undertake it. She had let down the bars to the pasture, salted the rocks, and shaded the spring; and she felt that Nicholas and Grace would indeed be ingrate if they should not manage, in some way, to drive this lawless creature, so prone to grazing by the road-side and browsing across the fence, within the charmed inclosure.

At this moment, however, the guilty man appeared, and saved to the lovers the necessity of making a response to the suggestions of their hostess.

Glezen had left the office earlier than his wont, because this was a special occasion. He was in great spirits, and brought into the room a most fresh and inspiring breeze of vitality. He only paused to give Mrs. Coates and the younger members of the group a hearty greeting,

and then he went directly to the piano, and revelled among its grander chords, as if he were plunging into the ocean surf, and enjoying the rhythmic wind and wave like a strong swimmer.

Mrs. Coates regarded him with mingled resentment and distress. This was his old trick for calling Jenny down. She had been familiar with it for months. Whenever the door-bell rang in the evening, and the piano was almost simultaneously aroused from its afternoon nap, both Mrs. Coates and Jenny knew what it meant.

"It's Mr. Glezen, mother," Jenny used to say, "and I shall have to go down," with a happy twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips.

And then Mrs. Coates would respond: "Jenny, I wouldn't touch to go down. I'd make him send up his card like other folks. I wouldn't be called as if I was a heifer, and I don't think much of a man who always comes with a band of music, and his banners hanging on the outer wall."

And here he was again, rollicking in music in the old fashion, and her mother knew that at that moment Jenny had risen and was looking in her mirror, to make sure that she was presentable to the man who was so carelessly toying with her virgin affections.

There was a rustling of silk upon the stairs, a lively tripping of feet, and then Jenny swept into the room, her eyes alight, her cheeks blooming, and a welcome upon her lips, for her accustomed visitor. Mrs. Coates watched her entrance with equal pride and pain, and witnessed her almost affectionate meeting with the young man who seemed to be so unmindful of the obligations which his "attentions" imposed upon him.

The handkerchief of Mrs. Coates still clung to her neck, and her hand to her heart, while the sadness which pervaded every cubic inch of her plump personality found expression in sighs, and indistinct murmurs, and a look compounded of impotent anger, unavailing desire, and maternal pity for her "offspring."

"Oh, people, people, people!" exclaimed Glezen, jumping up from the piano. "I've tried my first case of breach of promise to-day. It was an awful case, but it was great fun. You ought to have heard me pitch into the faithless lover. There wasn't anything left of him when I finished. There were several old women in the court-room whose eyes actually swam in a briny flood."

"Give us your speech, Glezen," said Nicholas.

Glezen struck an oratorical attitude, and began:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, you see before you a—shall I say man or person? a person, who, intent on the gratification of his own unbridled vanity, enters a peaceful home, shares the hospitality earned and proffered by an industrious father and a virtuous and affectionate mother,

wins their beloved daughter by all tender assiduities of affection—all those subtle arts by which, from time immemorial, the lover has moved to responsiveness the heart of his mistress—plights his sacred troth to her, fixes the happy day, and then, basely, perfidiously, insultingly, outrageously, forsakes her, tramples on her affections and his own honour, and consigns her to the cold realms of rejected maidenhood, to be a scoffing and a by-word among her sex, and an outcast from the affections of men ! What, gentlemen of the jury, shall I say of this man—this person ? How shall I characterize him ? Shall I call him a viper entering an Eden to despoil and destroy ?—a thief, who robs a mansion of its treasures, for the mere excitement of theft, and then wantonly drops his stolen goods into the street, though they be the very household gods of the family he has bereft ?—an incendiary, who wins his way into a house by flattering courtesies, and then sets it on fire and burns it to the ground, while he looks on and gloats over the smoking ruins ?—a liar, who steals the livery of heaven to serve the devil in ?—a scamp, a wretch, a scorpion, a miscreant ?”

“ I don’t think it’s a proper thing for a woman to bet,” said Mrs. Coates, whose face had been growing red through every moment of the mock harangue ; “ but if it was, I’d be willing to bet five dollars that the man played the piano.”

“ No, madam,” said Glezen, who saw the point with painful distinctness, though determined not to betray his consciousness ; “ the man had no music in his soul. He was only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Indeed, I think I made a remark of that kind in court, though I’m not altogether certain.”

Mrs. Coates had discharged her shot, and thought she saw that her missile was lodged where it would rankle. So, amid an awkward stillness that seemed to settle upon the group, and with an expression of melancholy spite about the corners of her mouth, she retired from the room.

Glezen and Miss Coates exchanged amused glances, and then Mr. Coates came in.

“ W—what have you been d—doing ? ” inquired Mr. Coates, who seemed to feel as if he had interrupted some action or conversation.

“ I’ve been making a speech,” said Glezen, with a laugh.

“ S—successful ? ”

“ Yes ; more have stayed in than have gone out.”

“ G—good t—test ! ” said Mr. Coates. “ W—who’s run away ! ”

“ Mrs. Coates,” replied Glezen.

“ T—too warm, I s’pose. B—butter always runs away when the w—weather g—gets too hot for it.”

During the laugh that followed this philosophical explanation, dinner

was announced, and Mrs. Coates was discovered already at the table. She was in her silent mood, and had determined that Glezen should understand that in her own mind she held him to be all that he had described in the man whom he had denounced.

"Well, Minturn," said Mr. Coates, good-naturedly, "I s-s'pose this f-finishes the s-season,—pretty much."

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I have attended to everything but one."

"M-married, n-next week, eh?"

Nicholas blushed, and looked at Miss Larkin, involuntarily, who blushed in return.

"I suppose so," he said.

"Nicholas, how is 'The Atheneum?' " inquired Glezen.

"Going on swimmingly. Talking Tim has all he can do, and finds the reading-rooms full every night. It looks as if they were going to try to get along without me there. I feel a little jealous of the men who have the lead."

"And you've got your bonds back?"

"Yes, thanks to you; but Captain Hank seems to be taken out of my hands, and the other robbers have run away. Never mind; let them go. I don't think they'll trouble me again."

"And you are satisfied with your winter's work, aren't you, Nicholas," said Glezen.

"Yes, on the whole,—only Benson has made more paupers than I have cured. There's a new crop coming on, and there doesn't seem to be any end to the business."

"B-boys," said Mr. Coates, "There are t-two ends to it. There are the b-big paupers, who t-try to g-get a living without work, and the l-little ones."

Miss Larkin's eyes lighted at this.

"There, Mr. Coates," said she, "you have touched a secret that we have all failed to discover. There are so many among the nominally respectable who try to get a living without work, and they absorb so much to themselves, that there really is not enough left for the paupers at the other end of the social scale, who are only following their poisonous example, and repeating their measures in baser ways."

"Y-yes," responded Mr. Coates. "We're all under one b-blanket, and w-when we g-get too much of it over the h-head, the t-toes stick out, and g-get cold."

"True," said Glezen, who had a quick apprehension of the force of the figure; "and when the blanket is pulled down over the feet, and tucked in, you have another batch of paupers at the other end."

"Well, we have enlarged our definition of pauperism with a jump, and the matter looks worse than ever," said Nicholas.

"Then let's drop it," said Mrs. Coates, sharply, with a mind preoccupied by another subject, hardly less painful to herself. "I've often said to ——" here she checked herself, and looked first at Mr. Coates and then at Jenny—"to myself," she went on, "'Mrs. Coates,' says I, 'never despise the poor, and remember who made you to differ. You might have married a shiftless man—yourself,' says I, 'or a perprofessional man, and it's not for you to carry a high head, nor a high hand, neither,' says I. 'But when it comes to be paupers, paupers, paupers—nothing but paupers—and we are obliged to have paupers on to the dinner-table, I think it's time to stop and 'tend to our own obligations. There's other things to be done besides paupers. Charity begins at home; and if we must talk about pauperism, let us talk about pauperism of the heart—for there is such a thing as pauperism of the heart.'"

"Can you tell us how it manifests itself?" inquired Glezen, leaning forward, his face aglow with fun.

"Yes! Manifests itself! I should think so!"

And she sawed her head forward and backward as if she were trying to get it loose enough to throw at him.

The patience of Mrs. Coates was worn out. Though a placid and good-natured woman, the deferred hopes in regard to her "offspring" were telling upon her spirits and her disposition with a terrible effect.

At the close of the dinner, there was music again, of course, and Mrs. Coates sat and watched the performers with sad and solemn eyes. Under the dampening influences of her lugubriousness, conversation flagged.

Soon Glezen rose to take his leave. Mrs. Coates bade him good-night, with a sigh that would have melted the heart of a stone, and then she quietly walked back into the dining-room, and disappeared. Mrs. Coates was roused; and no woman who has ever been a mother of a marriageable daughter should wonder that, under the circumstances, she had determined to witness, *perdu*, the parting of Glezen and Jenny in the hall.

The matter was worked as usual. Glezen took leave of the remainder of the family, and then Jenny accompanied him into the hall. The eagle eyes of aroused maternity were upon them, peering out through a crack in the door of the butler's pantry.

She saw Glezen and her daughter quietly chatting together, while he drew on his gloves with provoking deliberation. His quiet self-assurance, his affectionate and familiar demeanour, his unruffled and satisfied expression, filled her with rage. Her quickened heart jarred the door, while her half-suspended breathing and trembling excitement threatened apoplexy.

Then she saw Glezen—oh, horror of horrors!—stoop over, and im-

print on her darling Jenny's lips a kiss ! She heard the kiss ! She saw him holding her daughter fondly by both hands !

This was too much. She opened the door, and stamped bravely and swiftly toward them, exclaiming: "See here ! see here, young man ! That won't do ! I want you to understand that you can't come here and trample on my hospitalities in this way. You're a pretty man to make speeches to a jury about snakes and incendiaries. Yes ! I should think so !"

And then this dastard put his arm around Jenny and kissed her again. Then, whirling her out of the way, he advanced boldly towards Mrs. Coates with open arms, and folding her as far in his embrace as the mechanical difficulties permitted, kissed her, exclaiming :

"Mother-in-law, what is the matter ?"

Mrs. Coates screamed as if a knife had been driven to her heart. The family rushed to the door, threw it open, and discovered Glezen absorbed in the effort to keep Mrs. Coates from falling, while Jenny was fanning her, and saying,

"Mother ! mother ! Don't ! don't !"

Glezen led the distracted woman back into the drawing-room, where Jenny knelt at her side, and, with quiet words endeavoured to restore her to self-control.

Glezen, meantime, had imparted the secret of the strange exhibition to Mr. Coates, who sat in his chair, and shook with great internal convulsions. They must have been profound, for they did not reach the surface. He sat and regarded the partner of his joys and sorrows, his lips working strangely, and the spasms of his infernal merriment becoming less frequent and powerful, until he found himself in a condition to speak.

"W-wife," said he, "d-didn't you know it ? I must have f-forgotten to t-tell you. I've kn-own it these th-ree montha."

Then Mrs. Coates cried. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. To think that the matter had been settled for three months, and that she had not been informed of it, to think that the paternal blessing had been sought and secured without consulting her, to think that this precious secret had been carried around, locked up in the cruel bosoms of her husband and daughter, and, last of all, to think that she had made such a fool of herself, was too much for her motherly, not to say wifely, sensibilities, and she wept real tears—tears that might have been gathered in a bottle—dews of feeling that even the sun of happiness could not dissipate—rains that the sweet west winds of satisfaction could not dry.

"I think it's mean of you all," she exclaimed, when she got her voice for a moment.

"M-my dear," said Mr. Coates, "the y-young p-people d-didn't want it made p-public."

Jenny saw her mother safely through the worst of it, and then rose and received the hearty and most affectionate congratulations of Nicholas and Grace, while Glezen stood with Mr. Coates and watched the proceedings.

After a thunder-storm has spent its fury, there comes a period of sweet, still rain, when trees and grass and flowers receive a sort of healing baptism, and rise from the prostrations to which the tempest has forced them with a long-drawn whisper of satisfaction and gratitude.

When the tempest in the bosom of Mrs. Coates had subsided, something like this natural change and providential ministry occurred. The birds did not sing, perhaps, but there were pleasant voices around her, and the still rain went on. She could not stop weeping. She did not wish to stop. The tears depleted the humours of her overcharged brain, and, as they were mopped away she was conscious of a great happiness dawning within her. To do the good woman justice, she knew that she could not have kept the secret if it had been imparted to her. What mattered it, so long as no one else had known it?

But still she cried. The clouds were exhaustless, and the clear blue sky had taken to raining.

"W-wife," said Mr. Coates, "w-what are you c-crying for?"

"Humph!" exclaimed Mrs. Coates, "it's all very well for you to talk that way, but you little know the feelings of a mother when she's called upon to part with her offspring!"

The equanimity of Mr. Coates was utterly destroyed. The sudden and unexpected tack in Mrs. Coates's feelings—or, rather, her "change of base"—took him off his guard, and he burst into a "ho! ho! ho!" so violently spasmodic that every syllable though engendered in his sense of humour was brought forth in pain. The occurrence was so unusual that Mrs. Coates actually smiled; and then they all laughed together. The corners of Mrs. Coates's mouth that had been drawn down for so many weeks changed their angle, and turned up again. The plan for the new house was already dawning in her mind. Interminable privileges for the expression of maternal grief in parting with a daughter stretched before her, and life was bright again.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE effort that Nicholas had made to transform his friends at "The Atheneum" into active, self-supporting men and women had been well seconded by their leaders, with whom he had been upon the most confi-

dential terms of association. Talking Tim, whom they all knew and respected, had proved himself to be a most important reenforcement to those special powers and influences concerned in reversing the attitude of the exigent, recipient, dependent mass, in the midst of which he had planted his life.

Of course, "The Beggars' Paradise" knew that Nicholas was about to leave the city, and it conceived a very delightful interest in the fact that he expected to take a bride with him to his country home. In some way, it had become acquainted with the leading incidents in the life of both the young people—incidents which lost none of their romance by being passed from hand to hand. These poor men and women, into whose life Nicholas had been instrumental in pouring so much that was new, significant and fruitful, felt their hearts going out towards him. They wanted to do something for him.

In the meantime, Nicholas had sent to Ottercliff the pictures and furniture with which he had beautified his city lodgings, and Pont, who went reluctantly from new associations—not to mention certain "entangling alliances" which he had made, with the characteristic facility of his race—was ordered home with all the heavy luggage.

The heaviest luggage, however, Pont took away with him was his heart.

"'Pears like we's goin' away from de promis' land, Mas'r Minturn—goin' back into de wilderness again," said Pont lugubriously, as he was taking his leave, the day before the wedding of his master.

"Oh nonsense, Pont!" exclaimed Nicholas. "You know you are dying to get home. I never wanted to see Ottercliff so much in my life."

"Ah, but de spirit an' de bride say come to you, Mas'r, but de spirit and de bride don't say nuffin to dis pusson. I don't have no spirit an' bride to take home with me, Mas'r."

"Well, Pont, I'm sorry for you," said Nicholas; "and now go and get everything ready and meet us at the train to-morrow."

After Pont's departure, with his last load, the rooms which Nicholas still occupied were bare and cheerless, but it was into these that he was obliged to invite a large delegation from "The Atheneum," that called during the afternoon.

They came with a gift, which, with the formal words accompanying it, was to express the gratitude of themselves and those who had sent them. The gift was a humble one,—simply a handsome walking-stick,—but it furnished an opportunity for a manly return of Christian favour, and gave Nicholas one more opportunity to reiterate conclusions, which, of late, had been rapidly ripening in his mind.

The spokesman of the party, all of whom seemed to have acquired

a certain dignity from being intrusted with office, thanked Nicholas for the interest he had taken in their community, and for the excellent results that had followed his efforts on their behalf. He pledged himself and his associates and constituents to the work which their benefactor had begun, and expressed the hope that he would return, to cheer them by his presence, direct them by his counsel, and inspire them by his example.

The little speech was delivered, and the walking-stick was presented with superfluous formality; but Nicholas was heartily pleased. In response, he thanked the delegation for the gift they had brought him, and then said: "I feel that I have done very little for you, and those you represent, but if I have inspired one man with the disposition to take care of himself, and taught him how to do it, I have not failed. To lift a man out of pauperism is to re-create him. Why, my friends, there are very few among the rich who can withstand the poison of unearned money. A man has to be pretty carefully trained—has to be specially trained for it, indeed—to be able to use it without ruining himself, or to keep it at all. Among the poor there is no training for it, and, of course, it ruins them. I haven't got very far along in this matter, but I am far enough along to see that it is a thousand times better for a man to throw away his fortune upon his follies than it is to debauch a whole community by his benefactions. I am far enough along, too, to see that charitable relief, as an established safeguard against the results of intemperance, idleness and improvidence, operates as a standing premium on those vices. It is the very mother who bears, nurses and protects them. Charitable relief, as it is largely practised here in New York City, is practically a crime against society. I have seen enough already to prove to me that, as a rule, pauperism is to be measured by the provision that is made for its relief. If I were to announce that one hundred millions of dollars had been provided to shield the people of the city from want, for a single season, there would be pauperism enough developed by the announcement to absorb the whole sum. Some of you know that I have a scheme for the radical cure of pauperism. I may say that there is nothing which stands so much in the way of it as charitable societies, and the men who get their position in them, or get their living by them.

"I am glad of an opportunity to say just this to you, for I feel that you are one with me now, and that you and I have a good deal of work to do together in the future. Next year I hope to come back to you, prepared to do very much more than I have been able to accomplish during the past winter; but whatever may be the event, I shall be grateful, not only for what has been done for others, but for what I have won of satisfaction and wisdom for myself."

A very hearty round of applause followed the little speech, and then Nicholas took each man by the hand, as he passed out of the door, and bade him good-bye.

His heart was full of this manifestation of friendly regard on the part of his beneficiaries, as he left his rooms to spend his closing evening with her who was to become his bride on the morrow. The tide had turned. The community of the Beggars' Paradise had changed its attitude. They had begun to think of doing something for somebody, and were ceasing to think of having somebody do everything for them.

He found Mrs. Coates in high spirits, and the house in delightful excitement.

Miss Larkin was one of those eccentric young ladies who regard a wedding as sacred to friendship and family affection. She had no desire to advertise her love and her mantua-making to a rabble that would regard the latter with supreme interest, and vulgarly gossip over the former as a social and pecuniary bargain. She would not consent to celebrate the most sacred compact of personal affection in a public building, beneath the blaze of curious eyes, or environ the sacrament of Christian marriage with the publicities and pageantries of a heathen festival.

So it was to be a private wedding, in a private house, under the protection and patronage of Mrs. Coates, from whose eyes all tears had been wiped away. She had arranged everything, even to providing

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue,"

for the bride's dress, in accordance with the customs of the country village in which she was bred. As Jenny had ceased to be a care upon her mother's heart and hands in any way that loaded them with anxiety, her motherliness was left free to expend itself upon her beautiful guest. It was through Nicholas that her life had been saved. It was through Nicholas that Jenny had made Glezen's acquaintance. It was through Nicholas and Miss Larkin that a great deal of social importance had been won to herself and her family. Why should she not do all within her power to make their wedding a pleasant one?

Although, in the social life and benevolent enterprise in which Nicholas and Miss Larkin had been engaged, the old acquaintances of the "Ariadne" had been for a long time left behind or left out, it was determined to call the young ladies back as bride-maids. It would be romantic—it would be fitting that those who were associated in the sad peril of the sea the year before, should be associated in this event, that would come among its delightful consequences.

There was Miss Coates, of course, nearest and best. Miss Pelton,

too, would be highly ornamental, and stately Miss Morgan and little Miss McGregor, though exhibiting contrasts of physique that would mar the symmetry of the bridal party, would be quite indispensable to its poetical completeness.

The young ladies were all there when Nicholas arrived. They had come in to rehearse their entrance and attitudes, so as to be in readiness for the morning wedding, and were engaged in the exciting discussion of that which would be proper and graceful in the ceremony. Mrs. Coates was presiding benignantly over all, and Mr. Coates sat as a silent, critical observer. Mrs. Coates, indeed, had caught back to herself a glimpse of the poetry of youth. Marriage, for the previous few years, during the period of Jenny's eligibility to that holy and most desirable estate, had been so much with her a matter of scheming and anxiety and prudential policy, that she had somehow lost the romance and poetry of it. Now it had returned to her, and when she saw all the young people together, and realized what marriage meant to them, the vulgar little woman was not only softened but sublimed. She even mellowed toward her husband, and as the bride-maids appointed arranged themselves in the order and place in which they were to stand, she turned to him and said :

"Aint they beautiful!"

"Y-yes," he responded, drily.

"What do they remind you of?" she said, in the delusive hope that they would call back to his hardened soul the memories of a similar event in his own life.

Now Mr. Coates had been particularly amused by the incongruity of the types of young womanhood before him, and when Mrs. Coates asked him what they reminded him of he replied :

"'W-Webster's D-Dictionary,' 'Pilgrim's P-Progress,' 'Thompson's S-Seasons' and 'D-Daily Food,' s-set together on the s-same shelf."

At this, all the young ladies laughed, and threatened to put him out of the room. So, with merry badinage and spirited discussions on delightful nothings, the evening passed away.

The morning wedding which followed was everything that it was expected to be. The happy bridegroom looked his best, and the bride was "too lovely for anything." The company was not too large; there was a profusion of flowers; there was a collection of the most charming presents; there were a great many kisses and a great many good wishes; there were tears of sympathetic gladness; and when, at last, the guests were gone, and the carriage drove away bearing the happy pair, a plump, tearful, happy-looking lady, stood in the door, and threw after them an old shoe, luckily dodged by a gaping urchin in the street, who fancied that the missile was thrown at his head.

Arrived at the railway station, Nicholas and his bride were received into one of the rolling palaces in waiting, and started northward toward Ottercliff. The long excitement was over, and they were one, quietly rejoicing in the sense of mutual possession.

“To the profoundly happy, merriment is but a mockery. Indeed, nothing is more serious than happiness.

The moment that they became conscious that they were sundered from their old associations, a sense of the sweet dignities and ennobling responsibilities of united love descended upon them. As they swept along the border of the beautiful river, leaving the noisy city behind, and going toward their untried life, they were exercised and possessed by as much of reminiscence as of hope and expectation.

It was but one swift year before, that Nicholas had come down the river, with life untrodden and power untried. Nothing that he could see, had changed, but himself.

There is something very like mockery in the permanent youth of Nature, and its frictionless routine of change. We only who are capable of observing and measuring the phenomena around us, are conscious of the wear and tear of life. We count our own heart-beats, and note their faltering rhythm, until they cease. We feel the subsidence of vitality; helplessly we watch the gathering wrinkles on cheek and brow; we know that we are to die. Within the space of a single year, a revolution is wrought within us which places us in new relations to the past, the future, the material world, mankind, and even God himself. We consciously drive on and on, through permutations and transformations which leave our personal identity a thing hard to realize, and make self-knowledge impossible. But of one fact we are always certain,—we are growing old. We know that the house we build will outlast us, and that any good book which we may write will pass about, leaving benedictions at alien firesides when the eyes that looked into ours with love have missed us for many a year, or have themselves turned to dust.

Yet, amid all this pathetic mystery of change within ourselves—change of person, character, condition, feeling—which, whatever may be its range, leads inevitably toward dissolution, Nature remains as fresh, and full, and smiling, as she seemed on creation's morning. Day and night, summer and winter, years and centuries, come and go in silent, unvarying routine, and light, and dew, and beauty, never forsake the world. The lightning splinters a crag only to give foothold to a tree, and the storm-scarred mountain-side waits but a year to clothe itself in green. There is not a crack in the sky, there is not a wrinkle upon the earth, there is not a sign of weakness or decay in the forces which sweep the world around its course, and illuminate its surface with life and motion.

There was a keen apprehension of this in the mind of Nicholas, as, seated quietly by his bride, he swept onward toward Ottercliff. There stood the Highlands, just as they stood the year before. Their adamant foundations were unmoved, and the winter had done them no damage that the spring had not repaired. No verdure was ever fresher or more beautiful than that which clothed them. The shadows that climbed their sides, or swept over their summits, were from new clouds that had been lifted that very morning from the bosom of the maternal Atlantic ; and no maiden's eye was ever fresher or bluer than the sky that bent over them.

But he had changed. He was not consciously weaker—in truth, he was consciously stronger—than he was a year before, but he had left behind a portion of his youth, and advanced by the measure of a year into the responsibilities of mature life. He had passed from that which was little more than boyhood into that which was nothing less than manhood.

To both of them came a grateful sense of Providence. They had foreseen nothing ; they had ordered nothing. They had arrived at the goal of their hearts' best desires, by a path which they knew not of—which they did not choose.

Meantime, Pont, at the objective end of their flying journey, was full of excitement. He had harnessed his horses early, and was at the station an hour before the time for the arrival of the train that was to bring his master and his new mistress. Mrs. Fleming had opened the house, and was waiting, not altogether without a measure of regret, to surrender her authority to one whom she had never seen, but had learned in advance to love. But Pont had been made the recipient of a secret, in connection with the projected events of the day, and as it was all that he could do to carry it safely, it was just as well for him to sit upon his box at the station, and chat with the inquisitive crowd, as to undertake any task at home.

There were many curious villagers assembled, of course, when the train came in ; for the mistress of the Ottercliff mansion had always been, and would always be, an important personage, and a most significant factor in the social life of the town. Nicholas was proud of his bride, and knew that her frank and handsome eyes, and smiling mouth, would win their way among the crowd that had collected at the station. So, with her upon his arm, he walked to the carriage, nodding from side to side to his humble friends, and bowing back to them as he rode away.

"Pont, you seem to be in a hurry to-day," said Nicholas, as the driver, who looked unusually square in the shoulders and straight in the back, urged his horses up the hill.

"Dar's an unfo'seen sucdemstance, dat mus' be 'tended to, sah," said Pont, with dignity.

"You are mysterious, Pont."

"I can't help it, sah."

"What can the man mean?" inquired Grace of her husband.

"Oh! it is some nonsense. Make the most of the drive. It will be a short one."

Nicholas had described to his bride all the surroundings of his home, and she was delighted to recognise the details with which her imagination was already familiar.

To have a home once more was a blessing which she felt was too great to be measured. To enter a princely home as its mistress, with the man she loved—to rise to so sweet a destiny out of the very embrace of death, was a joy so great that no hour, no day, no year could hold it. There was enough of it to cover and fill a life-time.

So, with only an undefined consciousness of the great treasure that the future had in store for her, she surrendered herself to an almost childish delight in the things she saw, and smiled and wept by turns as the carriage turned into the gate-way, and swept between the borders and the trees which the hand of love had made her own.

Mrs. Fleming was ready with a motherly greeting for the new mistress, and all the servants were out to tender obeisance. It was quite an old-fashioned affair, which might have happened on the other side of the ocean, but had ceased to be common on this. Happily there were no social theorist present to protest against the natural expression of deference by one party, and of well-bred complaisance by the other. A very pretty and a very pleasant reception it was, and when it was over, Nicholas led his bride about the rooms, insisting, with delighted enthusiasm, that she should see the whole of her new home before ascending to her apartments.

He had noticed with some surprise, as he alighted, that Pont passed his horses into the hands of the gardener, and disappeared. He asked no questions about the matter, but when he and his bride came out upon the piazza, he saw the negro making signals, and acting strangely excited.

Then the ears of the pair were deafened by the discharge of a cannon. This was followed by cheers from a thousand throats, and these by the music of a band.

It was all a surprise, and for a moment they could not understand it. Then it gradually appeared that a huge river steamer was lying close in shore, swarming with an excursion party, and covered with banners and bunting. Among the banners was one, stretched almost from stem to stern, bearing the word "*Athenaeum*." That word was the key to the mystery. The residents of "The Beggars' Paradise" had come up en

masse to manifest their interest in the occasion, and do honour to the young man who had devoted to them such wise and fruitful gifts of time and money.

There seemed to be no measure or end to the manifestations of enthusiasm on board the steamer. There were dippings of flags, and swingings of hats, and wavings of handkerchiefs. There were cheers, and shouts, and cannon, and the band again. The party upon the piazza, augmented by the servants, went out upon the lawn and frantically responded to the salutations. Then the wheels of the steamer began to move, a parting gun was fired, and amid cheers that grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and the waving of handkerchiefs by hands that had grown weary with the exercise, and the strains of "Sweet Home" from the band, the heavily loaded craft moved slowly down the river and disappeared behind the trees.

The servants retired, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Nicholas," said the bride, with tears in her eyes, "you have earned that."

"Then I have earned something better than money," he responded.

"And you have earned me, too," she added, clasping his arm, and looking up into his eyes.

He stooped and kissed her, and with his arm around her, led her into the house.

They paused silently before his mother's portrait, that smiled its benediction upon them ; they climbed the old staircase that the feet of so many brides had pressed ; and so another family life, than which earth holds nothing sweeter, or more typical of heaven, began.

THE END.

PRESERVATION OF THE BUFFALO.

BY REV. ÆN. MCD. DAWSON.

THE immense herds of buffalo, which graze on the prairie lands of the North-west Territories, are indeed a valuable possession. They afford at once, pleasure, occupation, food and clothing, to the nomad Red man. With them also he builds his house, and sustains the only trade of any consequence known as yet to the simple dweller in the wilderness. Nor is the European without his share in this source of wealth and human comfort. The long and hard winter of Canada severely tries the more delicate constitution of the white man. Without the buffalo-robcs, which his dark-skinned brother sends in such quantities for his use, it would be intolerable. The great mercantile company, which so long enjoyed a monopoly of the North-west, can testify as to the value of the wild cattle of the prairies. The fur trade, their chief business, was largely supplied by these animals, whilst an abundance of savory food was always at hand for their numerous servants and retainers, their guides, huntsmen, and allies of the Indian race, with whom they traded so extensively. Need it be added that the European, when tired of the sports and recreations of his native continent, often found new pleasure,—sensations he could have never dreamt of, in pursuit of the Red man's game? How many wearied minds has not the bison chase restored to positive vigour? How many has it not taught to set due value on that greatest of all earthly blessings,—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

That fine animal, the buffalo, the most useful, perhaps, of all the wild animals which frequent the prairie lands of the North-west, is doomed to disappear. Sooner or later, it must recede before the advancing tide of settlement and civilization. It may, however, be yet a long time before, as a matter of necessity, the buffaloes give place to domesticated cattle. In the meantime, why should not such choice game be carefully preserved? In five or eight years hence, if the present reckless mode of hunting be persisted in, it will be wholly swept away. Unless some measures for its preservation are adopted and enforced, such a consummation will certainly befall. All the year round, the doomed animal is hotly pursued by expert and vigorous hunters. The Red man slays it in astonishing numbers, in order that he may live,—may have food, clothing, shelter. It is also sought as the staple of his trade. For this the hide chiefly is useful, and many animals are shot down, and their

carcasses thrown to waste, in order that the never-failing demand for buffalo-robcs may be supplied. There are even epicurean hunters who, prodigal of the wealth which nature bestows, thoughtlessly kill incredible numbers of buffaloes for the sake of their tongues, which they carry away as trophies of successful hunting, as choice morsels at their feasts, or in order to supply the customers with whom they trade. Those animals too which afford the most delicate repast are generally selected. The cows, which are as one to six, are shot by the reckless hunter at all seasons of the year. Indians, half-breeds, native white men, and foreigners from the neighbouring States, wage war on the devoted buffalo, and slay these animals as if it were their object to exterminate them rather than to supply their wants. This noble game, which tries so well the skill and activity of the huntsman, and which offers new pleasures to the lovers of field sports, enjoys not the protection which is extended to all other kinds of game. There is no season at which it may not be hunted,—no close season for the persecuted buffalo. Its enemies allow it no rest, neither when it rears its young, nor at the time when it is not fitting that either man or beast should travel through the crusted snow.

Some ten years ago buffalo could be seen in the regions to the east of Red River. Now, so rapid has been their decrease, that none are to be met with nearer the newly constituted Province of Manitoba than 500 miles west of Red River. The buffalo in that western land, chiefly the country of the Crees and the Blackfeet, must soon perish unless measures be adopted for staying the onslaught of their formidable enemies. The Indians alluded to consider the wild cattle as a gift of the Great Spirit, bestowed for their subsistence. Their hunting alone would not, perhaps, greatly diminish the useful herds. But other Indians and half-breeds who have already recklessly consumed their own birth-right, flock from Manitoba to the buffalo plains, and prey on the property of unoffending tribes. The settlers in the countries north of Saskatchewan act in the same lawless manner, and slay incredible numbers of buffalo. Traders from the United States are also very destructive enemies. These money-making people destroy more of the valuable game than can well be imagined. They are under no restraint as in their own country. In the United States, nobody is allowed to hunt without a license, and such license is never accorded to any but citizens of the United States. In order to avoid the inconvenience and expense of providing themselves with a license, the fur-traders and hunters of the United States make incessant raids on the hunting grounds of our Indian people, and do more, perhaps, than any other parties, towards the total extermination of the buffalo. This consummation will soon be reached, if there be no staying the tide of destruction which flows so

violently against the doomed animal from the east, north, south, and even, occasionally, from the rocky west. The Indians of the buffalo plains, who are the most rightful owners of the precious game, persuaded, no doubt, as more civilized people sometimes are, that a man may do what he likes with his own, are by no means sparing in their attacks; wolves devour a great number, and many perish by drowning, says the Rev. Father Lacombe, as quoted by the learned Dr. Schultz in the House of Commons: "There is a destruction of about eighty thousand in summer, and as many in the winter season, making a total of 160,000 yearly." This number will appear all the greater when it is remembered that of the vast herds which frequented the whole country from Red River,—yea, from Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, there is only a remainder to be killed off,—the fast diminishing patrimony of the Crees and Blackfeet. In eight years, according to Father Lacombe, the buffalo, if it continues to be so cruelly and recklessly hunted, must become extinct.

Considering the great utility of this animal, it is obvious that measures ought to be adopted for its preservation; whole tribes of inoffensive Indians subsist by it. Not to these people only does it afford clothing and shelter as well as food; it renders the same service to the millions who dwell in Canada and the Northern States of the American Republic. Our long winter, hard to bear in any case, would be intolerable without the cold defying buffalo robe. Who amongst us would venture abroad in his winter carriage without this warm and elegant array? As an article of trade, it is incalculably valuable. In that new Province of Manitoba, for instance, there would scarcely be any trade without it. Hemmed in, as it is, by all but inaccessible regions to the east, equally and even still worse barred to the north by the land of perpetual snow, closed on the south by a foreign country, which, in matters of trade, is peculiarly jealous, what outlet is there except towards the west, for the superabundant produce of the fields? The fur and buffalo robe traffic, hitherto unfailing, causes a demand in this direction, which must cease with the extinction of the buffalo.

But why should it be extinguished? We have just enumerated the causes which tend to, and which, if neglected, will accomplish its destruction. The evil arising from a foreign source, it is surely within the power of our Government to remove. The foreigner himself shews how this may be done. He will not allow any hunting on his own territory without a licence, and such licence he only gives to his own citizens. Let us do the same, and if we cannot enforce our regulations, let us cease to spend so many thousand dollars yearly in maintaining a police force in the North-West Territories. Our settlers north of the Saskatchewan are represented, by all authorities, as helping powerfully to

exterminate the buffalo. These are surely not beyond the control of our Government, and by the most direct means. The North-West Territories are as yet pretty much in the position of a Crown Colony. They are directly subject to the Dominion, which may legislate for them, as, in its wisdom, it may seem proper. And why should it not seem proper that they should be taught to respect the property of their neighbours? The filling up of the vast regions of the Saskatchewan with intelligent and industrious populations will be all the more easy of accomplishment, that the settlers are accustomed, from the first, to recognize the rights of the widely scattered aborigenes.

The half-breeds and other people are still more formidable enemies of the wild cattle. They have exterminated those of their own prairie lands, and now they go hundreds of miles west in pursuit of the remaining herds. This marauding, and it is nothing less, stimulates the trade of Manitoba, and keeps a market open for its superfluous supply of breadstuffs. It also helps to maintain that numerous class of the population who subsist by hunting. Let such turn their attention more exclusively to the pursuits of civilization, and let greater facilities be provided than at present exist, for trading with the other Provinces of the Dominion, where, for many a day to come, there will be great demand for the produce of the fields. Already the railway from Lake Superior to their country is in part constructed. Might not its construction be hastened, considering that it is so important to open for them the markets of Ontario and Quebec? Meanwhile, as regards the remoter regions occupied by the Crees and other Indians, let them be as foreigners, and let them be dealt with as such. A licence law will be necessary in order to stay the onslaughts of other foreigners, on the game which it is so important for us to preserve. Let this law be framed so as to operate effectually against the half-breeds and other Manitobans.

The wolves do their share in the work of extermination. Let these depredators be hunted down in their turn. If necessary, let a price be set upon their heads or rather their hides.

Then less hotly pursued, fewer buffalo would be lost by drowning. This denizen of the prairie lands when allowed to choose his place and time for crossing the streams, would meet with fewer accidents.

A strenuous hunter of the buffalo, and one who could not be so summarily dealt with as remote foreigners, settlers and half-breeds, is the Indian of the plains. He has a claim. He looks upon, and he is entitled to look upon, the wild herds as his property, his inheritance, the gift which the Great Spirit has bestowed for his subsistence. Nevertheless, he could be treated with; and, we think, successfully. He is not so blind to his own interest, or so stupid as not to perceive that his own preservation depends, in a great measure, on the care that is bestowed in

preserving his favourite game. Although he could not afford to abandon entirely the exciting bison chase, he would not be disinclined, there is reason to believe, to accept and abide by a game law. In Mr. Dickinson's report to the Government, quoted by Dr. Schultz in the House of Commons, we find a remarkable proof of this favourable disposition of the Indians. "While at the Qu'appelle Lakes, the Cree chiefs, accompanied by their principal headmen, waited upon me, and represented that they were becoming alarmed on account of their means of subsistence failing; and begged me to report what they said to the Government and to convey their request that something should be done to prevent the entire extermination of the buffalo. To show the importance they attach to this question, I may remark that each chief and his headman, separately, made the same request. In all my previous intercourse with the Indians, I have never seen this course adopted. In discussing other matters, a spokesman is generally chosen, who speaks for all the others, signifying their assent; but in this case, it was evident they considered something more was necessary, and adopted that method, in order to impress the gravity of their position upon me. In my opinion, the buffalo must be protected, or, in a few years, not more than ten at the farthest, the whole number of Indians in the North-west, who now rely upon these animals for subsistence, will require to be fed and maintained principally at the expense of the Dominion Government." Mr. Dickinson even suggests the possibility of an Indian war in consequence of the total failure of the resources which God and Nature have provided for the sustenance of the Red Man. The learned Dr. Schultz also puts forward this unpleasant idea. We are inclined, however, to agree rather with the honourable member for Selkirk, Mr. Donald A. Smith, whose great experience in the North-west, and intimate knowledge of the Indian character, give weight to the opinion which he expresses, that there is nothing less probable than an Indian war within the limits of the Canadian Dominion. The Indian people have been always kindly treated, and in such an extremity as the entire failure of their natural supplies, they would rely confidently on the same kind consideration. Most certainly the Government would not abandon them, or allow them to suffer want. But it would cost a great deal to supply them with everything necessary for their subsistence, and they could not be so supplied without being grievously demoralized. It would be hard to predict what direful results might flow from such a state of things.

By being wise in time, our Government may easily avert the calamitous consequences of neglect, and spare the country an incalculable amount of expense.

As we have seen, the Indians themselves are anxious that some measure for the protection of the buffalo be adopted. The Rev. Father

Lacombe has suggested a game law which could not fail to be effective.

Let there be a close season from 1st of November to 1st May, when it would be unlawful to kill buffalo, and let it be forbidden, at all seasons, to destroy the young. This would be no hardship to the Indian, as in summer he provides supplies of pemmican, or cured buffalo meat, which last throughout the winter. Hitherto, he has enjoyed, in addition, the use of fresh meat. This luxury, with a view to future advantage, he would willingly forego for a time. He could also be compensated for this privation without any great cost to the Government. The best of fish, fresh from the lakes and streams, would supply the place of meat. Some fishing-tackle, nets, lines, &c., would, indeed, be needed. But the cost would be comparatively small; and the Government would be fortunate in averting a great impending evil by such inconsiderable outlay. So prolific are the buffalo, that in four or five years, with the proposed protection, their numbers would be restored. The Indians themselves would see the wisdom of such a game law, and, no doubt, would aid powerfully in causing it to be enforced.

THE TWO ANGELS.

'Tis said that when the spirit of a child
Is being gently put into the hearse
By loving hands, pained, but yet reconciled,
The spirit of the little darling, mild
As Eden's visitants before the curse,
Hovers about the casket where the clay
Is left in silence till the latter day.
So thought a mother at the open door,
As through the mourners to the hearse they bore
All her dead hopes, her rosy gem of light,
That had made the darkness of her life so bright.
Now quenched, for ever quenched, the earthly spark,
To make the brightness of her life so dark.
And as she thought, she prayed that she might see
The spirit shape, however transiently,
When lo, the answer smiled upon her there,
The cherub's answer to the mother's prayer :
There stood two radiant angels at the gate—
Her Guardian, one, the other, little Kate.

Ottawa.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

THE STORY OF A FLIRT.

I.

SHE was certainly not beautiful, for hardly a feature was perfect enough to bear criticism, and the complexion had been spoiled by exposure to wind and weather, and yet as she sat in the stern of the skiff that lay with bow drawn upon the shore she looked provokingly pretty.

Alice was a brunette decidedly, with dark hair and eyes, and bright red lips. She was an ordinary Canadian girl, too much petted at home and allowed too much freedom with her gentlemen admirers, yet without any particular vicious taint in her disposition.

Cyril Hamilton, an acquaintance of a few days' standing, who had been presented to her at Mrs. Fraser's party, Monday evening, and had met her again at a picnic, Thursday, and invited her to take a row with him, was gathering some ferns and wild flowers on the shore.

He was a handsome young fellow with a fine well cut Saxon face and sandy hair. No moustache or whiskers as yet marred the smoothness of his lips and cheeks. They were fresh as a schoolboy's, and an index of his unruffled life whose current had not yet been vexed by any storm of love.

He was a great favourite at home with his mother and sisters, had been equally popular at school at Port Hope, and now at the end of his freshman's year at Trinity College had made his mark as a good fellow.

Alice sat lazily watching her handsome companion as he searched here and there for maiden-hair and the more delicate species of fern fronds, mixing with them columbine, hair bells, and one or two pieces of red lobelia which he found in a marshy place, to make up his wild bouquet.

She enjoyed the beautiful day, and the sweet perfumes which the breeze wafted from the wood, and the attention of her cavalier, most thoroughly. Alice was young in years but not innocent of the fascinations of flirting. Like many Canadian girls she had written love letters at the boarding school and pushed them through the seams of the fence, in spite of the watchful eyes of the little brown governess who only tried to do her duty and was cordially hated in consequence.

The red brick house, with croquet lawn and spacious grounds, in the west end of Toronto, held many a secret which had little to do with French exercises or the use of the globes, and the trees near the street had listened to many a foolish school girl row over which they laughed and mourned together, and hushed up with the rustle of their leaves.

It took some time to gather the ferns, then a wreath had to be made for her hat, after which Cyril took the oars to return to the party on the Island. He was a bright genial fellow, full of fun, and the conversation did not flag. Toronto and its numerous attractions, balls and parties, the respective merits of the waltz and galop, and the people who were mutual acquaintances, were discussed in that easy chit-chat way which seems commonplace enough, but, under favourable circumstances, breaks down many a barrier to friendship and touches many a cord of sympathy.

So the oars dipped leisurely in the beautiful river, and the boat gradually neared the island, and the current drifted them down while they too were drifting, Alice consciously, and Cyril unconsciously, into what is called a flirtation. They both felt that they had enjoyed a delightful hour in each other's company.

Dinner or tea, or whatever that picnic repast which has the elements of both, may be called, and which is spread on the white table-cloth on the ground about four o'clock in the afternoon, was nearly over. There was much chaff to be endured in consequence, that light, sparkling kind of chaff which is so pleasant to the giver and the receiver.

Then they sat down on a mossy seat beneath the shade of a cedar, and eat blueberries and cream, and sipped the most delicious coffee.

If Alice had looked pretty in the boat, she looked beautiful now, the fern-crowned hat thrown carelessly aside, her cheeks mantled with the blush which the chaff had left there, and her eyes bright with excitement.

The picnic party was on an island opposite Macdonald's Point, three miles above Brockville. It was a favourite resort, hardly an evening in the autumn passing without its being occupied by at least one, and sometimes by two or three parties.

At the other islands about could be seen boats drawn up on the rocky shore, flashes of white muslin among the trees, while snatches of songs and laughter came floating over the water.

It was a lovely place, familiar to Alice, to whom Brockville was home, and now making its first impression upon Cyril Hamilton.

After tea another turn on the river drifted Cyril further into the mazes of what was likely to prove a strong passion. He had hitherto been little more than a school-boy. His heart had never been touched by school-boy love—all that he left to others, and chaffed and laughed at his susceptible chums who were ever ready to make him their confidant.

He would have laughed and protested had any one twitted him now, but that would have gone for nothing, for the sly little fellow, who

dispenses with superfluous clothing, and carries his bow and shafts so jauntily, always draws a handkerchief over the eyes of his victims.

The last red gleam had almost faded from the western sky over the sombre pines on Macdonald's Point, and the smooth water was growing black with shadow, when from the point of Picnic Island a tongue of flame shot up into the air.

"What is that?" said Cyril, dropping his oar.

"Only a *bon-fire*, we always make one after a picnic. Isn't it grand? See now how it lights up the island and throws that lurid glow upon the stream! Those fellows throwing on fuel look like demons!"

"It has a fine effect, certainly, and is a brilliant ending to a brilliant day."

"Oh! this isn't the ending. The ending is to me the best part of the picnic—not so brilliant, but more delightful."

"The going home part?"

"Yes, we collect the boats together, lock them abreast in mid-channel, and float down, singing as we go."

"All the way?"

"Oh! no, only a short distance. Boat after boat gets detached and separated; there are so many little flirtations going on. Then we reach home at our leisure."

"Do you like flirtations?"

"No; yes—*cela dépend*."

"Upon what?"

"Upon what you call flirting."

"Do give me your views on the subject."

"Well, I think . . . (with a laugh) I can't, Mr. Hamilton, give me yours."

"Mine are easily given—I don't like them at all. I think people ought to be true."

"You don't mind their dancing together, and boating, and riding, and seeing a good deal of each other without meaning anything serious?"

"One always does in the end—then there is a disappointment."

"Yes, (softly) I suppose it is not right."

Alice had taken a fern froud from her hat and was carelessly dragging it in the water.

Her thoughts had gone back a few months to a scene in her father's drawing-room. It was the end of a flirtation. A man she had encouraged without caring for, merely because it was pleasant, stood, hat in hand before her, hurt and angry. He took his *congé* silently and proudly, but she had heard bad accounts of him since, and her conscience had given many a twinge of remorse.

She had made a resolution then not to flirt again, and she intended to keep it—but what was this? She did not know.

She would not let it go any further until she was sure.

"Let us go back to the Island, Mr. Hamilton, I hear them getting ready to start."

"Yes, it is nearly nine, and the moon is just rising. It will be a lovely night as it has been a delightful day."

"Must you return with your brother, as you came?"

"Not necessarily."

"Let me then have the pleasure of rowing you home."

"Yes, if you will keep with the other boats. You know what you said about flirting."

Cyril felt a little piqued at her reply. It was turning the tables upon himself, and it implied that she did not mean to accept at present any serious attentions.

It only put him on his metal, so that he made himself more than ever agreeable.

The boats were locked together, some eight of them in all, in the middle of the channel. An oar from those on either flank, with the help of the current, gave them all the speed that was wanted.

Down, down the river they floated, past the shadowy islands, with the dip of oar and the melody of voices, past the "Devil's Rock" and the "Haunted House," till the round house on the Soldier's Island threw back the moonlight from its roof, and the limestone buildings of the town cast their reflections on the water, down to where the high rocks with their marks of Indian warfare and trailing cedars stood asleep in the deep water.

II.

Two months after the events recorded in our last, one bright morning in the beginning of October, the usual crowd of people stood on the wharf at Brockville awaiting the arrival of the two steamers, some for purposes of business, and many more for mere pastime. The *Grecian*, for Montreal, arrived and departed, and a few minutes later the *Passport*, for Toronto and Hamilton, neared the wharf.

As it approached, a group of young ladies eagerly scanned its decks to detect, if possible, the familiar forms and faces of acquaintances returning from sea-side resorts to the work and bustle of city life.

Among them was Alice Chapman, prepared for a journey, and evidently, from the expectant glow of her face, anticipating more than usual pleasure from the trip up the river.

Her eyes, no less than others, swept the deck in search of some one

and had hardly rested on a tall form near the capstan, when a confidential voice whispered in her ear, "There's Cyril, Alice," followed by "I believe you knew he would be going up."

Whether she did or not we will not inquire. Cyril's visit to his college chum, George Earl, had been extended week after week through July and August, during which time he had been constantly with Alice, until an urgent letter from his sister May, who rebelled against being robbed of her brother in this way, recalled him home to Cornwall.

Possibly they had exchanged letters in the meantime. Possibly Alice knew that on Friday, October the second, Cyril would be going up to commence term at Trinity, and it is just possible he thought Alice might be going up the same day to visit a friend at Kingston.

They were glad, at any rate, to find themselves travelling together, and in the shade of the awning at the stern, they watched the seething water cast up by the paddle wheels drift off into foam and bubbles, or the islands one by one float by them, like objects in a dream.

And so it was a dream,—one of those bright beautiful dreams which are never forgotten—which return in after life with the odour of the summer flowers and the freshness of the dashing spray, to remind us of the days when we were young.

They talked over the events of Cyril's visit to Brockville, and the sayings and doings which had transpired since, the croquet parties and dances, the picnics and rides.

She told him of the friends she was going to visit at Kingston, and the inducements which had been held out to her to go there.

He, with a tinge of jealousy, inquired about the men she had met on a former visit, and then grew confidential about his own life and his prospects, the two more years of work and pleasure at Trinity, and then the bar and, not the woollack, but, at least the bench.

I do not mean to say that he spoke seriously of such a brilliant career as that; he was too good and sensible a fellow to indulge in such "gush," but in that half serious half chaffing way which may mean a good deal, or, on the other hand, very little.

The visit at Brockville had not been without results. Cyril had fallen desperately in love with Alice, and though he had determined not to speak of marriage until he had at least taken his degree, his conversation with her on the boat, and his fear lest she should form some other attachment during the months they must be separated, had shaken his resolution.

He had enough private means to live on with economy, and he did not see any particular reason for waiting. So when about three o'clock the *Passport* swept by Cedar Island, and was rounding Fort Henry, at the entrance to Kingston Harbour, he put his fate to the test.

They had been silent for a few moments, when he said with suppressed emotion, looking not at her, but in a dreamy way at a white gull which had just rested on the water. "Miss Chapman, you promised to be my friend, that is not enough. I love you, and want you to be my wife, I am sure we would be happy."

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton, what put that into your head?"

Here the conversation was interrupted. One of the deck hands came down the little ladder from the upper deck to get the hawser ready, and some passengers came out from the saloon to see the limestone city.

"How provoking," thought Cyril. "How fortunate," thought Alice.

To say that Alice was taken by surprise would not be true. It is seldom that a woman is. But she did not expect the revelation, which was no revelation, to come just when it did, and she was not ready with her answer.

She loved Cyril Hamilton potential, that is, she felt that she might love him.

She did not want to lose him, and yet, at the same time, she did not want to bind herself.

There was no opportunity to say more, for friends were at the wharf to meet her, but her manner towards him was encouraging, and with a pressure of the hand, and a whispered permission that he might write, she was gone.

III.

A MONTH had passed at Trinity, during which Cyril had not materially added to his stock of knowledge.

The round of chapels and hall and lectures had been more or less faithfully observed.

He had twisted himself about in the gymnasium to the admiration of all beholders.

He had made a brilliant score in the last cricket match, and was a successful contributor to the "Episcopôn."

But he could not apply his mind with pleasure to anything.

He had exchanged letters two or three times with Alice, who was still at Kingston, and things were pretty much as their last conversation on the Passport had left them.

On his arrival in Toronto he had written putting his love and his prospects plainly before her. She replied, not positively accepting him, but leading him to believe that she intended to do so.

Then he had written twice before he got another reply, which was just as uncertain as the previous one.

He wrote at once saying that he could not endure suspense any longer, and would be down by train next day to get his answer.

The indulgent Dean accepted his plausible excuse and gave him leave of absence, and the Thursday morning train bore the impatient lover from the Union Station.

A train off the track at Cobourg delayed the express so that it did not reach Kingston till five o'clock, and it was nearly six when Cyril found himself dressing for dinner at the British American.

Two hours later he entered Mrs. Bristow's drawing room and found Alice seated on a sofa before a wood fire, expecting him, with a pale face and an anxious and unsettled expression.

Her friend, Ethel Bristow, was carelessly strumming a waltz at the piano, while her cousin Bob went through the form of listening and making himself agreeable.

He sat down near her and as he talked in his bright easy way of his journey and the delay, of Toronto and the changes at college, the colour came again to her face, and the worried look gave place to one of evident pleasure.

But Ethel who suspected something, was determined not to leave them alone, and Bob who had found her more than usually gracious and entertaining, was not loath to linger longer than he intended. So the evening slipped pleasantly away for all but Cyril. He was obliged to take the five o'clock train next day to return to Toronto, and secretly fretted over the fact that fate seemed against him.

He managed however to make an appointment with Alice to meet him next morning.

It was a cloudy day, threatening rain, when he left the hotel and strolled up Princess street. As the time of his appointment drew near he turned west and met her coming towards him, under the shadow of St. Mary's, the Roman Catholic cathedral.

He saw at a glance the anxious uncertain expression of the previous evening had returned, and her manner was constrained. This however soon wore off, and they chatted freely about common place and trivial matters, until Cyril suddenly changed the conversation.

"You know Alice what I have come down for. I am not good for much at College this term and am wasting my time and opportunities. I want this matter to be settled and am determined to have a decided 'no,' if you can give me nothing better."

There was no answer. Her face was partly turned away from him as they walked, and he could only see that it was flushed and excited.

"Do you not care for me?"

"Yes, I think I do, now."

"Will you promise then to be my wife?"

"I can't make you that promise now."

"Why? Three weeks ago you wrote me what was a virtual acceptance."

Silence again as they walked slowly on.

"What is the matter? have you changed since then?"

"I don't know."

"Now this is not right, it is not treating me fairly and honourably. You must say one thing or the other."

"I know I ought to."

"Is there anyone else you care for?"

"I've been flirting."

"Since you came up here?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose I can say good morning."

"No, no! I don't want you to go that way."

"Don't you care for him?"

"No."

"Has it been merely a flirtation?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then I must have a definite promise"—Let us go in here."

They were passing All Saint's, a small Gothic Church in a poor part of the city. The door stood open, and they entered. There seemed to be no one within. The place was empty and still. They sat down on one of the benches and talked the whole matter over, Cyril urging his suit with all the warmth and vehemence of his nature, for he was a man who did nothing in a half-hearted way.

One by one he overcame every difficulty and objection she had to offer, and won from her a promise to marry him as soon as he had commenced the practice of his profession.

"Stand here Alice, before the altar and let us solemnly bind ourselves in betrothal."

"Yes, I am sure I love you now, and this will shut off all temptation to change."

Then they stood by the Chancel step, and he placed on her finger a ring he had brought with him from Toronto, and they promised with solemn words to be faithful to each other.

CHAPTER III.

THE June examinations were over. I or months before Cyril Hamilton had worked steadily, reading for a scholarship.

The cricket matches had sorely tried his resolution, but he had not broken it. A long walk every day and a turn on the swing on the

parallel bar in the gymnasium had given him all the exercise he wanted to keep himself in good working condition, and he could not afford to spend more time than these exercises required.

He had not heard from Alice for two or three weeks, though he had written twice. He thought she must be away from Brockville on a visit, for after what he had seen of her at Christmas he could not doubt her affection for him. He was anxiously expecting a letter now.

The College was almost silent.

The Annual Cricket Match was in progress on the Toronto ground, and not only the Eleven but most of the other men were down there.

The "dons" were busy making up the marks and preparing the list of the results of the examination.

Cyril was sitting in his room, whose oriel window commanded a fine prospect of the island and the bay.

He had been packing two trunks, and books and papers lay strewn upon the table and the floor. Out on the bay a fine schooner was rounding the point of the island, and there were a few more sails in the distance.

He heard the quick step of his "gyp" echoing through the empty corridors. He knocked and entered, saying in the same breath "Mr. Hamilton here is a letter—and you're Wellington scholar."

This was more than Cyril expected. He had some hope of coming out second or third in the examination, but to be first was almost overpowering. In high excitement he ran down to see the list, and assured himself that the good news was true, and then returned to his room to get ready to take a copy of the list to the cricket ground. He had forgotten the letter in his hand. It bore the Brockville post mark and the address was Alice's writing.

Sitting down he tore open the envelope with a strange foreboding of evil, and read the few lines scrawled, therein by a nervous and trembling hand.

"DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—You must not blame me too much. You should not have asked me to wait two years for you, nor should you have made me promise that way in the church. I can't marry you. When you get this, I shall be the wife of a wealthy American gentleman. Do not think any more about me, excepting to forgive.

"ALICE CHAPMAN.

"Brockville, June 21st."

Had Cyril been struck a heavy blow on the head, he could hardly have been more stunned. All power of thought was gone. He sat white and motionless as a statue, like a man frozen in his chair with his eyes fixed and glassy.

He had been in this state half an hour, when George Earl came in to congratulate him on his success, and was shocked beyond measure to find his friend so undone.

A glance at the letter which Cyril still held in his hand explained everything.

He tried to rouse him, and said all that a good-hearted fellow, not given to sentiment, but who loved his friend more than all the women in Christendom, could say. Had Cyril been stunned by a cricket-ball, or broken his neck in the gymnasium, or had a bullet been put through him at the rifle butt, George would have thought it a misfortune, but an honourable and unavoidable one. But to be upset by a woman—a fine fellow like Hamilton—it was a shame! How a sensible fellow could trouble his head about a shallow hearted girl like that, he could not understand.

Poor George! He was not the only one who has been puzzled by the same phenomena. The good-hearted fellow nursed and tended Cyril through the long illness which followed. That night, while the June dinner was going on, for that institution had not at that time been abolished, and the rounds of applause which marked the progress of the toasts and speeches, or snatches of songs, reached the sick-bed, even through the closed door of an inner room, he patiently bathed the throbbing head, and did his best to stave off the evidently approaching brain fever.

But it was to no purpose. The system, prostrated by a course of long and severe study, easily succumbed to the shock it had experienced, and for days and nights the patient tossed about in the ravings of delirium.

During this time no one could have been more self-denying and devoted than George Earl.

At first he had the sole charge of his friend; and in his anxiety for his recovery, did not feel the loneliness of the deserted college when the men had gone down to their homes for their long vacation, and only the footstep of a stray "gyp" or a flitting "don," could be heard breaking the silence.

The case became so serious that the doctor telegraphed to Cornwall, and Mrs. Hamilton and May came up to George's relief.

George and May became great friends during the time they were so thrown together, and when Cyril at last was well enough to be taken home, and they were obliged to part for a time, he confessed to himself as he answered the waving of her handkerchief from the wharf at Brockville, and watched the steamer bear them quickly from his sight that even a sensible man might, without losing any self-respect, fall in love with May Hamilton.

V.

TEN years have passed and have brought many changes to our friends. Cyril's disappointment disarranged all the plans he had laid out for his life, so true is it that *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*.

He never went back to Trinity, for much as he liked the place and the life there, he could not bear the associations with which it was now connected. He gave up also the idea of studying for the bar, and during a visit to a friend in St. Paul, Minnesota, met Bishop Whipple, and was so impressed with the desire of being a missionary, by what he saw of that good man's life and work, that he entered Nashotah, and eighteen months afterwards was ordained deacon.

He was completely devoted to his work in the far west, under the man he had learned to love as a father, and was eminently successful as a missionary among both settlers and Indians.

His untiring zeal and energy, and his universally acknowledged goodness made him a marked man, and he was chosen by the General Convention as Bishop of a new western diocese, an arduous and dangerous post, which required the vitality of youth and the fearlessness of perfect devotion.

He never loved again, and never married.

Alice's life was not a happy one. She reaped the full reward of a heartless flirt.

The wealth for which she sold herself went in the crash on Wall Street on Black Friday, and the home which had not been a happy one before became intolerable.

The husband, with all his vulgarity was a good-hearted man, and another woman would have stood by him and helped him to retrieve his fortune.

But she with her peevishness and heartlessness drove him into courses which ended in a divorce.

She is now, a wretched looking woman, with two spoiled children, under the shelter of her father's house, an object of pity to all her former acquaintances.

It is hardly necessary to say that George Earl found his way to Cornwall, and to the Hamilton's hospitable mansion.

His love for May ripened without check or interruption, and they are looking forward to be married next month, by the Right Rev. Cyril Hamilton, Bishop of D——

F. T.

THE SILENT COTTAGE.

(TRANSLATED FROM FREDERIC OTTE.)

FAR from the road.—almost unknown—
 A silent cottage stands alone,
 That, midst a garden nestling coy,
 Peeps forth, as though with smiles of joy.
 Gay clambering plants entwine their leaves
 Around its walls, beneath its eaves,
 And all who view the scene declare,
 Life, surely, must be happy there.

A casement opes : within it glows
 A face as blooming as a rose,
 Framed, as it were, in flowers that breathe
 Balm round the maiden they enwreath.
 With gentle sigh the morning air
 Lifts the dark clusters of her hair,
 And seems to kiss the eyes that gaze
 Upon the distant mountains' haze.

Still, on that mouth there seems to press
 The shadow of some strange distress,
 Unmeet for one, of whom we say,
 As o'er her form our glances stray,
 "How blest the youth, whom fate ordains,
 To share her pleasures and her pains!"

But ne'er hath peasant, led by chance,
 Clasped her lithe figure in the dance—
 Ne'er hath her beauty shed its light
 'Mid festal throngs, by day or night—
 No friend, no stranger, e'er hath set
 His foot within her cottage yet.

Rank weeds the road have overgrown,
 Upheaving every mossy stone ;
 While, nestling in its garden's heart,
 The Silent Cottage stands apart.
 One man alone has entrance there—
 A tall pale man, with mournful air :
 He wears a military coat—
 A blood-red band is round his throat—
 And she, whose rosy lips have smiled
 So seldom, is—the Headsman's Child !

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE VETERANS, THEIR NUMBER, AGE AND CIRCUMSTANCES—THE
REGULAR TROOPS ENGAGED IN CANADA—SOCRATES HUNTER.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

ONE of the most striking facts in connection with the Canadian Veterans of 1812, now receiving a pension, is the very large number whose claims thereto have been recognised. According to the recently issued Report of the Department of Militia upon Militia Pensions, the total number of cases paid is 2,412; besides 197 cases still in abeyance; while new applications are daily received. A certain number of cases have been rejected, of these, it may safely be presumed, some have set up fictitious claims, yet there must have been some ground upon which the claim was based, at least that of age. Others of the number not unlikely are entitled to share in the pension; but from various circumstances, have, after so long a period, failed to establish such title. In addition to those who have applied, whether allowed or not, are a small number who from a feeling of independence (a wrong feeling, we think), or indifference, or some other cause, have not sought the honour, which is certainly out of all proportion to the pecuniary benefit associated with it. These all taken together form a comparatively large body of men who took part in, or had some association with, the war of 1812-15. Such a large number, after sixty years and upwards, seems disproportionate to the number who were actually participators in the war, else we must conclude that longevity in Canada is remarkably great. The total number of inhabitants in the country did not exceed three hundred thousand. Deduct from this number the old men, women and children, and incapables, and we can readily arrive at an estimate of the number capable of assisting in the momentous struggle, for momentous it was to Canadians. A statement from the Militia Department says, no exact data have yet been found to establish correctly the number of Militiamen under arms in Upper Canada in 1812-15, but it is stated in an address to the Prince Regent on the subject of services rendered by the Militia of that Province that "the population able to bear arms does not exceed 10,000 men; nearly one-half of these were embodied for the whole of the first, and a very considerable portion of the greatest part of the last campaign." The strength of the Militia on actual service above referred to, appears to have been as follows:—550 cavalry, 350 artillery, 55 artificers, and 4,500 infantry; total 5,455 officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

The Province seems to have had only one battalion 500 strong, which was styled "The Incorporated Battalion."

The number of Militiamen under arms in Lower Canada is definitely known from the documents on record in the Department of Militia. There were 9 Battalions of Embodied Militia, consisting of 6,617 men ; 6 Battalions of Montreal and Quebec, 3,638 ; cavalry 183 ; artillery 163 ; voyageurs 323, making a total of 10,919. In addition to these, however, there were about 12,606 Militiamen out for short periods varying from a few days to two months, making a total of 23,525 Militiamen of Lower Canada out for some period. At this remote time it is doubtless difficult or impossible to discriminate between those who served for a longer period, from those who were engaged for the shorter. And probably it would be unwise to do so.

Beside these in the two Provinces who were under arms, we have all those who in any way assisted in carrying on the war, who aided to provide the combattants with the necessaries of warfare, and who have an equal claim to recognition for services, and to share in the pension awarded by Parliament. During the course of the forty-two months over which the period of war extended, there was necessarily a large number engaged, directly or indirectly, as auxiliaries. An immense amount of war material and provisions was constantly, summer and winter, being transported along the lengthy frontier. There were then no railways nor telegraphs, nor steam vessels to facilitate the work of transportation. The few availing sailing vessels were altogether inadequate in summer, and much of the material was conveyed in batteaux or canoes over long stretches of water, up rapids, against winds, and over portages with great labour. In winter hundreds of teams of sleighs were employed in hauling various articles for the daily requirements and in preparation for the spring operations in the field.

Probably we may safely conclude that mostly all of the then young men who to-day are old men in our midst, did, in one way or another, take some part in promoting the Canadian interest in the war. It follows that Parliament, in undertaking to grant a pension to the veterans of 1812, engaged to pension almost every man who was old enough to do service in any manner during the time of war, who remains now alive. This will account, in a great measure, for the unexpectedly large number who have come forward in response to the call from the Militia Department. At the same time, it is a matter of no little importance to know that out of the number of those who, in 1812-15, were young men, so considerable a number still live to relate the events of that stirring period, sixty odd years ago. It establishes the fact that the habits of the Canadian people have been of a nature to promote long life, or that the climate of Canada is very healthful, or perhaps both.

In analyzing the list of pensioners, as to the several Provinces represented, we find that the Province of Quebec furnishes a very large proportion of the veterans, a fact readily accounted for when we remember the great disproportion of inhabitants in the two Provinces at that time, and the fact that many of the French Canadians served only a short time. Although we must not ignore the fact that competent authority affirms that the *habitans* enjoy, as a whole, exceptionably long life.

As we have stated, the number of veterans now receiving pension is 2,412. Of those, 1,439 reside in the Province of Quebec; 924 in Ontario; 29 in New Brunswick; 17 in Nova Scotia; 3 in Manitoba.

In examining the age of the pensioners, 1875, it is seen that the great majority are between 78 and 87; the largest number, 369, being 80. Four are only 73; not a few have attained to great age—fifty-four to 90 years; twenty-five to 91; twenty seven to 92; eighteen to 93; fourteen to 94; twelve to 95; six to 96; four to 97; three to 98; two to 99; four to 100; two to 101; four to 103; and one to 104. We have said that the youngest is given as being 74, but we find some recorded as less than this. The old U. E. Loyalist officers, retired on half-pay, were proverbially long lived, and it became a common saying that "half-pay officers never die." For a remarkably long time after the close of the war, in 1783, there were found in Canada a few still drawing their annual allowance; and when at last it was apparent that worthy persons were thus happily receiving from the Imperial chest an annual pension, who ought in the course of nature to have reached 120 or 130 years (if they had been old enough to do military duty in 1776–83, and yet would pass for something under centenaries), it became a matter for explanation. And fortunately the explanation was easy without compromising the individual, or convicting him of personating his father or any one else. After the close of the American Revolutionary War, the British Government was anxious to award those of the U. E. Loyalists who had rendered distinguished service, or who had suffered great losses from confiscation of property in the United States. For a few years there was much laxity in the granting of lands; and as officers received, according to rank, much larger quantities, and were as well entitled to half-pay, it was a valuable position to be numbered among that class. It is related that in some instances officers of disbanded regiments (with or without the knowledge of the responsible authorities, tradition says not) placed the names of all their sons upon the strength of the regiment, and even infants were honoured by a place upon the roll as Captain or Major. Hence arose a by-word in former years, "The Major won't take his pap." This occurrence has been brought to mind by observing among the pensioners of 1812 two or three names who may well be called youthful veterans, if their age be correctly reported. One is recorded as being

sixty, another as only thirty-seven, while a prodigy is presented as nineteen. It is, of course, hazardous to question the correctness of official reports, still we incline to the belief that there are errors, probably of printing, inasmuch as the war terminated sixty-three years ago. But four are given as being seventy-three, two seventy-four, four seventy-five, seven seventy-six, and sixty seventy-seven. These we may take to be correct and we thus learn that lads of ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen took part in the struggle, and have proved themselves worthy of a place upon the roll of honour.

But the more aged of the veterans naturally attract our more earnest attention. Of those who had reached the age of 100, in 1874, we find the names of Augustus Ethier, of Ottawa County ; William McDonald, Haldimand ; Simon Vandette, of Stormont ; and Abraham Petrie, of Illinois. Jerome Dupuis, of St. Tite, Quebec, and Frederick Keller, of Sterling, County of Hastings, are 101. Michael Leclair, of Glengarry ; Charles Leduc, of Beauharnois ; Francis Marchand, of Glengarry, and Faches L. Robert, of Terrebonne, are 103. The patriarch of the veterans, according to the Report for 1876, is Socrates Hunter, of Port Bruce, Elgin County, who is 104.

A number of applicants have not been recognised, on account of being already pensioned by the Imperial Government, or having served in Imperial corps at that time in Canada. Ninety-five are mentioned as having left limits, five as having procured substitutes, three disallowed for short service, and 142 have died since making application. One person has declined to receive the allowance.

Certainly, the sum of \$20 seems a mere pittance in the way of a pension ; but most of the recipients prize the honour more than the money. As we have seen, when Parliament voted \$50,000, it was expected that each veteran would receive a respectable sum, about \$100. But although the amount allotted to each was so small, the \$50,000 was found insufficient to meet the cases of all the recognised claimants the first year, and fifty-four remained unpaid when the amount was exhausted. This was made good to the fifty-four out of the second Parliamentary grant of \$50,000.

It is a great pity the finances of the Dominion would not allow a larger sum for pensioning these worthy old men, many of whom, we are sorry to understand, are by no means well off, and some quite destitute.

We may here give the force of the regular troops who served in Canada during the war, as far as has been ascertained :—First battalion of 1st Foot, 8th King's Own, one battalion of the 10th Royal Veterans, 13th, 40th, 41st, 49th, 100th, 103rd, and 104th Regiments, beside the Royal Newfoundland, the Meuron and the Watteville Regiments, the

Fencibles, the Glengarry Regiments, the 19th Light Dragoons, about 800 Royal Marines and Seamen, and 500 Artillery and Engineers.

"The Meuron and Watteville Regiments," says the author of "Maple Leaves," "had been formed in England from French officers and soldiers detained as prisoners of war, and who had been granted their liberty on accepting to fight against all the enemies of England, except their own country, France." These were, at the commencement of the United States war, sent out to Canada; and at the termination of hostilities were disbanded in Canada, and most of the men became settlers.

Mr. Socrates Hunter, the chief of the veterans, deserves a more extended notice. He was one of the number who, although not enrolled, performed, it would seem, important duties, and found some difficulty in establishing his claim. We learn from a letter received from him, dated 28th November, 1875, that he was born in the State of Vermont, and came to Upper Canada some time before the war of 1812. He "was 40 years old on the 2nd September, as the war broke out in June." He was yet unmarried. He "did duty all through the war," and declares he "never got any pay for it." Probably he means adequate pay. He "was with the company that built the blockhouse on Bridge Island, and Corporal Delany told us that he would see that we all got half a dollar a day; but I never got one cent for it. I can't say for the rest." He also complains that his cow and one of his oxen were taken without any remuneration. Mr. Hunter went to St. Thomas to claim his pension, and felt somewhat aggrieved at not receiving it promptly. At the time of writing his letter he had not yet received the promised cheque, and expresses himself that "he guesses they had forgotten him at Ottawa, as he was so old." He states that for fifteen years he has been unable to do anything, and is in "want of many things to make him comfortable, but he trusts in God for the future." After making full allowance for any tendency to magnify grievances, it must be admitted Mr. Hunter's case is a touching one, especially when he, already upwards of 100, speaks of trusting God for the future. Surely his trust will not be in vain, and it is a solemn duty resting upon Canada to see that his reasonable wants are fully supplied.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

(FROM PINDAR : OLYMP. II. 104.)

WHEN the day of death has come,
 Sinful souls receive their doom,
 And whatever they have done
 Wickedly, beneath the sun,
 In the realm below the earth,
 Where no ray of light has birth,
 Has its fitting punishment
 From the Judge whom Zeus has sent,
 Bound by dire necessity
 To award a just decree.

But the good, in joyous light,
 Never ceasing, day or night,
 Pass a life more free from pain
 Than all bliss this world can gain;
 Wasting not their strength in toil,
 On the hard, unyielding soil;
 Nor with ocean joining strife,
 For the scanty means of life;
 But among the honoured gods
 They have found their blest abodes,—
 With the gods, who hate a lie,
 Happy through eternity!
 While the wicked, far below,
 Bear intolerable woe.

This, at least, is their reward,
 Who their souls have nobly dared,
 Ever from temptation's lure
 To keep innocent and pure.
 They have found the path that leads
 To the bright, celestial meads,—
 To the Islands of the Blest,
 By soft ocean winds caressed,
 Where the golden flowers grow,
 And the trees with blossoms glow;
 And the water lilies wave
 In the land beyond the grave.
 And of flowers like those they twine
 Chaplets for their brows divine!

THE PARIS CAFÉS.

ALIMENTARY, and not literary, is the modern café. Times are so changed since Voltaire, Diderot and the rest sang and shouted in the Café Procope—jested, reasoned and made themselves immortal there—there are so many people who have the means to frequent cafés, and there is such an immense floating population, eager, curious and bent on sightseeing, that no clique can live. Its precincts, no matter how hallowed, are invaded by the leering mob and His many-headed Majesty the Crowd. Still, certain cafés are able to boast a *clientele*, with a military, journalistic, artistic or commercial element in preponderating force—cafés where the stockbrokers, students or officers go—but the old historic café, the café of tradition, where you were sure to find some celebrity on exhibition—a first-class poet or philosopher—may be said to be defunct. The Grand Café and the Café de la Paix under the Grand Hotel, being very central, near the new Opera, and gorgeously fitted up, are the chief rendezvous of the fashionable floating population, aristocratic loafers of all nations, where representatives from the remotest parts of the earth meet to stare at each other under the same roof—Persians, Greeks and Hindoos, Sandwich Islanders and Yankees. Tortoni's is a restaurant and café of the highest class, the most select in the city. Café Riche and Café Gretry, both fine cafés, are much frequented by stockbrokers, who in the evening are wont to assemble on the sidewalk near by, making the night air ring with their wild shouts of "give" and "take:" if dispersed by the police, as they often are, they generally gather into knots a little farther on. Café du Helder is appropriated almost exclusively to the military, officers in *bourgeois* dress, students from the Polytechnic and St. Cyr, and horse jockeys. The Café des Variétés belongs to the actors—a noisy, brilliant place—whilst the Café Madrid is the literary café of the nineteenth century, if there is any. Under Napoleon III. it was the centre of the radical opposition, being frequented by all the shades of Red, from the delicate hue of the *Débats* to the deep crimson of Flourens and Rochefort. Under the Commune it continued to be notorious, and to-day it is the resort of lawyers, journalists and Bohemians—lesser lights who seem to like the location, on the confines of the bad Boulevard Montmartre, and have no objection to the *cocottes* who come there in the evening. Like La Fontaine's mule.

Qui ne parlait incessamment
Que de sa mère la jument,

they talk only of literature, their nurse, and speak despairingly—it is a peculiarity of the place—of all the fellow-beings she has suckled. It is the typical French café in the central *salon* of which, in majestic repose, sits the *dame du comptoir*, who has a little grey moustache—the French like a little hair upon the upper lip of ladies—whilst overhead, forming a part of the extraordinary decoration, is a Madonna, goddess, angel—I can't say what—copied from one of the old masters in the palace of the Luxembourg. Gold-dust blown across the blue oval, with white-and-rose angels in the midst, shuts off the upward gaze in one of the other *salons*, whilst all around medallions large and small of heads and figures, male, female and infantile, with a variety of vine-wreathed Bacchuses and bow-drawing Cupids, which are considered especially fit to decorate cafés, cluster along the mouldings, encumber the panels or fill up the niches. Huge mirrors reflect the pea-green walls, the crystal chandeliers, the gilding, glass and divans; cats perambulate the apartments; people come and go—black, elegant fellows, with broad-brimmed hats, pretty canes, good clothes, good fits; absinthe-drinkers, with heavy jaws and dreamy, evil eyes. Billiard-balls are clicking in the back room; cards and dominoes are being played; cold-blooded demoralized people lean forward, gossip and gesticulate—men who would man a barricade on occasion or put a sword-blade through a stomach.

With a very few exceptions, all the leading cafés of Paris have become restaurants. You breakfast, dine and sup there; and in place of coffee being the sole or leading article of consumption, an infinite variety of drinks is now at the disposal of the thirsty wayfarer. Mocha, that product of the East, the preparation of which, like the making of bread, is the stumbling-block of house-keepers in both hemispheres, is served in three ways—as a *capucin*, a *mazogran* or a *demi-tasse*. A capucin (the name is but little used) is our cup of coffee—coffee with milk in it; a mazagran is coffee in a glass, accompanying which a decanter of water is brought. The name is derived from a village in Africa where the French had a brilliant feat of arms, and where the soldiers, in the absence of milk or brandy, had to water their coffee or drink it *au naturel*. The coffee itself is precisely the same as that furnished for the demi-tasse, which is served in a small china cup, accompanying which is a little decanter of cognac, with a fairy glass for measuring it; for the French, in place of cream, take brandy with coffee and rum with tea—to us an incomprehensible mixture. After breakfast and dinner the Frenchman desires coffee, and if he does not get it at home he goes to the café for it. To do without it, or to do without claret at meals, would be a dreadful alternative to which he would not long submit without, it might be, losing his reason and taking his life. Strong, black and fragrant, he would die without that beverage for which—and for Racine,

by the way—Madame de Sévigné prophesied an ephemeral popularity. Taken immediately after meals, it removes the fumes of the claret and champagne he has drunk, and leaves him feeling as clear-headed as Plato and grateful as a pensioner of the king.

Just before meal-time the cafés are crowded with people indulging in one of the renowned trio of appetizers, one of the great triumvirate of antepandial potations—*bittère*, *vermouth*, and *absinthe*. *Bittère* is a clear grateful drink of Hollandic derivation, considered more wholesome than either of its fellows; *vermouth* is a wormwood wine the drinker does not like at first (please draw the inference, that he becomes immensely fond of it at last); while *absinthe*—what shall we say of it? It is execrable stuff—the milk of sirens mingled with sea water. Of a dirty-green colour, pugent, all-powerful, it heats up the stomach, expending itself at the extremities in half-developed throbs, perpetual wavelets of rankling stinging that break upon the shores of flesh. It mounts to the hair-roots, fills the entrails with a furnace-glow, goes everywhere. It is the worst of French drinks, representing and standing for what is worst in French character, worst in France. It cannot be tossed off at a throw; it must be toyed with, sipped. Stimulating, enervating, poisonous, horrible—all the more so perhaps because it is not intoxicating exactly—God has put a barrier against its use by making it distasteful; but, strange to say, all those things men run after: rum, tobacco, opium, *absinthe*, are always distasteful at first, if not for a long time afterward.

But the French do not drink rum, gin, whiskey or *water* to any great extent. With the exception of *absinthe* and considerable brandy, their drinking occupies a middle ground. They revel in a multitude of subtle, delightful mixtures—*liqueurs*, *crèmes* and *sirops*. Very dear to the heart of refined sensualists is the famous monks' liquor called *chartreuse*, which deservedly ranks at the head of the long list of *liqueurs*—*anissette*, *curaçao*, *maraschino*, *rosolio*, *alkermès*, *ratafia*, *genièvre*, etc. It is made by the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, of certain aromatic herbs and brandy, the former gathered by them in their summer wanderings amongst the Jura Mountains. It is a sticky, sweet compound of a green or yellow colour, and of such a fiery nature that it must be sipped, not drunk. Many a hater of the priesthood, holding up one of the little thimbleful glasses in which it is served, has exclaimed, "Blessed be the monks for making thee! Compound of devil, dew and honey! in thee have they sought to indemnify themselves for lack of wife, and partially have they succeeded."

All these *liqueurs*, indeed, are rather ladies' drinks. So too are the *crèmes*—*mocha*, *tea*, *noyau*, *cumin*, *mint*, *ether*, etc.; also the *sirops*, including *orgeat*, very refreshing in the summer-time. Masculine preferences are for beer, immense quantities of which are drunk, especially in

the evening, or for fine champagne, the name bestowed upon superior brandy. However, ladies and gentlemen unite in disposing of half-frozen punch (*sorbets*) or eating ices—say a *tutti frutti* at the Café Napolitain—ravishing mixtures of cold and passion, the fruits of the tropics imbedded in a slice of the North Pole.

French drinks are, like French dishes, artistic preparations, and the French cafés artistic, pretty places, indispensable to the scenic completeness of things in France, if not to the comfort and well-being of the people. A landscape without water, a bride without a veil, a house without windows, would be something like France (Paris especially) without cafés. To take away its cafés would be to pluck out its eyes, to leave it dull and dead—food without appetite, marriage without love or the honeymoon. Its industries may give it sinew, muscle, bone and nerve; the Institute may give it brains; but the cafés—they are its life-blood and its pulse.

The French cultivate even a love of home in going to the café. For what is a love of home? It is certainly not a mere local attachment, such as the cat has for the particular hearth-rug where she dozes by day, or the particular tiles and water spouts where she howls by night. It is rather the love of family and friendly union, in which the French take especial delight, gathering together in little knots by the open window, in the garden, on the sidewalk, or it may be, in the café, talking in the leaping, emancipated touch-and-go style, in the merry, vaulting style in which they excel, on all the lighter topics.

But the desire to economize keeps away a great many people, for the French are very economical. In the great army of the *bourgeois*, as well as in the great army of the *blouses*—many of whom could be bourgeois if they chose—whole families, husbands, fathers, brothers, son abstains, from going to the café, either alone or accompanied, from Christmas to New Year's and New Year's to Christmas. Neither would you find MacMahon, Thiers,* or Victor Hugo at the café. The recognised great, the nobility and high officials, contrary to what perhaps is commonly supposed, are rarely to be seen there. They meet in some more private way.

But the café is nevertheless a very charming place. It is a place where it is permitted to you to surrender yourself to the most delicious reflections. You are in the presence of humming-birds, not ostriches or owls. The people are smoking cigarettes, or cigars at worst, not meer-schaums. The establishment itself is a dazzle of decoration, a little corner of the Louvre. There is no shouting or swearing, but a pleasing

* This paper was written before the death of the veteran statesman and *littérateur* whom so many thousands of the best people of France followed the other day to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The references to him are allowed to remain.—Ed.

hum. The calls of messieurs and the replies of garçons resolve themselves into a confused lulling sound. If you are well, and your conscience does not trouble you—and even if it does—you can select a quiet corner and dream away the livelong day. The air is nerve-slackening. You feel perfectly at your ease. You can think of nothing to apprehend—no incursion of your lady friends designing to reason with the proprietor and perhaps hold a prayer-meeting on the sidewalk ; no incursion of the police, no row. Everybody is placable and quiet—preserves indeed a sort of deferential attitude toward his neighbour—and not only when he comes in, but again when he goes out, salutes the dame du comptoir—the lady superintendent, that is (not unfrequently the wife of the proprietor)—who sits enthroned in a little boxlike place superintending the delivery of drinks and making change. This matter of saluting, as the reader knows, is a deference which every Frenchman considers due to the great man or woman who, at the particular time of his entrance or exit, may chance to be in a particular apartment ; and in the case of cafés, if the dame du comptoir were not in her place, he would salute the guests ; and if there were but one guest, that one would be expected to return the salute, it being meant for him alone.

Sanctified in this way by the presence of a lady, the café does not seem such a very bad place ; and it isn't. Even the *estaminets* and *brasseries*, which are but second-rate cafés, and the ordinary wine-shops, still lower in the scale, in which the coachman and commissionnaire regale themselves, taking a *canon* across the counter in the morning and playing a game of cards in the back shop at night, are by no means the hideous gulping-down places in which our land abounds. Drinking in public places in France is not so completely separated from all respectability and refinement as it is with us. It involves none of that horrid nomenclature, "slings," "punches," "cocktails," "smashes," which carry with them all the terror and awfulness of oaths. The French have pretty names for drinks, as well as a rather pretty, poetic way of alluding to a man's inebriation. "He is a little gray ;" "He has a little corner in his head ;" "He is in a condition for beating the wall ;" "He is heading pins, etc., etc., are favourite expressions. Of course the delicacy or waggishness with which we allude to an evil is no excuse for it, but the French have little absolute drunkenness to excuse. They are emphatically a sober people and even in their cups neither rude nor quarrelsome. Of the few French people I ever saw drunk (except peasants), all were begging pardon of the owners of imaginary toes, and making various other polite concessions to the people whom they believed to be around them. And yet they drink prodigiously. The customary allowance of every man who can afford it is a pint of claret at meals, themselves prefaced generally speaking by an appetizer, and supplemented

almost invariably by a cup of coffee and cognac. He would be quite likely also in the course of the day to assist in the destruction of a bottle of champagne (almost certain to do so if a *bon vivant*), and during the afternoon and evening to drink several glasses of beer, perhaps taking a "night-cap" of hot wine before going to bed. All this would not necessarily make him drunk, but continued day by day it keeps him under the influence of a continual stimulus, which in time becomes indispensable and contributes to form the Hotspur character of which we hear so much. Strange it should not make drunkards outright, but it does not seem to produce that effect; and Paris, with all its luxuries in drink, is not a drunken city. You see more drunken people in a week in any large city in Great Britain and Ireland or this western continent than in a year in Paris, and more people who, if not drunk, are unmistakable toppers. They drink hard in Brittany (it is no unusual thing there to see a woman drunk), and so too in the manufacturing places of Normandy and other parts of France, especially those that produce no wine; and Champney, who doubtless studied from life, painted at Ecouen the picture of an old peasant-woman hauling her husband home in a hand-cart *dead drunk*; but for all that, the French are emphatically a sober people, either constitutionally or from climatic or other reasons: I do not pretend to say which.

On the whole, therefore, the picture of the French cafés is a pleasant one, and it is a pity the bar rooms of America and the gin-shops of England were not more like them. They are a compromise, it is true, but that is better than the prohibitionist's vain fight.

Tortoni's, the last survivor of whose founders died only the other day, has its historical reminiscences. Therein is to be found the salon, known as the "blue salon," once hallowed by the occupancy of M. de Talleyrand. The window is still pointed out at which the eminent diplomatist used to sit surveying the crowds that thronged the Boulevards, with his usual fine and cynical smile, like a Mephistopheles of the nineteenth century. A little later, and one has a vision of a young man of short stature, elegantly dressed, who every day or two rides up to door or window, springs from his horse, calls for a particular kind of ice, which he imbibes with a sort of nervous haste, and then disappears. This little dandy, always in a hurry, alert, nervous and sharp-eyed, is a future ruler of the nation: it is M. Thiers. Around Tortoni's there hovers too the souvenir of that other gracious and graceful dandy, king of fashion in his day, the Count D'Orsay. It was at a breakfast at Tortoni's that the preliminaries were arranged for the famous duel wherein D'Orsay appeared as the champion of the Virgin Mary. Some irreverent jester having made some slighting remark respecting the Virgin, D'Orsay took the matter up and called the speaker to account. "For," said the

Count, "the Virgin is a woman, and as such ought not to be slandered with impunity."

The cafés chantants of Paris form a division by themselves. The most noted of these is the Eldorado, which has given more than one prominent performer to the Parisian stage—Theresa, who, once a dish-washer in a hotel, left her soap-suds and mop to become a Parisian celebrity, the instructress of a princess, and now a really talented comic actress and bouffe singer; Judic and Theo, the rival beauties of the Opera Bouffe; and lively little Boumaine, now one of the stars of the Variétés. The career of Madame Theo has been a strange one. She was originally a failure at the Eldorado, and used to cry her eyes out behind the scenes at her own ill success. Finally, Offenbach discovered her and wrote for her his *Jolie Parfumeuse*. The little beauty cut off her hair, put on a blonde wig, and bloomed out a full-blown genius. Without voice, without talent, by dint of a lovely figure, a face of babyish prettiness and an innocent way of uttering speeches of atrocious naughtiness, she has become one of the theatrical successes of the hour, has brought back a harvest of diamonds from her recent Russian trip, and will probably retire into private life with a fortune before she is thirty.

Pass to the Café Anglais, that hypocrite of the Boulevards, white-washed, decent, outwardly respectable, yet whose windows are ablaze all night long in the Carnival season, and whose latest legend is the tradition of "Big 16." "Big 16" is a private cabinet in the entresol, numbered after the fashion that has given it its title, and famed as being the scene of the orgies of the young Duke de Grammont-Caderousse, that maddest of the mad *viveurs* of the Second Empire, and his friend the Prince of Orange. The latter still maintains his reputation in Paris as the most dissipated of European princes. Twice has he essayed to win the hand of an English Princess, or rather his high-minded and virtuous mother made the effort in his behalf, but neither his prospective heirship to the Crown of Holland nor his Protestantism has availed to gain for him a royal English bride. He is known among the society that he most affects by the sobriquet of *Citron* (Lemon), bestowed upon him by the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse at one of the little suppers of the day. The Duke continued to call the Prince Monseigneur, to which His Royal Highness objected, declaring that he wished all formality to be laid aside respecting his birth and title.

"Is that so?" cried the Duke gayly. "Then, Citron, pass me the cheese."

And the nickname has survived the Duke who gave it and the government under which it was given. Sometimes, after one of the masked balls, a pink domino at the Café Americain will call for champagne,

with the announcement, " M. Citron pays," without for a moment imagining that she is speaking of the heir to a throne.

To take a final survey, let us enter the Café de la Paix, the most imperial, cosmopolitan and stylish of cafés. That well-preserved man sitting by himself is playing *solitaire*—a group of one. That white-haired old gentleman sitting in the alcove yonder is drinking sweetened water—surely not a beverage calculated to pollute the palate. Those round-headed men, whose bald pates are fringed with gray, are now settling up their score. It is only a franc or two, but each one pays his share, "treating" not being common. You are often asked to drink, and left to pay for what you drink—an arrangement greatly to be preferred, provided it be understood. That stylish-looking man reading the *Figaro* is drinking a green chartreuse, and every time he stoops to sip from the little goblet that stands before him, his huge moustache, folding over it, looks like two great black wings. That pale-faced man is probably a professor. He has just sweetened his coffee, and is now pocketing the lumps of sugar remaining over in the little dish (considered a perfectly proper thing to do); and that stripling from the province, he is taking account of everything—the velvet, the marble, silver, glass, the flowers, vases, pictured panels, the waiters in their white aprons, the water-bottles in which the ice is frozen by artificial process, the crinkle-crinkle, gilding, glare, the plants in the doorway and the queen behind her box.

Looking out upon the sidewalk, all the world is passing by—Guadeloupe negroes with white servants at their heels; artillerymen with dangling sabres; cocottes, Englishmen, zouaves; washerwomen and their daughters carrying skirts suspended from the tops of poles; old men with goggles and young men with canes and great show of cuffs; multitudes of distinguished-looking people; *Français à l'outrance*; people with beaked noses and olive complexions; clerks and shop-girls, *gamins* and *bonnes*; policemen of inferior stature, who though armed with swords, look incapable of dealing with desperate men; labourers in blouses and old ladies in caps.

Sitting once in front of the Café de la Paix at five o'clock in the afternoon, and looking through a line of promenaders such as that, I counted two hundred busses, private carriages and hacks, most (or many at least) of whose occupants were presumably bent on pleasure, to sixteen carts and other vehicles devoted exclusively to business—eight of which, by the way, were hand-carts. Oh the gay and happy town! I thought. Where turn-outs bear such a proportion to the drays, no wonder cafés thrive, exquisite drinks are served, and a *corky* people, who have a happy faculty, as illustrated by the late war, of coming up the quicker the farther they are pressed down, find the thing enjoyable.

A café front indeed is better than an omnibus-top for studying Paris,

and the café itself is a club for everybody. People go to it to gossip and regale themselves, play games, talk politics, read the newspapers, write letters, transact business it may be, sit, think, dream, and rest themselves. To the Anglo-Saxon the life that is led in it seems a good deal like walking about in a botanical garden during the day and sleeping in an observatory at night—a decidedly artificial existence; but so long as we must drink or be amused at all, we shall do well to study the ways of the French. They alone know how to eat and drink properly and amuse themselves in a rational way.

G. C. F.

NATIONAL HYMN.

God of our fathers' choice,
Thy people's humble voice
To Thee we raise :
Protect with loving hand
Our queen and motherland :
We bow to Thy command
In grateful praise.

May this young nation be
Reliant but on Thee,
With faith to know,
That, in Thy glorious light,
Conscious of honest right,
May she resist with might
Each tyrant foe.

Guide Thou the stranger, who,
With faith and hope anew,
May seek our strand.
Teach him by honest toil
Freed from unjust turmoil
To live in purpose loyal
To this fair land.

Be Thou to us a shield,
Bless thou each lake and field,
Yield us increase.
So we, with loud acclaim,
May ever praise Thy name.
Thus let contentment reign
And crowning peace.

Montreal.

FRED. J. HAMILTON.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 6.—WHITTIER.

BY GEORGE STEWART, JR.

"I AM of the opinion," said the Professor to his nephews, as they sat in the dining room sipping their coffee after a late dinner, and cracking jokes and walnuts together, "that Whittier is, with admirable show of reason, the poet of Patriotism. He is a true lyrist and a genuine maker of ballads for the people and of songs for the homely. He seems to adopt that quaint phrase of Andrew Fletcher, who, in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose, remarked, that he knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. He has woven this maxim into his character so strongly, and so thoroughly, that it has become a part of himself. He breaks out into song at will, and all his songs and lyrics are full of patriotism and freedom. An obscure writer in a magazine once vulgarly said, that because Whittier was a Quaker, and wore a broad-brimmed hat, he could not be a representative American poet. He seemed to forget that a man does not always wear his characteristics on his sleeve, or stamp his individuality on the band of his hat. The reasoning of this critic is as fallacious as it is silly. The American is eager, he says; the Quaker is subdued. Because Whittier does not boast and is not loud mouthed, this elegant writer declares the poet of Amesbury to be no genuine American. Because Whittier has written no lay poem, which, in the opinion of John Keats, was a sure test of the inventive power, our critic lays down the rule that his imagination is poor, that there is no variety to his verse, that his narratives halt, and he is wearisome to a degree. This is wholesale denunciation, truly, and quite refreshing to read in this day."

"Why, uncle you are getting warm over it."

"And no wonder. I have spent very many hours turning over the leaves of his books of songs and drinking in the exquisite touches of nature that come uppermost so often in his evenly-turned verse. He strikes a note and every fibre of the heart throbs. What splendid painting there is in his winter idyl *Snow-Bound*? How gloriously and yet how delicately does he describe a household which we all recognise. It is not a poem alone for an old man like me to read. It is full of that joyousness of youth and nerve, which so admirably suits the lusty young mind. There are lines in it which make the blood rush to the cheek.

There are refrains in it which rouse the soul, and there are quiet glimpses of gentle home-life which fill the mind with beautiful thoughts, and make the wanderer from the homestead feel a longing and a sighing to be back again to the old home he has left. It is a poem which is best read when the blasts whistle without, and the dancing snow fills the air. One enjoys it more when it is bleakest, and it should be read before crackling blazing logs, with the family group for listeners in some far off cabin home. Scott says, Melrose Abbey should only be viewed by moonlight, though in 1830, the wizard told Sir John Bowring that he never saw the Abbey after set of sun. Whittier's picture of a winter in New England should be read at night in the winter time, in some farmer's rugged house. In such a spot these lines would ring out in grander measure :

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine,
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black,
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night,
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell,
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafters as it passed,
The merrier up its soaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close to hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

"I agree with you," said Charles, "the picture is very complete. I have been often struck with its excellence. It is in reality a view of the gentle poet's delightful home in the legendary old town of Haverhill, Mass., where he was born in 1808. He has traced with artistic

fidelity this sketch of his early home-life. The house, dark and small in the landscape of snow, is his own. The rude-furnished room, the andirons, the hearth, the house-dog, the family circle, all complete a scene faithful to nature itself. The poet has left nothing untouched. His magic wand has turned everything to gold. With his pencil he has filled in every figure, and has left us a true picture of the home which is so full of poet association and thought. Like Scott and Wordsworth, Whittier has done much to familiarize his people with the beauty of the country in which he lives. He has sung of his own land, of its rivers and streams, and of the deeds of glory which his own countrymen have performed. Though a Quaker in his religion, in conversation using the 'thee' and 'thou' with scrupulous fidelity, and in his dress wearing the conventional cut though not always the colour, his poetry assumes another shape and form. He sings in a bold, untrammelled key, vigorous, robust, and hardy. He is at his best in his *Songs of Freedom*. Naturally shy, his home in Amesbury is a quiet one. For many years, till her death, the poet lived with his sister Elizabeth, whose 'Dream of Argyle' is so full of fire and spirit, and whose 'Wedding Veil' is so tender and sweet."

"She has written very little, has she not? I remember her lines on Lady Franklin, for they went the rounds of the papers some years since. They were attributed at one time to her brother, but afterwards I saw them again with Elizabeth H. Whittier's name appended to them."

"Yes, only a few of her poems have been published. She was a very lovable woman, with pure and noble thoughts, just the companion for a man like Whittier, whose tastes are so simple, and whose ways are so quiet. Their home was ever a happy one: the bard in his old days is left alone, but many bright and sunny memories remind him of the beautiful character that has passed away."

"Let us adjourn to the library," said the Professor as he finished his Marsala and arose from the table, "I have a new picture to show you of Whittier, which I think you will like. I received it yesterday, and a more speaking likeness I do not remember having seen before. There, is it not capitally taken? How well those lines are drawn, and how expressive the artist has made the countenance."

"Yes, the portrait is good, but the head seems too large. The eyes are not so full of lustre as they are in the original. I have seen many pictures of the poet, but none of them show Whittier in his true light. His is a face which will not photograph to advantage. You can never see in the pictures of him those lines in his face which show the genius of the man. There is a flatness about his portraits, and an unsatisfactoriness which do him a great injustice. I am disappointed in your portrait. It is the best I have seen, but it is not Whittier. It is not

the poet as I have seen him. His face is full of subdued power, and his eyes never come out as well in his portrait as they should."

"Well, I *am* disappointed, I thought surely I had at last got a good likeness. I must fall back on my old mode and try to fancy an ideal Whittier from his writings."

"You will find that a very difficult thing to do. Whittier in his poetry is in nowise Whittier the man. His genius is varied. He writes a war song with the same sublimity as he pens an evening hymn. His slave songs are among his best productions. One of the most powerful productions in our language is his noble song of slaves in the desert. Its origin may be traced to Richardson's Journal, under date 10th March, 1846. On that evening the female slaves were full of excitement, and singing, in their strange, weird fashion, the melancholy dirge which they often chanted when in this mood. The song was in the Bornou or Manadara language, and the word *Rubee* was often named. Curious to know the purport of these plaintive strains, Richardson asked *Said*, what the slaves were singing about. The interpreter responded, 'They sing of *Rubee* (God), and they ask from Him their *Atka*, which means their certificate of freedom.' 'O where are we going, O God. The world is large, O God, Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable.' Over and over again these poor creatures sang these words, wringing their hands, till fatigue and suffering struck them down, and then the silence of the desert remained unbroken for a time. It was this sad story of anguish and pain that struck the key-note and wormed itself round the heart of Whittier. It was this extract from a journal kept at Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, that impressed the poet with the idea of writing a song that would affect alike the stoutest and the tenderest heart. One can fancy the despairing look on the slave's face, as she asks her God, in her simple sing-song way, 'Where are we going, *Rubee*?' "

"It is, indeed, vast in its sentiment and emotional power; but to be emotional is a characteristic of Whittier. All of his poems breathe more or less of this feeling. Take, for example, the child songs. They are natural and pretty. 'Barefoot Boy' is familiar to us all. It did not need Mr. Prang, with his exquisite chromo, from Eastman Johnson's painting, to immortalize him, for the people all round the world had learned to repeat this poem years before the artist chose him for a subject. How the lines come flying back to us, and haven't we all seen, by the trout-streams and brooks in the country, just such barefoot boys, with turned-up pantaloons, and 'merry-whistled tunes.' There is no mistaking him as he comes leisurely over the hill towards us, and stands on the little bridge near by, watching every movement that we

make. This is a character poem, and reminds us, in several respects, of those occasional touches of nature which we find in the poetry of the old poet of Rydal Mount. In many ways Whittier is another Wordsworth. He is fully as homely, and as eager a lover of nature as the English bard. He has written nothing like the 'Excursions,' as a whole, but there are bits in his composition which sound the same echoes."

"Speaking of the barefoot boy," said Mark, "reminds me that there is a quiet vein of sarcasm in the poet, which requires circumstances to draw it out to the full extent of its richness. I remember a letter which Whittier wrote once, which, while being eminently characteristic, was at the same time so good in its way that I must tell you of it, and of the reason of its appearing. A wretched imitation of Prang's famous chromo was offered by a cheap periodical as a prize or premium when chromos were tendered as inducements for almost everything. It was a paltry enough looking print and the poet was horror stricken when he beheld it with his own endorsement labelled thereon. He had written to Mr. Prang of the Prang chromo, 'your admirable chromo of the "Barefoot Boy" is a charming illustration of my little poem, and in every way satisfactory as a work of art.' The wretched imitation bore the words of the poet and were used as if Mr. Whittier had written them of the chromo in question. He was so disgusted at this base and wicked perversion of the truth that he at once wrote a stirring letter to Mr. Prang about it, and among other things he took occasion to say the following which I will read to you if you will:—

"'I have heard of writers who could pass judgment upon works of art without ever seeing them, but the part assigned me by this use of my letter to thee, making me the critic of a thing not in existence, adds to their ingenuity the gift of prophecy. It seems to be hazardous to praise anything. There is no knowing to what strange uses one's words may be put. When a good deal younger than I am now I addressed some laudatory lines to Henry Clay, but the newspapers soon transferred them to Thomas H. Benton, and it was even said that the saints of Nauvoo made them do duty in the apotheosis of the Prophet Joseph Smith. My opinions as an art-critic are not worth much to the public, and, as they seem to be as uncertain and erratic in their directions as an Australian Boomerang, I shall, I think, be chary in future of giving them. I don't think I should dare speak favourably of the *Venus de Medici*, as I might expect to find my words affixed to some bar-room lithograph of the bearded woman.'"

"Characteristic truly," laughed Charles, "but keen as a Toledo blade and as cutting too. Whittier must have smarted when he wrote that. He is so shy, and really indifferent to criticism, and even fame, that he must have felt the provocation strongly to have nerved himself sufficiently to write that letter."

"Yes, I grant you that, but it is one of the peculiarities of the poet to fire up once in a while. Read his slavery poems and ballads. Why, they actually breathe vengeance on the slave-holder in every stanza. His whole frame shakes and trembles as he writes. His veins stand out in ridges and his nature changes as if undergoing some terrible action within.

'Woe then to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down!'

"And again in this spirited verse—

'What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on *woman's* shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!

'What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!'

"I could give you more splendid examples of his genius and fire and spirit, for his poems are full of them, turn where you will, but these show well the working of his mind and heart. With Phillips and Garrison, he early linked his fortunes, and like them he saw his principles triumph, and the slave liberated and free. He had many obstacles to ride over, and many burdens to bear, but his movement was a holy and just one, and he succeeded in the end. His great songs of freedom rang through the land, and many a weary heart, and down trodden man and woman found solace in these burning words of his, which penetrated every nook and corner of the country, and struggled to make themselves known and heard. His first poem was sent anonymously to the apostle of the anti-slavery cause, Mr. Lloyd Garrison, who was then editor of a paper. Whittier was teaching school then, and the two life-long friends met shortly after Whittier's poem appeared in the journal. Garrison recognised the genius of the young poet at once, and he soon found him an able auxiliary in the fight. For a time the Quaker bard was the hero of the hour. His songs were upon every lip. His burning words were upon every tongue. He was the thought of the day, the spirit of the movement, the pet of the anti-slavery party, puny enough in those days, but terribly great in our day. He had no pretensions, no extravagance of verbiage, and indulged in no literary excesses. His mind then was not severely classical, and he wrote in a common tongue, and in a way that every one could grasp his meaning and understand him. He indulged in no idle metaphor, and he was sincere. He was free from affectation, a vice so common with young poets."

"I have often heard Wendell Phillips speak of Whittier," said the Professor, "and remember well his telling me how thoroughly wrapped

up the poet was in the great movement, and how eagerly he watched the progress of the party, and how proudly he felt when he read the President's proclamation of the emancipation of the coloured race. Mr. Phillips told me an incident once which I may mention to show how high the party feeling ran a few years ago. Whittier had entrusted him with the care of a young coloured girl, who was almost white, and few could tell her from a brunette. They travelled together in the north, and in more than one hotel Mr. Phillips was quietly taken to one side by the landlord, and requested not to stop at the hotel when he came that way again, unless he was alone, as the other boarders didn't like it. This is all changed now. One cannot but admire the steady and brave fight which these men made and continued so well and so long."

"For several years I have known a stirring ode which was very popular with Vermonters for years back. Until lately its author was not known. I had noticed it in the newspapers, but no name was to it, and though some who professed to know, attributed its paternity to Ethan Allen, the statement has been doubted. The ode is entitled, 'The Song of the Vermonters—1779,' and at begins 'Ho, all to the borders.' I learned only the other day that it was an old effort of Mr. Whittier's, who wrote it in 1834, and sent it anonymously to Buckingham's *New England Magazine*. For twenty-five years it remained unsuspected, and has never been included in any volumes of the poet's works. He was as a youth interested in the history of Vermont, and in the fortunes and career of Ethan Allen, and he was curious to see if his poem would be received and recognised as an olden time production, and he saw his wish gratified, though he never until lately owned his fugitive. He still considers it the practical joke of a boy."


"Whittier is not the first poet who finds himself confronted with the rough productions of his youthful pen, after he has grown on in years. Such incidents happen every day, and even the colossus of English literature is as well known by his verses on a lame duckling, as he is by his 'Lives of The Poets,' or 'The Adventures of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,' which as you may remember, was largely quoted as real history by more than one London journal during the Abyssinian war. With some authors it is a favourite pastime to publish their writings anonymously. Some famous men have even sought to deny them afterwards. Sir Walter Scott, it is said, once denied having written 'Waverley,' and it is a well-known fact that the witty divine, Sydney Smith, positively stated, that he did not write 'The Peter Plymley Letters.' Pope's 'Essay on Man,' first appeared anonymously, and it met with but indifferent success. Mr. David Mallet, who in his day was accounted a pretty good judge of poetry, a poet himself and a dramatist also of no mean reputation, dropped into Pope's room one day, and the conversation

turning on poetry, the bard asked the Scotsman carelessly, if there was anything new. Mallet, whose name was originally Malloch, replied, that there was a new piece out, an 'Essay on Man,' he thought it was, and which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away. Pope then told him that it was he who had written the essay, and the author of 'The Dunciad' was highly amused at the chagrin and discomfiture of Mallet when he learned the secret of the authorship."

"I have always thought," remarked Charles, "that Mallet knew all the time that Pope had written the essay, and only spoke in the way he did in order to draw the poet out, and make him acknowledge his work. Mallet was too clever and sharp a man to be deceived easily, and Pope, who was a trifle vain, confessed too readily. It was just like Pope to ask the question, so eager was he to hear complimentary things said about himself, and when he found the criticism likely to go against himself, he cut it short by acknowledging his poem."

"No. I still incline to my own opinion; Mallet was a good critic in his way, but very apt to form a hasty judgment, and as was his wont when he once formed an opinion, he always stuck to it, right or wrong. It was like him to jump at the conclusion he formed, for he read everything as rapidly as it came out.

"In regard to poets and their likings, it has often appeared curious to me to notice the wide gulf of opinion which exists frequently between author and reader in regard to the relative merits of a piece of poetry. I have seen it stated somewhere, unauthorized of course, that Whittier does not like his poem of Maud Muller. That may be so, but it will not prevent a great many of his admirers from doing so. I consider it one of the sweetest things which he has written. It is a simple enough story, but it is a story for all that which makes an immediate impression on the reader, and enlists his attention at once. It is one of these live poems which is full of naturalness and truth. The thoughts which the poet causes to arise in the breasts of the judge and of the youthful maiden who raked the hay, are as exquisite in their way and as delicately turned as anything we find in the poetry of a realm. What finer or more neat touch of nature can be imagined than the smiles of the lawyers that day in court, when every now and then the judge softly hummed to himself some old love tune? It is a story of what might have been, and it tells of two lives in a sweet and sympathetic way. In a way which acts on the heart of the reader and one sighs because the judge and Maud were widely separated and not in the end united. The reader feels as if he would like to have been in the fields that day when the judge came along and witnessed the interview when—



'He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;
'Then talked of the haying and wondered whether
The cloud in the West would bring foul weather.
'And Mand forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;
'And listened, while a pleased surprise
Lurked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.'

"The whole story is deliciously set. It is a novel in a short space. The measure is charming though not new. The story is old, but it is freshly told. The language is chaste. The poet plays upon the heart, and I sometimes find my eyes watering when I come to,

'God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
'For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest of these : " It might have been ! " .
'Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;
'And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from the grave away ! "'

"I do not believe," said the Professor, "that Whittier is dissatisfied with this ballad. It is very pretty and very real, and I should be sorry if Whittier thought otherwise. It is a fine ballad in every way, but many will think with Frank that 'Mary Earvin' carries out the actual principles of this class of poetry better. Macaulay, in those wonderful productions of his, sang of the glories of ancient Rome, and the graceful and mellifluous sweep of his measure and evenness of his rhyme, have made his poetry ever striking and brilliant. His numbers flow with majestic, aye, resistless rhythm, and every syllable strikes upon the ear with the sweetness of music. Now Whittier has caught this style, which certainly did not originate with Macaulay, but the brilliant essayist made it his own for all that, and in his noteworthy ballad of Mary Garvin, he gives full rein to his muse, and the easy flowing metre clangs like the peals of a chime of silver bells. It is a very happily-conceived old provincial tale, with a glimmer of romance about it. The legend abounds in glowing bits of descriptive writing."

"Mogg Megone is Whittier's longest poem, and one of the earliest pieces from his pen. It abounds in crudities, and beyond some delightful sketchy incidents, and a pleasant snatch of verse here and there, it is an unsatisfactory performance, and not equal to the poet's reputation. Many will read it for the romance which is in it, and the glimpse which we catch of the red-man and his mode of life. But there is an utter

absence of that freedom of expression which is so essentially the poet's own distinguishing characteristic. One cannot help missing the delicate touches which crop out everywhere in 'Mary Garvin,' in the 'Last Walk in Autumn,' in 'The Burial of Barbour,' and that thrilling chant, 'The Red River Voyageur.' "

"Or you might add those two poems, entitled, 'The Sisters;' one after a picture by Barry is exceedingly musical and sweet, and the other, in the ballad form, is quite vigorous and robust. Everyone who reads poetry at all, will remember the story of Annie and Rhoda, who lived near the great sea, and woke one night, startled by the sound of roaring and warring waters, and the noise of huge waves climbing the rocky shore, and the swirling wind and deep pattering rain. Annie was gentle and timid, Rhoda bold and fearless. The former shuddered at the blast and cried in fear, but Rhoda ordered her back to bed, and said no good ever came of watching a storm. But Annie still shrank down in terror, and above the din and loud roar of the elements, she heard her name called, and nearer and nearer it came in the winding blast of the storm. It was the voice of a drowning man, and Estwick Hall, of the *Heron*, was out in the fury of the tempest. But Rhoda, who loved Hall of the *Heron*, too, said to Annie,—

' With eyes aflame,
Thou liest, he would never call thy name !
If he did, I would pray the wind and sea,
To keep him forever from thee and me ! '

Then roared the angry sea again, and another blast rode on the gale, and a dying wail reached the startled ears of the sisters. Hall of the *Heron* was dead. The dramatic effect is well sustained in this ballad, and the accident is powerfully and skilfully drawn."

"It is indeed so in the dainty volume entitled 'Hazel Blossoms.' Here is a bright and truthful poem. It is addressed to Conductor Bradley, who nobly sacrificed his own life to save the lives of his passengers. 'Others he saved, himself he could not save !' 'Nay,' says the poet, 'his life *was* saved !' The conceit is pretty, and the idea is beautifully carried out, But for real excellence, in a poetic sense, Whittier's 'Sea Dream' is, unquestionably, his masterpiece, though a mad, weird thing. 'A Mystery,' is not far behind it. These gems reveal the richness of the poet's mind, and the extraordinary breadth of his imagery. They show also how true to nature he can be, and how charming is the genius he displays in these poems. His situations are delightful, his fancy is quaint and piquant, and full of interest, and his versification, though it sometimes labours, is generally smooth, flowing, and happy. All that is tender and gentle in the poet comes out with surprising fluency and beauty. Indeed, in the poem of 'A Mystery,'

Whittier grasps the Shadow Subject of his verse with rare and wondrous skill. In personal poetry he is the same true artist. His poem on Bryant, his lines on Sumner, his verses about his friend, the naturalist Agassiz, his delightful stanzas to James T. Fields, author, poet and publisher, are simply exquisite and rich. His lines to Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymers, who was to England what Burns was to Scotland, are bold and vigorous. Every line snaps with fire. It is a grand tribute to the memory of the humble poet of the poor, and a fitting sermon on his life and work. Elliott's splendid and homely verses caught the popular favour, and thousands of starving men and women sang his songs in the streets. It was largely due to his untiring labours that the detestable tax on bread was repealed, and all Britain rang with his name, and many a prayer was offered up for him in the dwelling of the poor and lowly. He was a true reformer, and, like Whittier, believed in just laws and liberty for the people. No poet of our time could have written such stirring lines as these to Elliott, for no bard has seen as much suffering as Whittier has, and every verse of this magnificent effort tingles with feeling. No wonder is it that when men read this poem, the eye sparkles and the cheek reddens, and the boiling blood leaps in the veins, for it is an effort which tells a story of broad and liberal humanity, and none can gainsay its sentiments or deny its truth :

'Lay down upon his sheaf's green verge
That brave old heart of oak,
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,
And pall of furnace smoke !
Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,
And axe and sledge are swung,
And, timing to their stormy sounds,
His stormy lays are sung.
* * * * *
'No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh
For him whose words were bread,—
The Runic rhyme and spell whereby
The foodless poor were fed !'

"We all remember the ringing ballad of 'The Three Bells,' which came out first in *The Atlantic*, and afterwards ran the circle of the press. Few ballads have enjoyed such popularity. It is the story of a stout ship, safely riding through the gale, 'over an awful ocean;' and the poet tells us in a clear-sounding metre, how all souls were saved at last :

'Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail !
Ring on, Three Bells, of rescue,
Above the wave and gale !
'Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry ;
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh !'

"Do you know the passengers mentioned in the 'Tent on the Beach,' in Whittier's volume, which came out in 1867?"

"Oh, yes, Whittier himself told me the names. The first is James T. Fields, the second is the poet himself, and the third

" * * Whose Arab face was tanned
By tropic sun and boreal frost;
So travelled there was scarce a land
Or people left him to exhaust,"

is Bayard Taylor, the poet, and author of 'Byways of Europe.' The lady's name I hold as a secret, and cannot confide it even to you. These characters are ably sketched, and exhibit the peculiarities so common to each. Almost every poem of Whittier's has a history. The ballad, for instance, of 'The New Wife and the Old,' is a curious legendary thing, founded upon one of those wonderful stories connected with the life of a celebrated General belonging to Hampton, N.H. An American Faust, whom many believed to be in league with the devil. The Chapel of the Hermits reveals an incident in the lives of Rousseau and St. Pierre, the occasion being their visit to a hermitage and while waiting for the monks to finish reciting the beautiful Litanies of Providence, Rousseau offered up his devotions. The poem is finely rendered, and illustrates some of Whittier's tenets. So with his other poems. They all mean something, and while his poetry sometimes bears hardly on Roman Catholicism and its teaching, he declares that he is no enemy of Catholics, but in order to do them full justice he has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of people of his own faith and Protestantism generally. He attributes some of the severity of his language to the confession of the eloquent Romish Priest, Father Ventura, whom he declares to be his authority for many statements which he has made at times. For my part I do not at all like Whittier's lines to Pius IX. They are spirited enough, but rather too over-drawn, and the poet seems to have accepted too readily the ill that has been spoken of the venerable Pontiff. In the sharp and ringing verses entitled 'Garibaldi' the poet aims another blow at the Mother Church, which mars to some extent the beauty of the poem as a whole, and makes it quite unpalatable to a churchman of the Old Faith. I care very little for controversial poetry, and I fain would wish Whittier had left unsaid much that he has written in this way. He is too noble a poet, and too grand a character, to leave behind him a single product of his brain which might give offence to a reader. His poetry is so impressive, his thoughts are so lofty, and his genius so large and ripe, that every line that he has given us should live in our hearts and rejoice the souls of all mankind. He is a part of the world, and his poetry should be for the world. In his New England verses he shows us how great he can be,

and how rich in invention and in execution he is. The past of New England is replete with subjects for the poet, and I hope yet to read many more of Whittier's studies in this direction. He has pleased us with many pleasant bits, and told us a goodly number of stories and tales in verse, illustrating the early life and traits of the Puritans and New Englanders, and he should work his mine further and explore deeper, till all the riches within his reach are brought forward. His mission is clearly to develop this work."

"I think you are right; the country is full of historic lore and association, and no man of our century is more fitted to portray the thousand legends in an acceptable way than Whittier. In his poetry he has told us much that we did not know before, and in his prose writings he has added largely to the stock of knowledge. In a delightful paper on Thomas Ellwood, the poet brings out a living picture. No one can forget it. It is full of great truths and characteristic touches. One can see the young Quaker sitting at the knee of Milton, reading and talking, at Chalfort. All England is ringing with the coarse, satiric metres of Cleveland, and Milton's master power can scarcely struggle into print. Ellwood takes the grand epic—the sublimest poem ever written—home with him one bright autumn day and reads it. It is in manuscript, and written in that curious hand of the blind bard and schoolmaster. Young Ellwood reads it again and again. Then he returns to the great Puritan, and together they talk it over and compare its beauties. Thomas Ellwood was the first critical reader of *Paradise Lost*, the humble young Quaker's suggestion was the cause of Milton's other companion piece, *Paradise Regained*. 'Sir,' said Milton, as he handed it to him, 'this is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfort, which before I had not thought of.' Ellwood met many famous people in his day. George Fox and William Penn were frequently his guests. His principal work, a poetical version of the life of David, is to be found still, in some libraries."

"You made some reference to Cleveland, just now," said Frank, "I have read nothing of his. Was he not a contemporary of Dick Lovelace?"

"Yes, and also of Milton. He was noted for his loyalty and lyrics. He hated Cromwell, and his definition of a Protector is one of the bits of satire which will always be remembered. Cromwell forgave him this as well as other sins against him in answer to a petition which the lyricist wrote to him while in prison, which, while he used strong arguments to effect his release, yet he in no wise compromised himself, or abated a single jot of his principles as an adherent of the dynasty of King Charles. His petition was ingeniously worded, and the request and reply were honourable to both Protector and Poet. Neither compromised his dignity.

The cavalier lyricist was held in higher estimation in his day than the Puritan poet, and all London read edition after edition of his poetry while Milton was forgotten and neglected. The tables are turned to-day, and few remember now the pet of the people who lived so long ago. His style was coarse, for he wrote in an age when women read little, but some of his lines are refined enough in their way. His sonnet to the memory of Ben Jonson is the best of these, but his lines on Cromwell exhibit his power as a satirist and show how bitter and rancorous John Cleveland could be when he liked. I can quote it, I think. It runs in this way :—

‘What’s a Protector? He’s a stately thing,
That apes it in the nonage of a king;
A Tragic Actor. Caesar in a clown.
He’s a brass farthing stamped with a crown;
A bladder blown, with other breaths puffed full;
Not the Perillus, but Perillus’ bull;
Æsop’s proud ass veiled in the lion’s skin;
An outward saint lined with the devil within;
An echo whence the royal sound doth come,
But just as barrel-head sounds like a drum;
Fantastic image of the royal head,
The brewer’s with the king’s arms quartered;
He is a counterfeited piece that shows
Charles his *effigies* with a copper nose;
In fine, he’s one we must Protector call—
From whom, the King of Kings protect us all.’

“That is certainly a fine piece of irony and criticism. I don’t wonder at the cavalier’s getting the ear of the people. Whittier’s other prose papers are ably written. His John Bunyan is a fine effort and not at all overdone. His review of Longfellow’s “Evangeline” gives him a chance to say a good deal about the expulsion of the French settlers of Acadia from their homes round the Basin of Minas, and he expresses himself in regard to the dark deed in forcible and unmistakeable language. Many readers will admire the quaint chapter of Margaret Smith’s journal, which are given as a series of letters supposed to have been written about two hundred years ago and more. As a whole, the diary is a remarkable piece of writing, well sustained throughout, and only occasionally tedious. The humour is delicate, and the character drawing, of which we have a glimpse now and then, is as charming as anything we have had from the poet. All through his writings, whether poetic or cast in the prose form, Mr. Whittier loses no opportunity to ventilate his views on freedom, broad humanity, the rights of man and nobleness of character and mind. His writings are always pure and healthful. He panders to no tastes which are not noble, and he writes in a free and elegant vein.”

“I believe though, that Whittier, notwithstanding the fact that he

has written largely and well in prose, will be better known thereafter as a poet. His poetry is remarkable, and his warm nature sparkles in his verse, as though his whole soul was in his work."

"Was not Whittier, like Gifford and many other famous men of letters, once a shoemaker?"

"Well, that is a hard question to answer. The men of leather, I believe, do claim him as one of their poets, and they have some little reason for doing so. Whittier, like all boys on a farm, who had thrifty and careful parents, spent his leisure moments and rainy and wintry days in learning some useful occupation for his spare time. He learned in this way how to make shoes and how to mend them, but he never had an opportunity of practising his new calling much. We see he was an editor in 1829, of a Boston paper, and from that time he was constantly engaged in literature and newspaper work, besides teaching school occasionally, and representing his town in the State Legislature. I mention this out of no disparagement to the shoemakers, for whom I have a high respect, but merely to explain to you how Whittier became in his boyhood a disciple of St. Crispin, and how short a time he worked at the last. In 1836, he was elected Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and he has been prominently identified with it all his life. Indeed, his life has been dedicated to the great work—the freedom of the slave. Besides writing many volumes of poetry and three or four collections of prose papers, Whittier has edited three excellent books, one—'Songs of three Centuries,' embracing the whole range of English song and numbering over seven hundred pieces, and the other two—'Child Life' in prose, and 'Child Life' in poetry. Both of these books are admirably adapted for the young, and are highly satisfactory proofs of Mr. Whittier's ability and taste as an editor."

"Whittier is a poet who may be taken up at any time and read. His poetry is more bold and fanciful, and the love of justice, which he strives to inculcate among his fellow-men, gives his writings a high aim and lofty purpose. He goes through life quietly; his method of composition is slow, and his hospitable door is ever open to the wayfarer and stranger. We have discussed him to night in many of his moods. We have left unsaid much that might be said of his goodness, and kindliness, and thoughtfulness. We have spoken of him as a poet or a writer. There is much still left to say of him as a man.

"It is past eleven, and in the delightful company of the gentle Quaker, the time has slipped rapidly away. I did not know it was so late. We must meet again, and at our next assembly we will have Bryant for our guest."

ELEGIAC DIRGE

On the Most Noble and Puissant Prince, Charles, Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and Aubigny, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Governor-in-Chief and Commander of the Forces in and over the British Possessions in North America.

WELCH AIR—" *Poor Marianna.*"

O'er Lennox, calm in death reposing,
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 His laurell'd urn for ever closing,
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 While children (blissful ties endearing)
 With festive bands were joys preparing,
 Came Death, nor rank nor virtue sparing,
 Weep, mourners, weep.

How soon their hearts, from thoughts of gladness—
 Weep, mourners, weep—
 Were turned, alas ! to melting sadness,—
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 Each blooming rose-bud doomed to sever
 From tender parent stem for ever—
 Shall they e'er meet his like ? O never !
 Weep, mourners, weep.

Look round ! e'en warriors' tears are flowing,—
 Weep, mourners, weep—
 Their tribute to his worth bestowing,—
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 See joined with mournful cypress strewing,
 Canadia's sons' hearts, grateful glowing,
 All forward press, deep sorrow showing !—
 Weep, mourners, weep.

Though cold the hand which oft relieved them,
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 The orphan poor shall long revere him,
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 Thy Sovereign's friend, thy country's glory,
 'Twill long be famed in Britain's story,
 That patriot hearts sincere deplore ye !—
 Weep, mourners, weep.

There's still a hope divine to cheer us,
 Cease, mourners, cease.
 Our Lennox lives, though lives not near us,
 Cease, mourners, cease.
 What though his star with honours gleaming,
 Hath set on us whose eyes are streaming,
 'Tis o'er some brighter world now beaming,—
 Cease, mourners, cease !

M.

Quebec, September 4th, 1819.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

"My friend, and your host—and be hanged to him, eh?" said the colonel, comically. "That is the female view of the case, no doubt; nine-tenths of the ladies here are agreed with you. On the other hand, if it is a compliment to a wife, as it undoubtedly is, that her husband should marry again after her death, the sooner he does it the greater compliment he confers; that's as plain as Euclid. The poor commissary as a widower is inconsolable; as a husband he hopes to be once more a happy man. What does it matter to anybody but himself and the De Horsingham?"

"I think it would matter a great deal to Gracie. It would be simply an outrage upon her mother's memory if her father married within the year."

"A year and a day, my dear Ella. If we are to be so very particular, let's have the thing correct. Now you astonish me—a clever sensible woman, and married too—in taking this conventional line. It is nothing to me, you know. If I have a wish in the matter, it is that my friend should not make a fool of himself, because the De Horsingham will, I know, object to my smoking in this room. But if I was he, I should please myself."

"I am thankful to say you are not he, nor anything like him. But surely, Gracie knows nothing of this?"

"I can't say, but I should think not. You see her absence from home has been some sort of excuse to the poor commissary for going into society, and in fact for cultivating relations with the lady in question. And as you induced her to leave her home, you have yourself a share of the blame. Under the circumstances I think you should at least not interfere. Gracie is old enough to fight her own battles, should fighting be necessary. I really think a certain reticence is imposed upon you, at all events until you see the way the cat jumps—I mean how the De Horsingham behaves herself."

"Of course, I shall say nothing to Gracie unless she speaks to me upon the matter."

"A very right conclusion, and arrived at in the very nick of time, dear Ella, for I see the gallant commissary coming through the square."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE COMMISSARY GROWS CONFIDENTIAL.

THE colonel's remark had a certain "lilt" with it, and as Ella looked through the window and saw "the gallant commissary coming through the square," she could not but acknowledge there was a romantic air about him that suggested melody; it was not the poetry of motion, for his walk was strictly, not to say stiffly, military; but his bearing was triumphant, his colour high—even to his cheek-bones—and he swung his cane in a quite light and airy manner. In his button-hole was a bouquet as large as ladies are wont to carry, and on his enormous hands were stretched a pair of lavender gloves. It was unusual to see the commissary out of uniform, he avoided mufti "upon principle," he said, and because "in his time officers were not ashamed of their profession," though his enemies affirmed that motives of economy, and a well grounded apprehension of being taken for a colour-sergeant out on a holiday had something to do with it; but to behold him thus attired was a portent.

"Does he not look every inch like an expectant bridegroom?" observed the colonel grinning.

"He looks more dreadful than ever, I think," said Ella with a little shiver.

Then her host came in, and welcomed her to his "humble roof" with what was for him "effusion;" and Gracie came down and was embraced with every demonstration of paternal affection. The colonel, from motives of delicacy, and also because he was on the brink of a burst of laughter, stood apart at the window whistling softly to himself, "Froggy would a wooing go."

"I hope you found what has been done in your old home a pleasant surprise, Gracie?" said her father.

"Everything looks so nice and pretty, papa; and it was very thoughtful and kind of you to put those charming flowers in our rooms."

"Eh, flowers, what flowers? Oh, I daresay that was Gertrude's doings—I mean Miss de Horsingham's. That lady has been most kind, my dear. I consulted her in your absence about the little arrangements in preparation for your return, and for the reception of our honoured guest here, Mrs. Landon; and I think she has acquitted herself to admiration."

"Everything is very nice, I am sure," said Ella, seeing that her friend was at a loss for words. "I am very sorry, however, to have been the cause of having kept Gracie from home so long, and from executing her own proper functions as the mistress of your house."

"Oh, don't mention it," returned the commissary coolly; "Miss de Horsingham has a great taste for embellishment."

"I hope that does not extend to her conversation," said Ella quietly.

The colonel, at the window, exploded into a roar.

"There's a boy's hat just fallen in the mud," he said in explanation, as the commissary drew himself up with an offended air.

"Miss de Horsingham is the soul of truth, Mrs. Landon," observed her host.

"Then I should very much like to see her," returned Ella blandly.

"Your wish shall be gratified to-morrow. Gracie shall ask her to dinner."

"But, papa, it is so soon," faltered Gracie. She knew Miss Horsingham, and rather liked her; but she had been by no means an intimate friend of the family: indeed they had had none such but Ella. At the same time if this lady had been kind to her father, she felt it was her duty to acknowledge it; and as to his having any matrimonial views, they never entered into her head, mainly, perhaps, because she concluded that Miss de Horsingham must needs be without dowry.

"Your objection would hold good, with respect to any stranger," said the commissary loftily. "Indeed, Gracie, I think you might give me credit for understanding that much. But Miss de Horsingham has shown an interest in me and mine which merits a peculiar acknowledgment. The colonel here is, of course, in an exceptional position. He will make one, I hope, of our little party."

"I'll come like a shot," said the colonel cheerily.

"But that does not prevent Ella's uncle from dining here to-day also, papa," said Gracie. The commissary was not generally lavish of his hospitality, and it was a stroke of policy for straightforward Gracie—quite Machiavellian, which thus reminded her father of the relationship between the colonel and their guest.

"Of course not; of course he'll dine to-day—if he'll take us in the rough, and trust to pot-luck."

This observation must have been dictated by something of the pride that apes humility; for, in fact, very extraordinary preparations had been made on Ella's behalf; and the *avant courier* of them had already stolen into the room from the kitchen.

"I have an old campaigner's nose, commissary," said the colonel, alluding to this grateful odour, "and I will risk the pot-luck."

The dinner, in fact, was as great a success as circumstances permitted it to be; the two gentlemen were in high good humour; and Ella, as usual, endeavoured to forget her own sad thoughts in lively conversation with her uncle. Gracie could not banish from her mind that memory which seemed to have died out so soon from her father's, and his mirth

jarred upon her ears. She knew that her mother had expected to be forgotten by him ; that she had felt her own death not only as the laying down of a heavy burthen, but as releasing others from their share of it ; yet the thought : " Does she see, does she hear, is she sensible of this too swift erasure of the past ? " would intrude on her. Nevertheless, she did her best to play the hostess.

" Now, I call this very nice and comfortable," said the commissary, when the ladies had withdrawn, and the whiskey and hot water made their appearance. " Here's to your niece's health, colonel ! "

" You are very good," said the colonel, a little stiffly. He did not dislike the other's companionship for himself, but he resented the idea of any familiarity upon his part with Ella. He had said no more than the truth, when he had expressed his wish that she had come to his own roof, rather than to that of the commissary ; and he thought it rather a liberty in him to have invited her.

" We will have a good bout of it this evening," observed his host, " since to-morrow we shall be rather on our p's and q's I suppose."

" Why ? " inquired the colonel.

" Well, Miss de Horsingham will be here, you know."

" I don't see why we should be more on our p's and q's, as you call it, because of the commandant's governess than now, with my niece and your daughter in the house."

" I only meant that she would be more of a stranger," said the commissary hastily.

" Well, I suppose that won't be the case very long, will it ? " observed the other.

He spoke indifferently, almost contemptuously, and looked up so impudently at his companion, that some men, having a glass of steaming grog in their hand, might have been induced to throw the contents in his face. But the commissary, who was drinking, merely winked significantly over the top of his tumbler, and when he had set it down replied :

" You have hit it, colonel."

" It was impossible to miss it," returned the other. " One can't miss a barn-door flying. I am not speaking of the lady of course"—for the commissary's face had suddenly turned to that yellow-red which in his signal-book betokened fury—" but of your intentions regarding her. They are honourable, I have no doubt, but they are deuced open."

" I mean them to be so."

" Wanted to compromise the lady, eh ? quite right," said the colonel, stirring his glass and looking at his boots.

The glance that his companion bestowed on him was a concentration of malignity and passion ; but it was unseen, or at all events unheeded. He went on in a philosophic tone :

"All is fair in love and war, they say, and to secure a woman there is nothing like the plan you have adopted; but it has this disadvantage, that it cuts both ways. You are as much bound to her as she is to you, and though there is no brother in the case, the commandant himself would think it his duty, remember, to see the lady righted."

"Of course he would, should there be occasion; but I have quite made up my mind upon the matter."

"You really mean to marry this woman, then?"

"I really mean to marry this lady," said the commissary, with a significant stress.

"Well, you know your own business best, no doubt; but I should have thought that a man like you—a warm man, a man with a good bit of savings, I suppose——"

The commissary shook his head; but smiled, nevertheless. It was a very gentle denial of the impeachment.

"I say, I should have thought, Ray, that you would have chosen a younger woman—'a companion for your dear girl,' as widowers with a grown-up daughter always say, to justify their choice of a chicken."

"I should not have thought myself justified, as regards Gracie, in making choice of any young woman," said the commissary, loftily, "unless she had an independence of her own."

"Which Miss de Horsingham has not, I conclude?"

"I never asked her any such question."

"Nor ever made any inquiries, I suppose?"

The commissary smiled, not so much, it seemed, in answer to the colonel's roguish look, as at something that was passing in his own mind.

"Come, tell me the truth, general."

The "general," coming as it did unexpectedly, and at the end of so many observations by no means of the conciliatory sort, was too much for even the commissary's reticence. His smile expanded to a grin, and his large face glowed with conscious pride.

"Well, I know I can trust you, colonel."

"I will be close as wax."

"And you won't—you won't take advantage of what I am about to confide in you, by endeavouring to cut me out."

"To cut you out? Gracious heavens! with the De Horsingham? Certainly not."

"Very good, that lady has ten thousand pounds, sir, in her own right."

"I don't believe it," said the colonel, bluntly. "It's no good your being put out; this is really one of those statements which a man ought

to preface with : ' I would not have believed it if I had not seen it myself'—and so give his friend a loophole."

" Well, I have seen it myself," said the commissary.

" What, the money ? The ten thousand pounds ? Does she carry it about with her in notes ? And if she does, are you sure they are not flash notes ? Have you looked at the water-mark ?"

The commissary held up his finger for silence, looked cautiously at the door, and then whispered in his companion's ear :

" I have been to Doctor's Commons and read her father's will : " I give and bequeath to my only daughter Rosanna, the sum of ten thousand pounds."

" Perhaps she has spent it since," suggested the colonel.

It was a random shot fired after the engagement was well-nigh over, for the speaker felt that he was beaten ; but it went home.

The commissary turned a dreadful colour—his own particular, with something added—as though he were crossing the Channel on a rough day.

" How on earth should she spend it ?" faltered he with sickening apprehension.

" I don't know, because I don't know her tastes," said the colonel. " But some women are devilish expensive."

" She is economy itself," said the commissary.

" Ah, that's a bad sign ; one never knows the value of money till one has lost it."

" I don't think she'd dare," muttered the commissary through his shut teeth, and looking very unlike a bridegroom. " She has never boasted of her money, it is true ; but she has led me to conclude—I mean before I found it out for myself—that she has got something."

" Like somebody else," said the colonel, " eh ? You will be a pair of cunning ones, you two."

To this disparaging observation, the commissary answered nothing. His companion's chance suggestion had fallen on very fruitful soil, prepared for its reception by base suspicions of all human kind. He wiped his damp forehead with a huge red bandanna, and laid his bony hand upon his companion's arm.

" Look here, Juxon, we have been old friends for many a year, and know all about one another—or nearly so. You must give me a helping hand—I am not the rich man you suppose me to be. I don't want your money," he added hastily—for the colonel had drawn himself up a little, and was mechanically buttoning up his pockets—" but only your advice. You have a deuced long head of your own, and you understand womankind. It is necessary for me—absolutely necessary—that I should marry money. Now, if Miss de Horsingham hasn't got it"—the com-

missary looked so miserably embarrassed, and at a loss for words, that his friend took pity on him, and finished the sentence : " You would let her remain Miss de Horsingham, in short; to the end of the chapter."

" I would see her—at York," said the commissary, mentioning, however, a much more southerly spot. " It is necessary to be quite sure, my good friend, and I want your advice, as to how to make sure."

" Ask her," said the colonel bluntly. " You need not say anything about the money that has been left her, since you have made certain of that ; but let the conversation turn upon extravagance, and then put the question point blank. ' Dearest Rosanna, I am afraid with your generous instincts, and your scorn of petty details, that you are one neither to look after the pence, nor take care of the pounds.' Then she will say ' Yes, she is, because she has had a lesson ;' or she will say, ' No, she isn't,' and then you will know that the money—or some of it—is gone. I don't think a woman would evade a home-thrust like that. It would afford her such a capital opportunity of confessing to a little extravagance, if she has really committed a great one, and of course you must not let her suspect that, if she has, you are off your bargain."

" I'll just write that down," said the commissary, producing his notebook ; " I mean the question I am to put to her about her ' generous instincts,' Nothing like having a proper understanding about these matters. ' I have ten thousand pounds, you may take me or leave me,' is what I should like her to say ; but there's no getting a woman to be business-like. However, to-morrow evening, I will try and bring her to book."

I am afraid the colonel was not altogether sorry for having given his friend so much disquiet. He was annoyed with him with respect to Ella, partly on her account, and partly on his own ; he considered her in every way the commissary's superior, but especially so in a social point of view, as being his, the colonel's, niece ; and he was proportionately sensitive—after the manner of his kind—about his own female belongings, as he was callous with respect to those of other men's. He had the sagacity to make a good guess as to why the commissary had invited Ella to Woolwich ; namely, that she might throw the ægis of her own " position " over Miss de Horsingham ; though as for there being any reciprocity in the matter, such as his friend had hinted to Gracie, it had never entered into his mind. On the contrary, although he was by no means ignorant that Ella's reputation had suffered in local circles from the stories afloat concerning the deception used at her marriage, the commissary's roof was, in his opinion, by no means one adapted for the relacquering process. If she had been invited to the commandant's, instead of to patronise the commandant's governess, perhaps to be mixed up in some future scandal concerning her, that

would have been quite another matter ; but as it was, Ella's coming to Woolwich—especially, too, without her husband—was a mistake, and he was by no means pleased with the man who had counselled it. The colonel, notwithstanding that he resented the contempt of others for the commissary, did in fact himself secretly despise him ; their companionship was, upon his side, one of convenience only ; and when this is the case, a quarrel is very easily picked with the inferior party. It is well, therefore, for the host, albeit unconscious of his danger, that he now moved an adjournment to the ladies, whom they found deep in a confidential talk, on the sofa with a background of mother-of-pearl.

CHAPTER XXXV.

• A NICE LITTLE DINNER PARTY.

"I THINK, Gracie, you should call on Miss de Horsingham before she comes to dinner to-night," said the commissary, on the morning after his daughter's return. Gracie was making the tea for breakfast, to which her friend had not yet come down ; she paused in her occupation, and looked up with a surprised air. "Why, papa ? It is not as if she was a stranger to me, and surely it is scarcely fitting that I should go about just now making calls."

"Not in a general way, of course," returned he sharply ; "I thought I explained to you last night that this lady has earned the right to be considered an exceptional case."

"But the commandant's family have not earned it, papa ; and if I go to the house, I must needs seem to be calling on them also."

"Stuff and nonsense, I have no patience with such conventionalities. This is a matter of which I should think you might trust your father to be the best judge. I am sure Miss de Horsingham would not wish it unless it was the correct thing, and so forth ; and I happen to know she does wish it. I know of no better authority on all questions of propriety and — Ah, Mrs. Landon, how are you ? though having seen you I scarcely need ask ; Woolwich is, as it were, your native air ; and I am delighted to see it agrees with you."

"I am quite well, thank you ; how are you, Gracie ?—what is the matter ?" for Gracie was looking deadly pale.

"Nothing, dear Ella ; my father and I were having a little discussion about my calling on Miss de Horsingham to-day, and since, as he says, it is a question of propriety, I should be glad of your opinion. Do you think it necessary that I should do so ?"

"One moment," interrupted the commissary ; "I did not say 'neces-

sary,' Mrs. Landon ; but merely as an act of civility—of acknowledgment of kindness to her father under certain exceptional and distressing circumstances—I venture to recommend it."

"I should not go, if I were Gracie," said Ella quietly. "The lady is much her senior as I understand, and can scarcely require what must be taken more or less as an act of chaperonship. If Gracie were about to return thanks in person for kind inquiries, not to her in particular, but to other friends, Miss de Horsingham might be included ; but otherwise I think at present Gracie should not make calls."

"Very good," said the commissary indifferently. "It is, after all, a woman's question, and I bow to your opinion, Mrs. Landon."

He looked so black that Ella could not help remarking—though she was sorry for it the next moment :

"I should not have expressed it, Mr. Ray, had I not been asked to do so."

"I am sure you would not," said he, "but since Gracie thought proper to appeal to you, you were, of course, obliged to answer." He cast an angry glance in the direction of his daughter, and sat down to breakfast. He perceived that there were disadvantages as well as advantages in the presence of Mrs. Cecil Landon beneath his roof. If she had not been there—though in this he was in error—he felt sure that Gracie would have given in to his wishes at once ; the consciousness of the neighbourhood of an ally, he thought, had made her audacious ; whereas, as we have said, she was not so pliant—being under no such compulsion to be so—as of yore ; while, on any question involving respect for her mother's memory, she was more than resolute—she was unflinching.

So Miss de Horsingham came to dinner without the preparatory call ; and it must be confessed without any appearance of having lacked that attention to place her perfectly at her ease. The commissary in speaking of her to the colonel in confidence had poetically compared her to Juno ; she was certainly a tall, fine woman, with large eyes, and a majestic step ; but to less prejudiced observers she might not have seemed of the first Olympian quality. They would have set her down as a Juno, who had been Jupiter's housekeeper—in a perfectly decorous way, of course—or had let lodgings to the lesser gods. Her raven hair hung in two flat feathers upon her broad, white forehead, which gave it an artificial appearance that it did not deserve ; and she wore upon her stately person such a profusion of jewellery as is not often seen, except upon young ladies in cigar shops. There was this important difference, however, that Miss de Horsingham's ornaments were what they professed to be—gold and precious stones—as the commissary had assured himself by every means short of actual essay. No one that was not at all events in easy circumstances, he argued, could afford to wear that amount of precious metal ;

it was like letting two hundred pounds, at least, lie idle, and equivalent to a loss of ten pounds per annum. She had a sweet and rather sad smile, which was somehow unexpected in one of her robust appearance and, therefore, the more pleasing, and her voice was soft and low, though very distinct; Gracie received her with some warmth of welcome, for she liked her rather than otherwise, and was willing to please her father in all things permissible. Her guest returned her kiss with tenderness, but without effusion.

"I should not have come so soon, Gracie," she whispered, "at least not like this"—she meant on any such festive occasion—"but for your father's wish."

"I understand," returned Gracie, gratefully; though she was, in truth, very far from doing so, except that she saw Miss de Horsingham meant to be very sensitive and considerate. Her success with Ella was not great.

"I have heard so much of you, and am so pleased at last to see you, Mrs. Landon."

"You are very kind to say so," said Ella. "I have been always so unfortunate in not seeing you, when we dined at the commandant's."

This was a very sharp flick of the tongue, for Ella very well knew that the reason she had not seen her was that the governess did not dine with the family when there was a dinner-party. It was quite contrary to her custom to be so cruel, especially considering the subordinate position of the other lady; but she was angry with her upon her friend's account (who was still quite unconscious of her designs upon her father), and resented on her own part Miss de Horsingham's air of patronage.

Nevertheless, the two ladies smiled upon each other quite prettily, and it was in Miss de Horsingham's most dulcet tones that she inquired after Cecil.

"I have heard so much of him, too; I hope it is not ill-health which prevents him from being here to-night—but that is impossible; I forgot that in that case you would not have left him."

"He is quite well, thank you," returned Ella, calmly; but she felt that the "flick" had been returned with interest and winced under it.

Then Miss de Horsingham exchanged a few words with the colonel, whose courtesy never failed him with a "fine woman" (unless when speaking to her of others), and was conducted to the sofa by her host. Her magnificent proportions occupied the whole of it, and shut out the glories of "the abbey by night" that blazed upon its back, from all beholders.

"It was so good of you to come," whispered the commissary.

"Nay, general, it was so good of you to ask me. How beautiful Gracie

is looking; even the charms of Mrs. Landon cannot throw her into the shade."

"They are both very well in their way," answered the host indifferently.

He would have liked to have added something about somebody else's style of beauty being more in his way, but he felt a difficulty in expressing it neatly, and besides he still felt too uneasy about the existence of that ten thousand pounds to commit himself to such an extent.

Of course there are some circumstances under which stout gentlemen and ladies find themselves at a disadvantage in society—in a stall at the opera, or on a plank between the quay and a steamboat, and in a shell jacket; but taking them all round, they are certainly in a position of superiority. Their appearance gives them a certain aplomb: if their conversation is grave, a moral accompanies their physical weight; if lively, it adds piquancy to the jest. I doubt whether Falstaff would have been so great a wit if he had been a lesser man. If fat folks are stupid, allowance is made for them and if otherwise, they overwhelm opposition.

Miss de Horsingham was by no means stupid, and she carried all before her on the evening in question; and apparently without effort. She did not put herself forward in any way, and made herself agreeable to everybody, including Ella. She was apparently content at having shown her teeth to her at their first encounter; and was amiable without an attempt at conciliation; nor did she irritate her by showing the least sign of encouragement to the commissary. His attentions were, to Ella's eyes at least, unmistakable; but Miss de Horsingham either affected not to see them, or accepted them in such a manner as robbed them of much of their significance. She spoke quite naturally of her own way of life, using indeed that favourite phrase of hers with respect to her pupils, that she "loved to see their minds expand like the flowers to the sun;" but she had employed the metaphor so often that it had become at last second nature with her to use it.

"And yet you will some day get tired of teaching?" said the commissary.

She shrugged her shoulders very slightly, yet sufficient to show what very fine shoulders they were, and answered quietly:

"Perhaps I may. Then, I suppose, I shall give it up."

"Gad, it isn't everybody who can give up what they get tired of," observed the colonel. He did not say it with any intention of assisting the commissary—the rogue was thinking indeed of the married state, of poor devils with wives—but nothing could have been more grateful to his host, who would have made the same remark himself had he possessed the courage. He awaited Miss de Horsingham's reply with eager ears.

"I cannot imagine any one of principle," said she, coolly, "pursuing a calling for which they felt themselves no longer fitted."

The answer was not very satisfactory, it being another sort of principle which the commissary was anxious to hear about, and he could not resist the opportunity of pursuing the investigation.

"Unhappily," said he, in a low voice, "the vulgar question of pounds, shillings, and pence, Miss de Horsingham, keeps most of us to our posts whether we will or no."

"It may do so in a man's case," said she, "but women are more their own masters. If we are not ambitious, and know how to live on a little, we can afford some sacrifice to maintain our self-respect."

"I should not have thought your own tastes were very economical," continued the commissary, with a glance of his hawk's eye, that took in earrings, brooch, and bracelets at one swoop.

"Ah, you are thinking of my jewels. They were my dear father's gifts, who could deny me nothing; but as for myself, I think I may say I have never spent a shilling in my life in mere extravagance."

"Pray take some more champagne," said the commissary with effusion. "It is really very good."

"I have no doubt it is," said she, smiling; "but champagne—to me, at least—is an extravagance, and therefore a thing to which I have not been used."

"She is perfectly charming," thought the commissary, "and yet," suggested his practical intelligence, "she may have frittered away the money in speculations after all; women are so foolish in their frugalities." How could he make himself sure that it was not so in the present instance? He remembered the colonel's formula about "generous instincts;" but that would only serve him as respected her habits of economy, of which he now felt assured. He had no formula for the inquiry whether she had invested her money in bad securities.

It was very unfortunate, since the colonel and the other two ladies were engaged in some topic of interest, and the ear of Miss de Horsingham was all his own. The commissary's intelligence did not, however, fail him at this pinch. A most ingenious thought occurred to him. He would propose to her that they should play a round game after dinner, and would ask if she liked "speculation." Whether she replied "yes," or "no," or even that she knew nothing about it, the opportunity would be given him of speaking of the risks of investments. Like all the suggestions of real genius, nothing could be more simple, or go more directly to the point. It was one of these things the success of which appears assured until we try it, when some unforeseen misadventure wrecks the whole scheme.

"Are you fond of cards, Miss de Horsingham?"

"No ; they don't interest me in the least——What is that you are saying, colonel, about Mr. Darall ?"

The bird had escaped from the snare of the fowler and flown in his very face. The lady had turned from him abruptly, and, if it had been possible, like a listener bored, to ask a question, which she knew to be offensive to him, of another. For Miss de Horsingham was certainly not unaware that young Darall had paid some attentions to Gracie, against which he (her father) had put his veto ; it was known throughout the garrison, and Miss de Horsingham was not the sort of person who would be the last to hear such a piece of gossip. The commissary bit his lip and in his nervous vexation spilt his champagne over his trousers. Fortunately, among his recent acts of extravagance, he had substituted a pair of superfine black ones for the "ducks" that had hitherto been his evening wear ; but still it was very annoying. His attention was necessarily directed to the conversation too, which he did not wish to escape him, though its topic was so unwelcome. He perceived, indeed, that Gracie did not join in it, but she kept her eyes fixed before her, and was evidently bestowing on it her best attention. The others were giving tongue fast enough (confound them) and all together, like a pack of hounds in full cry.

"I am glad he has got it," said the colonel, "for I think he deserves it."

"Who is that who has got his deserts ?" inquired the commissary, with irritation ; "has anybody been hung ?"

"Not exactly," said the colonel, grinning. "He has only been suspended from his military duties. We are talking of young Darrall, who is to be sent on survey, it seems, to the south of England."

"He is surely very young in the service, to get such a good appointment ?" observed Ella, with interest.

"It does not require much intelligence for such a post, my dear madam," remarked the commissary. "His stock in trade will be a theodolite and a chain—with which he will probably hang himself in the south of England——"

"Not a bit of it," interrupted the colonel ; he is going to Pullham or thereabouts ; very excellent quarters, as it happens, with plenty of society."

"Pullham, I've heard of Pullham," said Ella, reflectively.

"It's it where the accident occurred upon the railway," said Gracie, softly, and speaking for the first time.

"To be sure," sighed Ella, "I had forgotten."

She remembered it all now, and all that had happened since ; the moments were rare indeed when it was out of her thoughts. Her interest in the conversation vanished from that moment, and the colonel and Miss de Horsingham pursued it alone.

"I believe Sir Hercules got it for the lad," continued he, "he had always a very high opinion of him."

"That is true," observed Miss de Horsingham, "I heard him one day—at luncheon—speaking of Mr. Darall to the commandant, and he said that he had never known good conduct and hard work combined so happily in any young man."

"I should think he was plodding," put in the commissary, with a sneer.

"That is the pace that tells," replied Miss de Horsingham; "I think I may say that much from my own experience in education."

"Gad, and it is the pace that kills, madam," observed the colonel, with the air of a man whose natural genius had been too great for his advancement in life.

"I am wholly of your opinion, Colonel Juxon," said the lady, and with a sweet smile of acknowledgment, in reply to her young hostess' signal for retiring, she sailed majestically from the room.

"Well, commissary, did you bring her to book?" inquired the colonel, as soon as they were alone together. "I saw you whispering soft nothings to your 'Juno' all dinner-time; was there anything wrapped up in them?" The colonel's air was gay, and his manner good-natured; to do him justice, champagne had always a conciliatory, as well as an elevating effect upon him; which was not universally the case with gentlemen with "tempers."

"Why, no," replied the commissary, sulkily. "I was getting on well enough with her, till you began to talk of that young scoundrel Darall, and that distracted her attention. There's one thing, however, if she was not independent—if it was of material advantage to her that she should marry yours truly—she would not have ventured to take that line—I mean of cracking up the man, when she knows I hate him like poison."

"A very intelligent observation, commissary; and there's also another thing, which you seem to have overlooked, but which to my mind augurs better for you than anything—shows, in fact, that she has made up her mind to catch you."

"What's that?" inquired the commissary, nervously. He didn't quite like the notion of being "caught."

"Well, this very praise she indulged in of young Darall. She wants to recommend him to your daughter, don't you see?"

"I see that, of course; and I don't like it," added the commissary with irritation.

"Then you must be a bigger fool than I took you for. Is it possible that you don't perceive her object? She doesn't care a farthing for Darall, but she wants to get Gracie off your hands. A widower with

a pretty daughter is not half so pleasant a party in her eyes"—it is probable the colonel meant "parti"—"as a widower without encumbrance. Don't you see?"

"There is something in that," observed the commissary; "I have no doubt however, that the prospect of becoming Mrs. Ray was agreeable to her."

"Ah, you have your misgivings, have you," said the colonel—irritated, perhaps, with his companion's complacency—"as to which will be the better horse when you come to run together in double harness."

"Not I," returned the other, with a laugh that had some smack of brutality in its contemptuous ring; "for my part I can't understand a man knocking under to his wife. I'll venture to say that there's not a shrew in England, whom, were I her husband, I wouldn't tame—in three—well, within twenty-four hours after she first showed her teeth."

He brought his great hand down upon the table to give emphasis to his words, and the action—coupled with the menacing expression of his face—was very significant.

"You wouldn't larrup her, would you?" inquired the colonel, with the air of a member of a social science committee, asking for practical information.

"Be gad, but I would though," answered the commissary, roughly; that is, of course," added he in a gentler tone, "if all other means failed."

(*To be continued.*)

Current Literature.

If Mr. Trollope, and Mr. Trollope's admirers, will permit us to make such a statement, we will commence this short notice of his most recent novel* by saying, that at last his attempts at fiction are satisfactory and pleasing to the general reader. There is a kind of reader, doubtless, for whom "Orley Farm," and "Framley Parsonage," and "Barcheester Towers" were written, and who, we can well believe, found great delight, or, at least, quiet interest, in the minute account of petty rural life, clergymen, old women and all. There is another kind of reader for whom a work like "Daniel Deronda" has the most absorbing interest, for whom Kingsley, George Eliot, and Blackmore seem to be peculiarly destined. But for the general novel-reader, who can appreciate delineation

* *The American Senator.* By Anthony Trollope. Belford Brothers Toronto.

tion of character, be it ever so subtle, but which requires it in small and sugared doses, who is not wholly averse to an object, provided it intrude itself not too often, who loves and must have a plot of some kind—though unnecessary, if artistic complications are voted a nuisance—a very different novel from “Lady Anna” on the one hand or “Romola” on the other is required. Either Mr. Trollope has seen this, or else, unconsciously, he has reached a turning-point in his career which cannot fail to lead to more fame than he has yet won. As in the number and rapid succession of his works he resembles his mother, Frances Trollope, scarcely ever read in these days, so in the present work his dealing with Americans and American views recalls her first literary venture, which was entitled “The Domestic Manners of the Americans,” a bitter satire on the people of the States. In portraying Elias Gotobed, the American Senator, Trollope, however, rises considerably above satire, for a more thorough identification of an Englishman with the actual feelings and impressions of an American we have never met with in a book. Dickens’ morbid exaggeration prevented him from giving a truthful picture of American character; besides he painted them as Americans in America, whereas Trollope has painted with marvellous care and exactness an American in England, a very different thing.

When the reader is first introduced to the Senator, and finds him exclaiming, “quite a pile,” in reference to the spacious country house where he is staying, and, further, that he is in the act of lighting a huge cigar, “of which he put half down his throat for more commodious and quick consumption,” there is a feeling of disappointment and almost anger, for the slangy American addicted to tobacco and diamonds is fast passing away, and can no longer be taken as one of the representative types of the country. However, a few pages put it all right, and we then find in Senator Gotobed a man possessed of sterling worth, a fair education and considerable power of speaking. Added to these, we have the inevitable American inquisitiveness, love of thoroughness, of “rationality” and progress, and great powers of observation. He is a thoughtful man, and noticing how in his own country the English are condemned as enslaved and stupid, and yet, how, to a very certainty, English laws, habits, costumes and manners are being there cultivated more every year, he resolves to go to England himself, take notice of everything he sees, and in fact is “determined to learn as much as he could.” What perplexes him most in England is the innate nobility of the few aristocrats he meets, men who, as it happens, read nothing, do nothing and know nothing, beyond all that relates to sport, and yet men in whose presence, he feels “the lordship.” The condition of the poor annoys him, especially as many of the country tenants that he speaks to on the subject seem to consider it perfectly right that they are poor, and, as for hunting, it takes two or three meetings to enlighten him at all as to its object, and *modus operandi*. When at last he comprehends it, with the true American idea of utility he says, “and you call that hunting? Is it worth the while of all these men to expend all that energy for such a result?” Fancy the disgust with which any true sportsman could receive such a remark! But the bachelors’ dinner-party at a country rector’s house is the most delicious thing in the book. The Senator finds himself at table with two clergymen, and three lay members of the

Church of England. The rector himself is jovial, proud of his wines, and hates any conversation on church matters during dinner. Behold the Senator under-valuing the wine, calling a "'57 Mouton" "a dinner claret," and denouncing church patronage in the most unmeasured terms." The rector certainly regretted that his "'57" claret should have been expended on such a man. "I don't think," said he, when John Morton had taken the Senator away, "that in my whole life I ever met such a brute as that American Senator." Certainly Mr. Gotobed's disinterested criticism of English institutions was not well received in any quarter, and finally he gave a lecture in St. James' Hall, which at first amused and finally inflamed the audience to such an extent that he was obliged to leave the platform and make his exit as quickly as possible. "He was angry because people were unreasonable with him, which was surely unreasonable in him who accused Englishmen generally of want of reason." Throughout the book the contrast between American and English character is well kept up, and some of the dialogue is so exceedingly natural, that one is fain to think the author has reproduced in it notes of an actual conversation. But this capital analysis of American character does not monopolize all the interest of the book. There are few prettier or more natural love scenes than the one towards the end of the tale between Reginald Morton and Mary. And what could show a more subtle reading of a woman's character than the very last sentence: "but she was not altogether happy herself till she had got Larry to come to her at the house at Brighton, and swear to her that he would be her friend—" Larry being a discarded and broken-hearted suitor of her own. Arabella Trefoil, Lord Dufford, and the remaining characters are well drawn. But there are characters that you may meet over and over again in fiction and occasionally in Trollope's other tales, and accordingly come to hand with much of their vigour impaired. Even in this excellent book, however, the author's old fault of prosiness crops up; as witne as the second chapter. Says the author, "I can hardly describe adequately the exact position of the master's family without first telling you all that I know about the Morton family, and it is *absolutely essential* that the reader should know all the master's family *intimately*. Then he launches us out on the sea of family connections with the words truly considerate: " "I need not take the readers back further than old Reginald Morton." For a page and a half the reader is tortured and bewildered by the vast number of Mortons, male and female, that the author drags in, in his old style, and when we reach the sentence "but death was very busy with the Mortons," a feeling of relief comes in time to save him from lunacy, when again without a warning he is plunged into the same labyrinth of genealogy all over again. Finally the author pulls up with the hope, nay the expectation, that "any reader with an aptitude for family pedigree will now understand that Reginald, master of Hoppet Hall, was first cousin to the father of the Foreign Office paragon, and that he is, *therefore*, the paragon's first cousin, once removed. We confess to our utter inaptitude, and will be content to take Mr. Trollope's word for it, advising all future readers of the book to take a short cut through such chapters as this. Barring such puerilities the novel is more satisfactory than any Mr. Trollope has lately written; his clerical sketches of course have not yet been surpassed, but one can have

too much of them, and the "American Senator" is certainly an exception in this respect.

CANADA may well feel proud of the fact that, young though she is, she can point to such men as the late Sir William Logan, Dr. Dawson, Dr. McCaul, and Dr. Daniel Wilson, as having not only adorned literary and scientific circles in their own country, but challenged the respect and admiration of the highest literary and scientific circles of Great Britain. In Latin Epigraphy Dr. McCaul has, perhaps, no superior in the world; Sir William Logan ranked with the best geologists of his time; Dr. Wilson's work on Pre-historic Man has an European reputation; and Dr. Dawson has no superior, it is safe to say, in the line of study which he has made peculiarly his own. A thorough Biblical scholar, he is also an eminent scientist. While too many scientists, alas! have bent their energies to the destruction of the foundations of our religious Faith, Dr. Dawson labours to show that, though geology and kindred sciences may be, in many cases are, unquestionably true, the Bible is not, as a consequence, untrue.

In 1861, Dr. Dawson gave to the world his *Archæia*, its purpose being to establish these positions. He now follows it up with a new work,* the scope of which is in the main identical with that of *Archæia*. It is rendered essentially a new book, however, by the new material which had to be dealt with to bring the subject up to its present condition. Dr. Dawson's design may be best stated in his own words: it is "to throw as much light as possible on the present condition of the much-agitated questions respecting the origin of the world and its inhabitants. To students of the Bible it will afford the means of determining the precise import of the Biblical references to creation, and of their relation to what is known from other sources. To geologists and biologists it is intended to give some intelligible explanation of the connection of the doctrines of revealed religion with the results of their respective sciences." But Dr. Dawson has a further purpose still. "A still higher end to which the author would gladly contribute is that of aiding thoughtful men perplexed with the apparent antagonism of science and religion, and of indicating how they may best harmonize our great and growing knowledge of nature with our old and cherished beliefs as to the origin and destiny of man." We have no doubt that to a large number, Dr. Dawson's book will prove a real "Aid to Faith," albeit he does not go with the evolutionists and many geologists in their ridicule of the Mosaic account of the Creation, nor yet with Chalmers, Smith, Harris, King, Hitchcock, and others, in their easy way of reconciling geology and Scripture.

The book is so exhaustive that any attempt even briefly to indicate its contents must fail. With the evolutionists, it may be said, Dr. Dawson has no sympathy. He is a thorough believer in the truth of the words spoken by the Apostle Paul to the people of Athens on the summit of Mars' Hill, when he said, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." The riches of ethnological discoveries are brought to bear

* The *Origin of the World*, according to Revelation and Science. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1877.

on this feature of the subject. Necessarily, the greater part of the argument of the work is devoted to the Creative days. Dr. Dawson treats as light and superficial the principal objections to the lengthening of the Mosaic days into great cosmical periods. He rejects, as strongly as Hugh Miller rejected it, the idea that the days spoken of are natural days of twenty-four hours each; and he contends strongly for the view that God's Sabbath is that period in which we are now living, Elohim having at the close of the sixth æon rested from all his work of material creation, which had gone on during a long succession of previous ages. The age of the world is one thing; very different is the age of man—the last creation of God. It is deeply instructive to see how much there is in the ancient cosmogonies tending to strengthen the position for which our author contends in this respect. The references to the Phœnician cosmogony, to the Assyrian tablets of creation, the Quiché legend, and the cosmogony of the Greeks, are all of peculiar interest. Whether Dr. Dawson will, in all cases, succeed in brushing away the cobwebs of doubt from the minds of his readers may be questioned. This, at all events, is certain, he approaches his task in an earnest spirit; and of his learning there can be no second opinion. He writes as well for the Huxleys of our time as for the honest believers in their Bible, who have within them the abiding faith that it is true whatever may be false. Canada has reason to rejoice that so valuable a book as the *Origin of the World* has issued from her press.

Musical.

AN interesting book lately published in London, is "Copyright: A sketch of its Rise and Progress; the Acts of Parliament, and Conventions with Foreign Nations now in force; with suggestions on the Statutory requirements for the disposal and security of a Copyright, Literary, Musical and Artistic." Charles H. Purday, the author, is well known in England as a popular vocalist, as a lecturer on music, the writer of simple and homely music, as the champion of the Abyssinian prisoners, one of whom was a near and dear relative. Amid varied occupations Mr. Purday has been during the greater portion of his life "mixed up" in many questions of contested copyright and he has brought together a great deal concerning "copyright." With respect to the copyright of musical and dramatic work, the existing laws seem capable of being read in all kinds of ways, and no decision ever seems to decide more than the single case: the appreciation of musical copyright in particular seems to require a mind practically acquainted with the subject; a mind that would, at least, not countenance such absurdities as that the arranger of an opera for the piano-forte is the composer of an entirely new work; or that no musician is capable of playing a piano-forte version from the full score. We believe that the most striking instances of the glorious uncer-

ainty of the law are to be found in questions of musical and theatrical copy-right.

The compiler of the work has been in the hot water of copyright litigation for half his life, but has been fortunate enough to come out unscathed. His book is accurate, interesting and amusing, and will please both those who read for entertainment, and those for the understanding of the law.

Both operatic seasons are over in London. At Covent Garden, Patti in the rôle of Aida, has been the chief attraction. At the Haymarket, Mr. Mapleson sustained a loss in *Mdlle. Titjiens*, which not even the presence of the new European success, *Mdme. Etelka Gerstes* could atone for. The latter artiste has, it is said, a clear, very high soprano and good vocalization, but no dramatic power.

About the second week in July, a numerously signed address and a handsome service of plate were presented to Señor Manuel Garcia, in recognition of the great services he has rendered alike to science and humanity, by his important discovery of the laryngoscope. Professor Huxley acted as chairman in the unavoidable absence of Lord Coleridge, and said that it was unnecessary to do more than remind the physician that in the laryngoscope he had gained a new ally against disease, and a remarkable and most valuable addition to that series of instruments, all of which, from the stethoscope onwards had come into use within the memory of living men, and the use of which had effected a revolution in the practice of medicine. They owed the instrument to Señor Garcia whom they all rejoiced to see among them as full of youthful vigour as when nearly a quarter of a century ago he made his remarkable invention, and from no one could it have more appropriately proceeded than from the son of a famous singer, and the brother of one whose fame was world-wide. Sweden and Germany had long since acknowledged the deserts of the inventor of the laryngoscope, and a feeling arose that Englishmen should not be behindhand in recognising the merit of one who had so long lived among them. Numerous representatives, therefore, of the aristocracy, and the commonalty, of the bench and of the bar, of artists, and of physicians, of the cultivators of the mathematical, physical and physiological sciences, had united for the purpose of presenting the inventor of the laryngoscope with a testimonial. Señor Garcia, in the course of his reply said: "The instrument which has caused this manifestation owes its existence to the difficulties which constantly beset me in my teaching. The idea of examining the interior of the larynx with a mirror during the act of singing had often presented itself to me, but was always rejected, as I believed it to be impracticable. It was not till September, 1854, that it occurred to me, that the best way to resolve my doubts was to submit them to the test of experiment. I purchased a dentist's mirror, which, having heated, I placed against the window; then flashing upon it with a hand mirror a ray of light from the sun, I saw, to my intense delight, the larynx exposed. There my part ends. If the laryngoscope has become a useful instrument it is all owing to the skill of the men into whose hands it has fallen. The approbation of my simple idea by so many leaders of the scientific world is to me an honour as unmerited as it is unexpected." The general impression will prevail that Señor Garcia was far too modest.

Mr. S. G. Pratt, the composer and pianist, of Chicago, who has been staying in Germany for some time, is at present in London. At a concert given at Mrs. Mackenzie's residence, Harley Street, he was assisted by Mdles. Valleria and Rosavella (Tucker); Signor Foli; Miss Freeman, a young American lady of much promise as a singer; Mr. Shakspeare, and Mdme. Antoinette Stirling.

Madame Christine Nilsson is to receive 7,000 francs (£280) a night at the Imperial Operas in St. Petersburg and Moscow. She is to perform twice a week, and the engagement is for three months. In addition to this, two performances are to be given in her name as "benefits," for which she is to be paid 28,000 francs. Before leaving Vienna last spring, Mdme. Nilsson signed a new agreement with Signor Morelli, and will sing in German Opera, in the German language, during the months of February and March at the expiration of her Russian engagement.

The Salzburg Festival was, after all, what any rational person might have expected it to be. Only one great work of Mozart's was given, the Symphony in C, "Jupiter;" and it seems that most of the time was spent in eating, drinking, speechifying and "such," added to excursions in the mountains.

Mademoiselle Titjens still continues in a most precarious condition, and the idea of her appearing at either the Gloucester or Leeds Festival had to be given up. During her long and serious illness she has proved herself the favourite of the English public who know that there is no living prima-donna that can for a moment be compared with Theresa Titjens in her own line of singing. The grand declamatory passion and intense grandeur which in every thing she attempts is manifested more or less has no other exponent at the present time and has had none since the days of Pasta and Grisi, of whom she is the legitimate successor. Her private life has also ensured her the esteem and admiration of all who are admitted to see it, and we are sure that the wish is universal that she may be spared a little while to do her duty as a woman if never again as an artist, for it is feared that her superb voice is much impaired.

Dr. Hans Von Bülow has accepted the post of conductor at the Glasgow autumn and winter subscription concerts in place of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has resigned. The *Graphic* doubts if the change will be advantageous, and judging from the fact that Wagner is almost the worst of conductors, at least in England, it might well be feared that his disciple Von Bülow would prove himself incapable.

Frederic Von Flotow, composer of *Stradello*, *Martha*, *L'Ombre*, &c., has sold his estate in Reichenau and retired to his villa in Mecklenburgh. He has finished a new romantic opera *Die Musikanten* (The Musicians), libretto by Richard Gluee. The story taken from one of Mozart's early adventures is said to be highly amusing, and the music is well spoken of. The opera, already translated into Italian, will be performed for the first time at Turin next October.

On Saturday, August 11, the promenade concerts at Covent Garden, under the management of Messrs. A. & S. Gatti, recommenced. The decorations were equal, it is said, to those of former years, and among other expedients for

neutralising the atmospheric pressure, incident to pent-up throngs within a given space, were observed huge blocks of Wenham Lake ice, which not only afforded refreshing coolness to all within their immediate neighbourhood, but, being lit up with variegated colours, gratified the eye. Signor Arditi, the long experienced and distinguished conductor, is re-engaged, and for the opening evening, the fine band of the Coldstream Guards reinforced the usual orchestra of eighty. The selections included an arrangement of prominent themes from Gounod's latest opera, *Cinq Mars*, a movement from Spohr's 3rd symphony, and singing from three debutantes, Mdles. Celega, Derivis, and Raymondi. Mdlle. Pommerane, the youthful violinist, was the chief attraction, however, and she is expected to prove herself in a few years' time, the equal of Camilla Urso or Mdme. Noemar Neruda. Prospective arrangements include Miss Rose Hersée and M. Victor Maurel.

When directing recently his concerts at the Albert Hall, Wagner took a strange delight in getting up conversations with those near him. At the last concert, during a—by no means easy—piece from *Tristan and Isolde*, he chose as the recipient of his utterances Herr Tombo, the harpist from Munich. But that gentleman did not appear particularly inclined to reply. At length, in answer to an oft repeated question of Wagner's, he rose and said : “*Seven—*please do not talk to me, *eight—for* I cannot reply, *nine—I've* seventeen bars rest, *ten—or* I shall mull the whole thing.” Hereupon Wagner made a low bow, and counted the remainder of the eventful seventeen bars with his neighbour. The upshot was that Herr Tombo got triumphantly over the seventeen bars' rest, and Wagner gave him a friendly shake of the hand.

The oldest of existing Conservatories of Music is the School at Palermo, founded in 1747. They come in the order of their respective dates : the Conservatory of Paris, 1795 ; the Liceo di Bologna, 1798 ; the Conservatories of Naples, 1806 ; of Milan, 1808 ; of Prague, 1810 ; of Parma, 1825 ; of Madrid, 1831 ; of Brussels, 1832 ; of Leipsic, 1843 ; of Berlin, 1850 ; of Cologne, 1850 ; the Musical Institute of Florence, established in 1860, and opened in 1862 ; the Conservatories of St. Petersburg, 1862, and of Moscow, 1866. More recently founded were the Conservatories or Schools of Music at Vienna, Warsaw, Buenos Ayres, and the Liceo Marcello, at Venice.

Madame Adelina Patti is somewhat perplexing in her movements. She has lately paid M. Leon Escudie the “dedit” of 100,000 francs, as she will be prevented from appearing in the coming season at the Theatre Ventadour. Madame Patti has abandoned all idea of visiting the United States. There is some talk of a winter series of performances in the principal Scandinavian towns, to precede those for which she has already stipulated in the Austrian capital. One thing is certain,—that she will be one of the company at the Royal Italian Opera next year. The Caux-Patti case attracted much notice in Paris. A correspondent says : “The property vested by the Marquis de Caux for his wife in France amounts to nearly £80,000 sterling. As they were married without a contract he will, at the winding-up or liquidation, get the half of it. Her diamonds and other jewels and trinkets,—and I am told also laces, velvets, and shawls, which come under the head of articles of luxury—will be sold ; or, if she chooses, she can take one-half, and the other at a valuation.”

A WARNING!

J. W. F. HARRISON.

A. A. PROCTOR.

Allegretto.

1. Place your hands in mine, dear, With their rose-leaf touch;
 2. You have one great treas - ure, Joy for all your life;
 3. Build on no to - mor - row, Love has but to - day;

If you heed my warn - ing, It will spare you much.
 Do not let it per - ish In one rock - less strife.
 If the links seem slack - 'ning, Cut the bond a - way.

Ah! with just such smi - ling Un - be - liev - ing eyes
 Do not ven - ture all, child, In one frail weak heart;
 Trust no pray'r nor pro - mise, Words are grains of sand; To

Years a-go I heard it: You shall be more wise.
 So, through any ship - wreck You may save a part.
 Keep your heart un - bro - ken, Hold it in your hand. To

Years a-go I heard it: You shall be more wise.
 So, through any ship - wreck, You may save a part.
 keep your heart un - broken, Wear it in your hand.

4. That your love may fin - ish Calm as it be - gun,

Learn this les - son bet - ter, Dear, than I have done; Years

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are 'Learn this lesson better, Dear, than I have done; Years'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

hence, perhaps, this warn - ing You shall give a - gain..... In

cres. *f*

The second system continues the melody. The lyrics are 'hence, perhaps, this warning You shall give again..... In'. The piano part includes a crescendo marking and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

just the self-same words, dear, and just as much, and just as much,

The third system continues the melody. The lyrics are 'just the self-same words, dear, and just as much, and just as much,'. The piano part continues with harmonic support.

f rall. And just as much in vain.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are 'And just as much in vain.' The piano part features a forte (*f*) and a rallentando (*rall.*) marking.

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

UP THE THAMES.

THIRD PAPER.



HAMPTON COURT—WEST FRONT.

TO-DAY our movement shall be up the Thames by rail, starting on the south side of the river to reach an objective point on the north bank. So crooked is the stream, and so much more crooked are the different systems of railways, with their competing branches crossing each other and making the most audacious inroads on each other's territory, that the direction in which we are travelling at any given moment, or the station from which we start, is a very poor index to the quarter fo



HAMPTON COURT—LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

which we are bound. The railways, to say nothing of the river, that wanders at its own sweet will, as water commonly does in a country offering it no obstructions, are quite defiant of their geographical names. The Great Western runs north, west and south-east; the South-western strikes south, south-east and north-west; while the Chatham and Dover distributes itself over most of the region south-east of London, closing its circuit by a line along the coast of the Channel that completes a triangle. We can go almost anywhere by any road. It is necessary, however, in this as in other mundane proceedings, to make a selection. We must have a will before we find a way. Let our way, then, be to Waterloo Station, on the South-western rail.

Half an hour's run lands us at Hampton Court, with a number of fellow-passengers to keep us company if we want them, and in fact whether we want them or not. Those who travel into or out of a city of four millions must lay their account with being ever in a crowd. Our consolation is, that in the city the crowd is so constant and so wholly strange to us as to defeat its effect, and create the feeling of solitude we have so often been told of; while outside of it, at the parks and show-places, the amplitude of space, density and variety of plantations, and multiplicity of carefully designed turns, nooks and retreats, are such that retirement of a more genuine character is within easy reach. The crowd, we know, is about us, but it does not elbow us, and we need hardly see it. The current of humanity, springing from one or a dozen trains or steamboats, dribbles away, soon after leaving its parent source, into a multitude of little divergent channels, like irrigating water, and covers the surface without interference.

It would be a curious statistical inquiry how many visitors Hampton Court has lost since the Cartoons were removed in 1865 to the South

Kensington Museum. Actually, of course, the whole number has increased, is increasing, and is not going to be diminished. The query is, How many more there would be now were those eminent bits of pasteboard—slit up for the guidance of piece-work at a Flemish loom, tossed after the weavers had done with them into a lumber-room, then after a century's neglect disinterred by the taste of Rubens and Charles I., brought to England, their poor frayed and faded fragments glued together and made the chief decoration of a royal palace—still in the place assigned them by the munificence and judgment of Charles ? For our part—and we may speak for most Americans—when we heard, thought, or read of Hampton Court, we thought of the Cartoons. Engravings of them were plenty—much more so than of the palace itself. Numbers of domestic connoisseurs know Raphael principally as the painter of the Cartoons.

A few who have not heard of them have heard of Wolsey. The pury old cardinal furnishes the surviving one of the two main props of



ENTRANCE TO WOLSEY'S HALL.

Hampton's glory. An oddly-assorted pair, indeed—the delicate Italian painter, without a thought outside of his art, and the bluff English placeman, avid of nothing but honours and wealth. And the association of either of them with the spot is comparatively so slight. Wolsey held the ground for a few years, only by lease, built a mere fraction of the present edifice, and disappeared from the scene within half a gene-

ration. What it boasts, or boasted, of the other belongs to the least noted of his works—half a dozen sketches meant for stuff-patterns, and never intended to be preserved as pictures. Pictures they are, nevertheless, and all the more valuable and surprising as manifesting such easy command of hand and faculty, such a matter-of-course employment of the utmost resources of art on a production designed to have no continuing existence except as finished, rendered and given to the world by a “base mechanical,” with no sense of art at all.

Royalty, and the great generally, availed themselves of their opportunities to select the finest locations and stake out the best claims along these shores. Of elevation there is small choice, a level surface prevailing. What there is has been generally availed of for park or palace with manifest advantage to the landscape. The curves of the river are similarly utilized. Kew and Hampton occupy peninsulas so formed. The latter, with Bushy Park, an appendage, fills a water-washed triangle of some two miles on each side. The southern angle is opposite Thames Ditton, a noted resort for brethren of the angle, with an ancient inn as popular, though not as stylish and costly, as the Star and Garter at Richmond. The town and palace of Hampton lie about half-way up the western side of the demesne. The view up and down the river from Hampton Bridge is one of the crack spectacles of the neighbourhood. Satisfied with it, we pass through the principal street, with the Green in view to our left and Bushy Park beyond it, to the main entrance. This is part of the original palace as built by the cardinal. It leads into the first court. This, with the second or Middle Quadrangle, may all be ascribed to him, with some changes made by Henry VIII. and Christopher Wren. The colonnade of coupled Ionic pillars which runs



MIDDLE QUADRANGLE, HAMPTON COURT.

across it on the south or right-hand side as you enter was designed by Wren. It is out of keeping with its Gothic surroundings. Standing beneath it, you see on the opposite side of the square Wolsey's Hall. It looks like a church. The towers on either side of the gateway between the courts bear some relics of the old faith in the shape of terra-cotta medallions, portraits of the Roman emperors. These decorations were a present to the cardinal from Leo X. The oriel windows by their side bear contributions in a different taste from Henry VIII. They are the escutcheons of that monarch. The two popes, English and Italian, are well met. Our engravings give a good idea of the style of these parts of the edifice. The first or outer square is somewhat larger than the middle one, which is a hundred and thirty-three feet across from north to south, and ninety-one in the opposite direction, or in a line with the longest side of the whole palace.

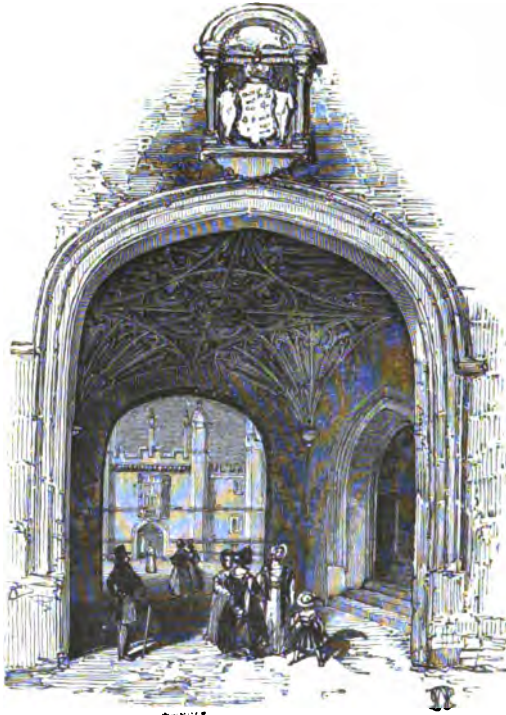
A stairway beneath the arch leads to the great hall, one hundred and six feet by forty. This having been well furnished recently, its aspect is probably little inferior in splendour to that which it wore in its first days. The open timber roof, gay banners, stained windows and groups of armour bring mediæval magnificence very freshly before us. The ciphers and arms of Henry and his wife, Jane Seymour, are emblazoned on one of the windows, indicating the date of 1536 or 1537. Below them were graciously left Wolsey's imprint—his arms, with a cardinal's hat on each side, and the inscription, "The Lord Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal legat de Latere, archbishop of Yorke and Chancellor of Englande." The tapestry of the hall illustrates sundry passages in the life of Abraham. A Flemish pupil of Raphael is credited with their execution or design.

This hall witnessed, certainly in the reign of George I., and according to tradition in that of Elizabeth, the mimic reproduction of the great drama with which it is associated. It is even said that Shakespeare took part here in his own play, *King Henry VIII., or the Fall of Wolsey*. In 1558 the hall was resplendent with one thousand lamps, Philip and Mary holding their Christmas feast. The Princess Elizabeth was a guest. The next morning she was compliant or politic enough to hear matins in the queen's closet.

The Withdrawing Room opens from the hall. It is remarkable for its carved and illuminated ceiling of oak. Over the chimney is a portrait of Wolsey in profile on wood, not the least interesting of a long list of pictures which are a leading attraction of the place. These are assembled, with few exceptions, in the third quadrangle, built in 1690. Into this we next pass. It takes the place of three of the five original courts, said to have been fully equal to the two which remain.

The modern or Eastern Quadrangle is a hundred and ten by a hundred

and seventeen feet. It is encircled by a colonnade like that in the middle square, and has nothing remarkable, architecturally, about it. In



ARCHWAY IN HAMPTON COURT.

the public rooms that surround us there are, according to the catalogue, over a thousand pictures. Leonardo de Vinci, Paul Veronese, Titian, Giulio Romano, Murillo, and a host of lesser names of the Italian and Spanish schools, with still more of the Flemish, are represented. To most visitors, who may see elsewhere finer works by these masters, the chief attraction of the walls is the series of original portraits by Holbein, Vandyck, Lely and Kneller. The two full-lengths of Charles I. by Vandyck, on foot and on horseback, both widely

known by engravings, are the gems of this department, as a Vandyck will always be of any group of portraits.

Days may be profitably and delightfully spent in studying this fine collection. The first men and women of England for three centuries, handed down to us by the first artists she could command, form a spectacle in which Americans can take a sort of home interest. Nearly all date before 1776, and we have a rightful share in them. Each head and each picture is a study. We have art and history together. Familiar as we may



WOLSEY.

be with the events with which the persons represented are associated, it is impossible to gaze upon their lineaments, set in the accessories of their day by the ablest hands guided by eyes that saw below the surface, and not feel that we have new readings of British annals.

Among the most ancient heads is a medallion of Henry VII. by Torregiano, the peppery and gifted Florentine, who executed the marvellous chapel in Westminster Abbey, and broke the nose of Michael Angelo. English art—or rather art in England—may be said to date from him. He could not create a school of artists in the island—the material did not exist—but the few productions he left there stood out so sharply from anything around them that the possessors of the wealth that was then beginning to accumulate employed it in drawing from the Continent additional treasures from the newly-found world of beauty. The riches of England have grown apace, and her collectors have used them



PORTICO LEADING TO GARDENS.

liberally, if not always wisely, until her galleries, in time, have come to be sought by the connoisseurs, and even the artists, of the Continent.

The last picture-gallery we traverse is the only one at Hampton Court specially built for its purpose, and it is empty. This is the room erected by Sir Christopher Wren for the reception of the Cartoons. It leads us to the corridor that opens on the garden front. We leave behind us, in addition to the state apartments, a great many others which are peopled by other inhabitants than the big spiders, said to be found nowhere else, known as cardinals. The old palace is not kept wholly for show, but is made useful in the political economy of the kingdom by furnishing a retreat to impecunious members of the oligarchy. Certain families of distressed aristocrats are harboured here—clearly a more wholesome arrangement than letting them take their chance in the world and bring discredit on their class.

Emerging on the great gardens, forty-four acres in extent, we find ourselves on broad walks laid out with mathematical regularity, and edged by noble masses of yew, holly, horse-chestnut, etc., almost as rectangular and circular. We are here struck with the great advantage derived in landscape gardening from the rich variety of large evergreens possible in the climate of Britain. The holly, unknown as an outdoor-



CENTRE AVENUE.

plant in this country north of Philadelphia, is at home in the north of Scotland, eighteen degrees nearer the pole. We are more fortunate with the Conifers, many of the finest of which family are perfectly hardy here. But we miss the deodar cedar, the redwood and Washingtonia of



HAMPTON COURT—GARDEN FRONT.

California, and cedar of Lebanon. These, unless perhaps the last, can not be depended on much north of the latitude of the *Magnolia grandiflora*. They thrive all over England, with others almost as beautiful, and as delicate north of the Delaware. Of the laurel tribe, also hardy

in England, our Northern States have but a few weakly representatives. So with the *Rhododendra*.

When, tired of even so charming a scene of arboreal luxury, we knock at the Flower-Pot gate to the left of the palace, and are admitted into the private garden, we make the acquaintance of another stately stranger



GATE TO PRIVATE GARDEN.

we have had the honour at home of meeting only under glass. This is the great vine, ninety years or a hundred old, of the Black Hamburg variety. It does not cover as much space as the *Carolina Scuppernong*—the native variety that so surprised and delighted Raleigh's Roanoke Island settlers in 1585—often does. But its bunches, sometimes two or three thousand in number, are much larger than the *Scuppernong's* little clumps of two or three. They weigh something like a pound each, and are thought worthy of be-

ing reserved for Victoria's dessert. Her own family vine has burgeoned so broadly that three thousand pounds of grapes would not be a particularly large dish for a Christmas dinner for the united Guelphs.

We must not forget the Labyrinth, "a mighty maze, but not without a plan," that has bewildered generations of young and old children since the time of its creator, William of Orange. It is a feature of the Dutch style of landscape gardening imprinted by him upon the Hampton grounds. He failed to impress a like stamp upon that chaos of queer shapeless and contradictory means to beneficent ends, the British constitution.

Hampton Court, notwithstanding the naming of the third quadrangle



BUSHY PARK.

the Fountain Court, and the prominence given to a fountain in the design of the principal grounds, is not rich in waterworks. Nature has done a good deal for it in that way, the Thames embracing it on two sides and the lowness of the flat site placing water within easy reach everywhere. This superabundance of the element did not content the magnificent Wolsey. He was a man of great ideas, and to secure a head for his jets he sought an elevated spring at Combe Wood, more than two miles distant. To bring this supply he laid altogether not less than eight miles of leaden pipe weighing twenty-four pounds to the foot, and passing under the bed of the Thames. Reduced to our currency of to-day, these conduits must have cost nearly half a million of dollars. They do their work yet, the gnawing tooth of old *Edax rerum* not having penetrated far below the surface of the earth. Better hydraulic results would now be attained at a considerably reduced cost by a steam-engine and stand-pipe. At the beginning of the sixteenth century this motor was not even in embryo, unless we accept the story of Blasco de Garay's steamer that manœuvred under the eye of Charles V. as fruitlessly as Fitch's and Fulton's before Napoleon. Coal, its dusky pabulum, was also practically a stranger on the upper Thames. The ancient fire-dogs that were wont to bear blazing billets hold their places in the older parts of the palace.

Crossing the Kingston road, which runs across the peninsula and skirts the northern boundary of Hampton Park, we get into its continuation, Bushy Park. This is larger than the chief enclosure, but less pretentious. We cease to be oppressed by the palace and its excess of the

artificial. The great avenues of horse-chestnut, five in number, are running parallel with a length of rather more than a mile and an aggregate breadth of nearly two hundred yards, are formal enough in design, but the mass of foliage gives them the effect of a wood. They lead nowhere in particular, and are flanked by grades and copses in which the genuinely rural prevails. Cottages gleam through the trees. The lowing of kine, the tinkling of the sheep-bell, the gabble of poultry, lead you away from thoughts of prince and city. Deer, domesticated here since long before the introduction of the turkey or the guinea-hen, bear themselves with as quiet ease and freedom from fear as though they were the lords of the manor and held the black-letter title-deeds for the delicious stretch of sward over which they troop. Less stately, but scarce more shy, indigenes are the hares, lineal descendants of those which gave sport to Oliver Cromwell. When that grim Puritan succeeded to the lordship of the saintly cardinal, he was fain, when the Dutch, Scotch and Irish indulged him with a brief chance to doff his buff coat, to take relaxation in coursing. We loiter by the margin of the ponds he dug in the hare-warren, and which were presented as nuisances by the grand jury in 1662. The complaint was that by turning the water of the "New River" into them the said Oliver had made the road from Hampton Wick boggy and unsafe. Another misdemeanor of the deceased was at the same time and in like manner denounced. This was the stopping up of the pathway through the warren. The palings were abated, and the path is open to all nineteenth century comers, as it probably will be to those of the twentieth, this being a land of precedent, averse to change. We may stride triumphantly across the location of the Cromwellian barricades, and not the less so, perhaps, for certain other barricades which he helped to erect in the path of privilege.

Directing our steps to the left, or westward, we again reach the river at the town of Hampton. It is possessed of pretty water-views, but of little else of note except the memory and the house of Garrick. Hither the great actor, after positively his last night on the stage, retired, and settled the long contest for his favour between the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy by inexorably turning his back on both. He did not cease to be the delight of polished society, thanks to his geniality and to literary and conversational powers capable of making him the intimate of Johnson and Reynolds. More fortunate in his temperament and temper than his modern successor, Macready, he never fretted that his profession made him a vagabond by act of Parliament, or that his adoption of it in place of the law had prevented his becoming, by virtue of the same formal and supreme stamp, the equal of the Sampson Brasses, plentiful in his day as in ours among their betters of that honourable vocation. His self respect was of tougher if not sounder grain. "Worth makes

the man, and want of it the fellow," was the motto supplied him by his friend and neighbour, Pope, but obeyed long before he saw it in the poetic form.

Garrick's house is separated from its bit of "grounds," which run



GARRICK'S VILLA.

down to the water's edge, by the highway. It communicates with them by a tunnel, suggested by Johnson. It was not a very novel suggestion, but the excavation deserves notice as probably the one engineering achievement of old Ursus major. We may fancy the Titan of the pen and the tea-table, in his snuffy habit as he lived and as photographed by Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, and their epitomizer Macaulay,



RIVER SCENE, THAMES DITTON.

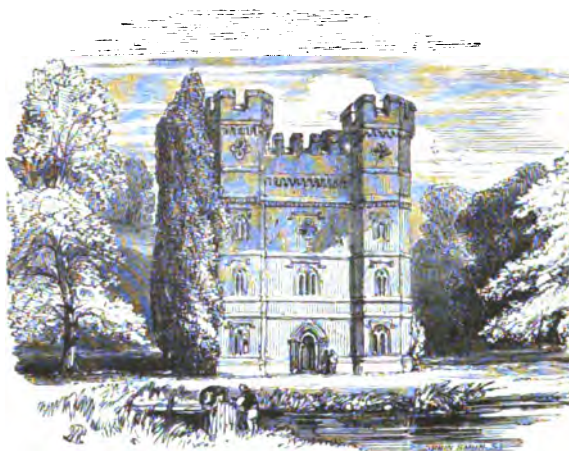
diving under the turnpike and emerging among the osiers and water-rats to offer his orisons at the shrine of Shakespeare. For, in the fashion

of the day, Garrick erected a little brick "temple," and placed therein a statue of the man it was the study of his life to interpret. The temple is there yet. The statue, a fine one by Roubillac, now adorns the hall of the British Museum, a much better place for it. Garrick, and not Sakespeare, is the *genius loci*.

This is but one of the most striking, of a long row of villas that overlook the river, each with its comfortable-looking and rotund trees and trim plant in front, with sometimes a summer-house snuggling down to the ripples. These river-side colonies, thrown out so rapidly by the metropolis, have no colonial look. We cannot associate the idea of a new settlement with rich turf, gravelled walks and large trees devoid of the gaunt and forlorn look suggestive of their fellows' having been hewn away from their side. The houses have some of the pertness, rawness and obtrusiveness of youth, but it is not the youth of the back-woods.

Bob and sinker are in their glory hereabouts. Fishing-rods in the season and good weather form an established part of the scenery, from the islands and from box-like boats called punts in the middle of the water, their slender arches project. It becomes a source of speculation how the breed of fish is kept up. Seth Green has never operated on the Thames. Were he to take it under his wing, a sum in the single rule of three points to the conclusion that all London would take its seat under these willows and extract ample sustenance from the invisible herds. If perch and dace can hold their own against the existing pressure and escape extinction, how would they multiply with the fostering aid of the spawning-box! We are not deep in the mysteries of the angle, but we believe English waters do not boast the catfish. They ought to acquire him. He is almost as hard to extirpate as the perch, would be quite at home in these sluggish pools under the lily-pads, and would harmonize admirably with the eel in the pies and other gross preparations which delight the British palate. He hath, moreover, a John Bull-like air in his broad and burly shape, his smooth and unscaley superficies and and the *noli-me-tangere* character of his dorsal fin. Pity he was unknown to Izaak Walton!

At this particular point the piscatory effect is intensified by the dam just above Hampton Bridge. Two parts of a river are especially fine for fishing. One is the part above the dam, and the other the part below. These two divisions may be said, indeed, in a large sense to cover all the Thames. Moulsey Lock, while favorable to fish and fishermen, is unfavorable to dry land. Yet there is said to be no malaria. Hampton Court has proved a wholesome residence to every occupant save its founder.



WOLSEY'S TOWER, ESHER.

The angler's capital is Thames Ditton, and his capitol the Swan Inn. Ditton is, like many other pretty English villages, little and old. It is mentioned in *Domesday Boke* as belonging to the bishop of Bayeux in Normandy, famous for the

historic piece of tapestry. Wadard, a gentleman with a Saxon name, held it of him, probably for the quit-rent of an annual eel-pie, although the consideration is not stated. The clergy were, by reason of their frequent meagre days and seasons, great consumers of fish. The phosphorescent character of that diet may have contributed, if we accept certain modern theories of animal chemistry as connected in some unexplained way with psychology, to the intellectual predominance of that class of the population of the Middle Ages. That occasional fasting, whether voluntary and systematic as in the cloisters, or involuntary and altogether the reverse of systematic in Grub street, helps to clear the wits, with or without the aid of phosphorus, is a fixed fact. The stomach is apt to be a stumbling-block to the brain. We are not prone to associate prolonged and productive mental effort with a fair round belly with fat capon lined. It was not the jolly clerics we read of in song, but the lean ascetic brethren who were numerous enough to balance them, that garnered for us the treasures of ancient literature and kept the mind of Christendom alive, if only in a state of suspended animation. It was something that they prevented the mace of chivalry from utterly braining humankind.

The Thames is herabouts joined from the south by a somewhat exceptional style of river, characterized by Milton as "the sullen Mole, that runneth underneath," and by Pope, in dutiful imitation, as "the sullen Mole that hides his diving flood." Both poets play on the word. In our judgment, Milton's line is the better, since Moles do not dive and have no flood—two false figures in one line from the precise and finical Pope! Thomson contributes the epithet of "silent," which will do

well enough as far as it goes, though devoid even of the average force of Jamie. But, as we have intimated, it is a queer river. Pouring into the Thames by several mouths that deviate over quite a delta, its channel, two or three miles above, is destitute in dry season of water. Its current disappears under an elevation called White Hill, and does not come again to light for almost two miles, resembling therein several streams in the United States, notably Lost River in North-eastern Virginia, which has a subterranean course of the same character and about the same length, but has not yet found its Milton or Pope, far superior as it is to its English cousin in natural beauty.

For this defect art and association amply atone. On the southern side of the Mole, not far from the underground portion of its course—"the Swallow" as it is called—stand the charming and storied seats of Esher and Claremont.

Esher was an ancient residence of the bishops of Winchester. Wolsey made it for a time his natural retreat after being ousted from Hampton Court. A retreat it was to him in every sense. He dismissed his servants and all state, and cultivated the deepest despondency. His inexorable master, however, looked down on him, from his ravished towers hard by, unmoved, and, as the sequel in a few years proved, unsatisfied in his greed. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was called upon for a contribution. He loyally surrendered to the king the whole estate of Esher, a splendid mansion with all appurtenances and a park a mile in diameter. Henry annexed Esher to Hampton Court, and continued his research for new subjects of spoliation. His daughter Mary gave Esher back to the see of Winchester. Elizabeth bought it and bestowed it on Lord Howard of Effingham, who well earned it by his services against the Armada. Of the families who subsequently owned the place, the Pelhams are the most noted. Now it has passed from their hands. That which has alone been preserved of the palace of Wolsey is an embattled gate-house that looks into the sluggish Mole, and joins it mayhap in musing over "the days that we have seen."

Claremont its next neighbour, unites, with equal or greater charms of landscape, in preaching the old story of the decadence of the great. Lord Olive, the Indian conqueror and speculator, built the house from the design of Capability Browne at a cost of over a hundred thousand pounds. His dwelling and his monument remain to represent Olive. After him, two or three occupants removed, came Leopold of Belgium, with his bride, the Princess Charlotte, pet and hope of the British nation. Their stay was more transient still—a year only, when death dissipated their dreams and cleared the way to the throne for Victoria. Leopold continued to hold the property, and it became a generation later the Asylum of Louis Philippe. To an ordinary mind the miseries

of any one condemned to make this lovely spot his home, are not apt to present themselves as the acme of despair. A sensation of relief and lulling repose would be more reasonably expected, especially after so stormy a career as that of Louis. The change from restless and



CLAREMONT.

capricious Paris to dewy shades and luxurious halls in the heart of changeless and impregnable England ought, on common principles, to have promoted the content and prolonged the life of the old king. Possibly it did, but if so, the French had not many months' escape from a second Orleans regency, for the exile's experience of Claremont was brief. We may wander over his lawns, and reshape to ourselves his reveries. Then we may forget the man who lost an empire as we look up at the cenotaph of him who conquered one. Both brought grist to Miller Bull, the fortunate and practical-minded owner of such vast water-privileges. His water-power seems proof against all floods, while the corn of all nations



CLIVE'S MONUMENT

must come to his door. Standing under these drooping elms, by this lazy stream, we hear none of the clatter of the great mill, and we cease to dream of affixing a period to its noiseless and effective work.

If we are not tired of parks for to-day, five minutes by rail will carry us west to Oatlands Park, with its appended, and more or less dependent, village of Walton-upon-Thames. But a surfeit even of English country-houses and their pleasantries is a possible thing; and nowhere are they more abundant than within an hour's walk of our present locality. So, taking Ashley Park, Burwood Park, Pains Hill and many others, as well as the Coway Stakes—said by one school of antiquarians to have been planted in the Thames by Cæsar, and by another to be the relics of a fish-weir—Walton Church and Bradshaw's house, for granted, we shall turn to the east and finish the purloins of Hampton with a glance at the old Saxon town of Kingston-on-Thames. Probably an ardent Kingstonian would indignantly disown the impression our three words are apt to give of the place. It is a



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

rapidly-growing town, and "Egbert, the first king of all England," who held a council at "Kynningeston, famosa illa locus," in 838, would be at a loss to find his way through its streets could he revisit it. It has the population of a Saxon county. Viewed from the massive bridge, with the church-tower rising above an expanse of sightly buildings, it possesses the least possible resemblance to the cluster of wattled huts that may be presumed to have sheltered Egbert and his peers.

A more solid memento of the Saxons is preserved in the King's Stone. This has been of late years set up in the centre of the town, surrounded with an iron railing, and made visible to all comers, skeptical or otherwise. Tradition credits it with having been that upon which the kings of Wessex were crowned, as those of Scotland down to Longshanks, and after him the English, were on the red sandstone palladium of Scone. From the list of ante-Norman monarchs said to have received the sceptre upon it the poetically inclined visitor will select for his chief interest Edwy, whose coronation was celebrated in great state in his seventeenth year. How he fell in love with and married secretly his cousin Elgiva; how Saint Dunstan and his equally saintly though not beatified ally, Odo, archbishop of Canterbury, indignant

at a step taken against their fulminations and protests, and jealous of the fair queen, tore her from his arms, burnt with hot iron the bloom



WALTON CHURCH.

out of her cheeks, and finally put her to death with the most cruel tortures ; and how her broken-hearted boy-lord, dethroned and hunted, died before reaching twenty,—is a standing dish of the pathetic. Unfortunately, the story, handed down to us with much detail, appears to be true. We must not accept it, however, as an average illustration of life in that age of England. The five hundred years before the Conquest do not equal, in the bloody character of their annals, the like period succeeding it. Barbarous enough the Anglo-Saxons were, but wanton cruelty does not seem to have been one of their traits. To produce it some access of religious fury was usually requisite. It was on the church-doors that the skins of their Danish invaders were nailed.

Kingston has no more Dunstons. Alexandra would be perfectly safe in its market-place. The rosy maidens who pervade its streets need not envy her cheeks, and the saints and archbishops who are to officiate at her husband's induction as head of the Anglican Church have their anxieties at present directed to wholly different quarters. They have foes within and foes without, but none in the palace.

Kingston bids fair to revert, after a sort, to the metropolitan position it boasted once, but has lost for nine centuries. The capital is coming to it, and will cover the four remaining miles within a decade or two at the existing rate of progress. Kingston may be assigned to the suburbs already. It is much nearer London, in point of time, than Union Square in New York to the City Hall. A slip of

country not yet endowed with trottoirs and gas-lamps intervenes. Call this park, as you do the square miles of such territory already deep within the metropolis.

London's jurisdiction, as marked by the Boundary Stone, extends much farther up the river than we have as yet gone. Nor are the swans her only vicerents. The myrmidons of Inspector Bucket, foot and horse, supplement these nautical representatives. So do the municipalities encroach upon and overspread the country,

as it is eminently proper they should, seeing that to the charters so long ago exacted, and so long and so jealously guarded, by the towns, so much of the liberty enjoyed by English-speaking people is due. Large cities may be under some circumstances, according to an often-quoted saying, plague-spots on the body politic, but their growth has generally been commensurate with that of knowledge and order, and indicative of anything but a diseased condition of the national organism.

But here we are, under the shadow of the departed Nine Elms and of the official palace of the Odos, deep enough in Lunnion to satisfy the proudest Cockney, in less time than we have taken in getting off that last commonplace on political economy. Adam Smith and Jefferson never undertook to meditate at thirty-five miles an hour.

E. C. B.



KINGSTON CHURCH.

ROXY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE BARBECUE.

YOU would have known it was a holiday in the country-seat village of Luzerne, had you fallen in with a party of country boys dressed in white cotton shirts and trousers of blue jeans, who hurried along the road at sunrise, to the summit of the hill that overlooks the town. You might have guessed that it was an occasion of merry-making by the eager speech and over-reaching steps of the boys, hastening, boy-like, hours beforehand to the scene of anticipated excitement, trembling lest some happening of interest should be unseen by them. Job's war-horse was never half so eager for the fray. Hearing the voices of others of their kind shouting in the village streets below, they do not pause a moment on the crest but plunge forward down the "dug-road" that slants along the steep hillside, until it reaches the level plain below and debouches into the main street of the town.

But you, had you been of their company, must have halted on the hill to look off eastward where the sun is quivering in the thin yellow-and-white horizon-clouds that hang over green hills. You must have stopped to look at the Luzerne island in its many shades of green, from the dark maple-leaf to the lighter cotton-wood and sycamore, the whole fringed by a margin of yet paler water-willows which dip their outermost boughs into the placid water of the broad Ohio, glistening in the early sunlight like the apocalyptic river of life. You must have paused and looked away in the other direction to the long stretch of river to the westward, till at last in a grand sweep to the south you lost sight of that majestic current, which first by the Indians, then by the French, and then by the English-speaking settlers has been called "The Beautiful." You must have looked across the mile-wide current to the little Kentucky village on the bank opposite you, its white houses shut in by a line of green hills behind. And just beneath, on the nearer bank, lies Luzerne, one of the oldest towns in this new country, and the fairest object in the landscape. There are no fine houses—only white "frame" and red brick ones, with now and then an aboriginal log-cabin standing like an old settler, unabashed among more genteel neighbours. But all the yards are full of apple-trees and rose-bushes and lilacs—*lay-locks* the

people call them—and altheas and flowering almonds. Here one sees chimney-tops and roofs jutting out of the surrounding green of the trees, and there are large patches of unfenced greensward or “common” upon which the newly milked cows are already congregating, their bells, each on a different key, keeping up a ceaseless tinkling. You see the brand-new court-house with glittering brass ball above the belfry, standing in the treeless, grass-green “public square;” and there in plain sight is the old town pump in front of the court-house, and about it the boys and girls who have come hither for water.

But the party of country boys with whom we started have almost reached the foot of the hill. They have gone down running, walking, and leaping by turns. Now and then one of them stops, and looking over the valley and the village, swings his cap and cries out: “Hurrah for Harrison and Tyler!” or, “Hurrah for Tippecanoe and Tyler too!” Not, perhaps, because he knows or cares anything about the candidates for the presidency, but because a young cock must flap his wings and crow. Most of the enthusiasm of a political canvass is the effervescence of animal spirits. The struggle of the leaders is to make this overflowing tide of surplus life grind their grist. It was the processions and hard cider and log-cabins of 1840 that gave the Whigs the election.

But now other parties of straggling boys and men are coming into the village, afoot and on horseback, over this hill and over others, and along the river-banks; while skiffs are crossing from Kentucky. In the village the trees are full of birds; yellow-hammers, jays, blue-birds, sap-suckers, red-birds, pee-wees, cat-birds, martins, and all others that abound in the genial climate of southern Indiana, are filling the air with their whistling calls to one another; the singing locust sends forth everywhere in quick-following vibrant waves his curious notes; but we do not hear these things. The usually quiet streets have already the premonitory symptoms of the on-coming excitement of the day, and the village lads in Sunday clothes, but barefoot none the less, are singing lustily to one another, such refrains as this:

“Hurrah for Harrison and Tyler!
Beat the Dutch or bust your b'iler!”

to which some sturdy Democratic boy, resolved not to strike his colours, replies with a defiant, “Hurrah for Little Van!” and the Whig, feeling himself in the ascendant for the day, responds by singing:

“Little Van's a used-up man,
A used-up man, a used-up man,
A used-up man is he!”

But the opposite side can readily answer again with ditties quite as forcible and ungrammatical.

By this time it wants a quarter of six o'clock, and the bell in the belfry

of the tavern is ringing in a jerky fashion its warning for breakfast. It is the one invariable thing—holidays may come and go, but the tavern bell never fails to ring at six and twelve and six, with a first bell fifteen minutes before the hours for meals. The movements of all the people in the town are regulated by this steady old bell, and were it to waver in its punctuality the life of the community would be thrown into disorder; clocks would have no regulator, meals would be out of time, farmers would not know when to start toward home, preachers would have no reminder of the length of their sermons.

By seven o'clock on this day of the barbecue, the village is in a state of general expectancy. Girls are travelling to and fro singly and in squads; women are talking to each other over garden fences, and at front gates; merchants in their Sunday clothes are standing on the sidewalks, and boys are hurrying away to the great beech-woods on the river-bank above the town, where the barbecue is to be held, and then hurrying back to the village to see what is to be seen there. Wagons loaded with provisions of various sorts are constantly arriving from the country and making their way direct to the barbecue ground.

"Where are you going, Roxy?" asks a girl of sixteen in a lawn dress of another a year older, perhaps, in a bright new gingham. She speaks with that flutter of expectancy in her voice which girls always have at such times.

"To the beech-woods to see them roast the oxen—I thought it might please Bobo, here," and saying this she turned toward a pale boy whom she led by the hand.

"Please Bobo, here," the lad echoed with a childish exultation, and a strange wistful look in his eyes.

"I wonder what poor Bobo thinks about these things?" said the girl in lawn, looking at the lad's pale face and uncertain eyes.

"Bobo thinks about these things," he echoed with a baby-like chuckle of happiness.

"I believe he does, don't you, Roxy?"

"I know he does," said Roxy, looking at her unfortunate charge tenderly. "To be sure he does."

"To be sure he does," chimed in Bobo, with a delight, which was increased by the smiles of the girls.

"You see," continued Roxy, "he was a very smart little fellow till he got that fall. I don't think his mind is injured, exactly. It is only the brain. It seems to me like old Mrs. Post's cataract over her eyes, a sort of film—a cataract over his mind, Twonnet.* Things don't get in and out well, but he seems to keep trying to think inside."

*This orthography best represents the common pronunciation of the name among the village people. It rhymes exactly with the word "bonnet."

"Think inside!" cried the foolish fellow, beginning now to pull Roxy's hand to signify that he wanted to go, and saying, "See how nice!" as he pointed to the flag suspended over the street.

"He is very fond of red," exclaimed Roxy.

"You're better than most people, Roxy. They'd be ashamed to take anybody that was—was—simple—you know, around with them."

"Why?" said Roxy in surprise. "I think Bobo will always be one of those 'little ones' that are mentioned in the Bible. He don't know any harm, and I won't let him learn any. I could hardly live without him." Then she added in a lower tone: "I used to feel a little ashamed of him sometimes when people laughed. But that was a very bad feeling, I am sure. Good Bobo!"

"Good Bobo!" he chuckled, still pulling at Roxy's hand until she had to go on, Bobo expressing his pleasure whenever they passed beneath the flag. Going through the crowd of people in holiday dress, who were slaking their thirst at the town pump—the handle of which had no rest—they turned at last into the principal street running toward the river. The village was chiefly built on the second bank or terrace. The street led them down to the lower bank, which was thinly occupied by one or two hay warehouses and some dilapidated dwellings. This part of the town had once been in a fair way to take the lead on account of its proximity to the landing, but in the great flood of 1832 the river had quite submerged it, rising almost to the height of the rooms on the second floor, and floating away one or two buildings. The possibility of a repetition of this calamity had prevented the erection of new houses on this level, and some of the better ones had been given up by their owners, so that now this part of the town was the domain of fishermen, boatmen, and those poor people who, having always to struggle to keep the soul in the body, are glad to get any shelter in which to keep the body itself. The fewness of their chattels made removals easy, and since they were, most of them, amphibious creatures, they had no morbid dread of a freshet. Several of the better class, too, had held on to their rose-embowered homes on this lovely river-bank, declaring their belief that "the flood of '32" had deepened the channel of the river, so that there was now no danger.

But this lower bank seemed all the more beautiful to Roxy and Bobo that there were so few houses on it. The fences for the most part had not been rebuilt after the flood, so that there was a broad expanse of greensward. Their path took them along the river-bank, and to Roxy the wide river was always a source of undefined joy.

Following the hurrying squads of boys and men, and the track of wagons, they came at last into the forest of primeval beech that stretched away for a mile above the town, on this lower flat bordering the river.

Here were not such beech trees as grow on the valley hills of New England, stunted in height and with a divided trunk. These great trees, having a deep and fertile soil, push their trunks in stately columns heavenward, sending forth, everywhere, slender lateral limbs that droop soon after leaving the trunk, then recover themselves and droop a little once more at the distant tips, almost making Hogarth's line. The stillness of the deep shade was broken now by the invasion of busy men and idle boys; there were indescribable cries; the orders, advice, and jokes shouted from one to another, had a sound as of desecration. Here a table was being spread, set in the form of a hollow square to accommodate a thousand people; in another place hundreds of great loaves of bread were being cut into slices by men with sharp knives.

All of this pleased Bobo, but when at last, Roxy led him to the pit, thirty feet long, over which half a dozen oxen split in halves were undergoing the process called barbecuing, he was greatly excited. A great fire had been kept burning in this trench during the night, and now the bottom, six feet below the surface, was covered with a bed of glowing coals. As the beeves over this fire were turned from time to time, they kept up a constant hissing, as such a giant's broil must; and this sound with the intense heat terrified the lad.

He was better pleased when Roxy led him away to a tree where a thrifty farmer was selling ginger-cakes and cider, and spent all her money—five old-fashioned "coppers"—in buying for him a glass of cider which sold for five cents, with a scolloped ginger-cake thrown in.

But now the drum and fife were heard, and Roxy could plainly see a procession of Whigs from the country coming down the hill in the rear of the village. Others were coming by the other roads that led into the town. The crowd of idlers who scattered about the grove now started pell-mell for the village, where all of these companies, in wagons and on horseback, were to be formed into one grand procession.

But Roxy took pains to secure for Bobo a perch on a fence-corner at the end of the lane by which the wood was entered. When at last the procession came, the poor fellow clapped his hands at sight of the wagons with log-cabins and great barrels of "hard cider" on them. Every waving banner gave him pleasure, and the drum and fife set him into an ecstasy. When the crowd cheered for Harrison and Tyler, he did not fail to join in the shout. The party of country boys who had come over the hill in the morning, observing the delight of the poor fellow, began to make sport of him, calling him an idiot and quizzing him with puzzling questions, thus drawing the attention of the crowd to Bobo, who sat on the fence, and to Roxy, who stood by, and tried in vain to shield him from the mockery.

Happily about that time the procession halted on account of some dif-

ficulty in turning an angle with the long wagon which held the twenty-five allegorical young girls from Posey township, who represented the two dozen states of the Union, with a plump Hoosier Goddess of Liberty presiding over them. It happened that in the part of the procession which halted opposite to Bobo's perch on the fence was Mark Bonamy, who was quite an important figure in the procession. His father—Colonel Bonamy—had been a member of Congress, and as a Whig son of a Democratic father of such prominence, the young man of twenty-one was made much of. Reckoned the most promising young man in the county, he was to-day to declaim his maiden speech before the great audience at the barbecue. But being a politician, already ambitious for office, he chose not to ride in the carriage with the "orators of the day," but on his own horse among the young men, to whose good-will he must look for his political success. The boys perched on the "rider" of the rail-fence were now asking Bobo questions, to which the simple fellow only gave answer by echoing the last words; and seeing the flush of pain on Roxy's face at the laughter thus excited, Mark called out to the boy to let Bobo alone.

"It don't matter," replied the boy; "he's only a fool, anyhow, if he is named Bonaparte."

At this the other boys tittered, but young Bonamy wheeled his horse out of the line, and, seizing Bobo's chief tormentor by the collar of his roundabout, gave him a vigorous shaking, and then dropped him trembling with terror to the ground. His comrades, not wishing to meet the same punishment, leaped down upon the other side of the fence and dispersed into the crowd.

"Thank you, Marcus," said Roxy.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mark, with Western unconventionality. He tried to look unconscious as he again took his place in the ranks with reddened face, and the same crowd that had laughed at the ridicule put upon Bobo now cheered Mark for punishing his persecutor. Even Bobo showed satisfaction at the boy's downfall.

The Whig leaders of 1840 roasted beeves in order to persuade the independent voters to listen to arguments on the tariff; they washed down abstruse reasonings about the United States Bank with hard cider; and by good feeling persuaded the citizens to believe in internal improvement. But in order to the success of such a plan, it was necessary that the speeches should come first. The procession, therefore, was marched to the stand; the horsemen dismounted; the allegorical young ladies, who represented sovereign states, dressed in white muslin, took places on the stand; and most of the other people seated themselves on the benches in front, while the drums and fifes were played on the platform, where also were ranged the speakers and some ornamental figures.

—an ex-Congressman, a colonel of the war of 1812, and a few lingering veterans of the Revolution, who sat near the front, that their gray hairs, solitary arms, and wooden legs might be the more conspicuous.

Since Mark Bonamy's interference in her behalf, Roxy had rapidly elevated the young man into an hero. She cared nothing whatever about banks or tariffs, or internal improvements, but now she was eager to hear Mark make his speech. For when an enthusiastic young girl comes to admire a man for one thing, she straightway sets about finding other reasons for admiration.

Mark was sent to the front to make the opening speech, upon which one of the young men got up on a bench in the back part of the audience and cried: "Three cheers for Bonamy!" The grateful Roxy was pleased with this tribute to her hero, whose triumph seemed somewhat to be her own. Bobo recognized his deliverer and straightway pointed his finger at Mark, saying to Roxy:

"Look y', Roxy, look y' there!"

Indeed, she had much trouble to keep him from pointing and talking throughout Mark's speech.

In Roxy's estimation the speech was an eloquent one. There were no learned discussions of banks and tariffs, no exhaustive treatment of the question of the propriety of internal improvements by the general government—all of these questions were to be handled by Judge Wool, who was double-shotted with statistics. Mark Bonamy's speech was not statesman-like. It was all the more popular for that. He had the advantage, to begin with, of a fine presence. His large, well formed body, his healthful, handsome countenance, his clear eye, and the general look of quick intelligence about him, and a certain air of good-fellowship, won upon the audience, even while the young man stood with flushed face waiting for the cheering to subside. He did not lack self-possession, and his speech was full of adroit appeals to national pride and to party spirit. He made some allusions to the venerable soldiers who sat by him and to their comrades who slumbered in their bloody graves on the hard fought field of Bunker Hill and Brandywine, and German-town and Trenton. He brought forth rounds of cheers by his remarks on Harrison's log-cabin. Measured by the applause he gained it was the best speech of the day. A critic might have said that many of the most telling points were unfairly taken, but a critic has no place at a barbe-cue. How else could Roxy judge of such a speech but by the effect?

Very few of the voters were able to follow Judge Wool's argument against the veto of the Bank Bill and the removal of the deposits, and in favour of the adoption of a protective tariff that should save the country from the jaws of the British lion. But the old heads declared it a "mighty weighty" argument, and the young ones, feeling its heavi-

ness, assented. After some stirring speeches by more magnetic men, there was music by the drum and fife, and then the hungry crowd surrounded the tables, on which there was little else but bread and the barbecued meat.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE FEAST.

WHEN Roxy wended her way home that afternoon she found the streets full of people, many of whom had not limited their potations to hard cider. Flem Giddings, whose left arm had been shot away while he was ramming a cannon at a Fourth of July celebration, was very anxious to fight, but even his drunken companions were too chivalrous to fight with a one-armed man. So the poor cripple went round vainly defying every man he met, daring each one to fight and declaring that he "could lick any two-fisted coward in town, by thunder and lightning!" A little further on, big Wash Jones kept staggering up to plucky little Dan McCrea, declaring that Dan was a coward. But Dan, who was not quite so drunk, was unwilling to strike Wash until at last the latter slapped Dan in the face, upon which the fiery little fellow let his hard fist fly, doubling the big man against a wall. Roxy, terrified at the disorder, was hurrying by at that moment; she saw the blow and the fall of the bleeding man, and she uttered a little startled cry. Forgetting herself and Bobo, the excited girl pushed through the crowd and undertook to lift up the fallen champion. Dan looked ashamed of his blow, and the rest crowding round, felt cowed, when Roxy, with tears on her face, said:

"What do you stand by for and let drunken men fight? Come, put poor Wash on his horse and send him home."

The men were quick enough now to lift up the sot and help him into his saddle. It was notorious that Wash could hardly be so drunk that he could not ride. He balanced himself in the saddle with difficulty, and the horse, who had learned to adapt himself to his reeling burden, swayed from side to side.

"Pah-shaw!" stuttered the rider as the blood trickled upon his mud-bespattered clothes, "aint I a-a-a purty sight? To go home to my wife looking this a-way."

Whereupon he began to weep in a maudlin fashion, and the men burst into a guffaw, Jim Peters declaring that he 'lowed Wash would preach his own funeral sermon when he was dead. But Roxy went home crying. For she was thinking of the woman whose probable uf-

ferings she measured by her own sensibilities. And the men stood looking after her, declaring to one another that she was "a odd thing, to be sure."

When Roxy had passed the pump on her return, and had come into the quieter part of the village, Bobo, who had been looking at the flags, perceived that she was crying. He went directly in front of her, and taking out his handkerchief, began eagerly to wipe away the tears, saying in pitiful tones, "No, no! Roxy mustn't cry! Roxy mustn't cry!" But his sympathy only made the tears flow faster than ever, while Bobo still wiped them away, entreating her not to cry, until at last he began to cry himself, upon which Roxy by a strong effort controlled herself.

The house in which Roxy Adams lived was one of the original log-buildings of the village. It stood near the edge of the common, and some distance from the large, four-chimneyed brick which was the home of the half-witted Bobo, who was first cousin to Roxy on the mother's side. Roxy's father was the principal shoemaker of the village; he could make an excellent pair of "rights and lefts," and if the customer insisted on having them, he could turn out the old-fashioned "evens,"—boots that would fit either foot, and which, by change from one foot to another, could be made to wear more economically. The old shoemaker was also quite remarkable for the stubborn and contentious ability with which he discussed all those questions that agitated the village intellect of the time.

When Roxy passed in at the gate with Bobo, she found her father sitting under the apple-tree by the door. He gave her a word of reproof for her tardiness—not that she deserved it, but that, like other people of that day, he deemed it necessary to find fault with young people as often as possible. Roxy took the rebuke in silence, hastening to milk the old, black and *white, spotted muley* cow, whose ugly, hornless head was visible over the back gate, where she stood in the alley, awaiting her usual pail of bran. Then supper had to be cooked in the old wide-mouthed fire-place. The corn-dodgers—or, as they called them on the Indiana side of the river, the "pones"—were tossed from hand to hand until they assumed the correct oval shape. Then they were deposited in the iron skillet already heated on the fire, coals were put beneath, and a shovelful of hot coals heaped on the lid—or "led," as the Hoosiers call it, no doubt from a mistaken derivation

* This word, like many of our most curious and widely prevalent Americanisms, is not in the dictionaries. It may have come from mule—the aboriginal English cows are hornless, and our hornless breed is, perhaps, hybrid. Hornless cows on Long Island are called "buffaloes." The word *muley* is not to be confounded with "mooley cow," a child's word for any cow.

of the word. The coffee was ground, and after being mixed with the white of egg to "settle" it, was put into the pot; the singing iron tea-kettle hanging on the crane paid its tribute of hot water, and then the coffee-pot was set on the trivet, over the live coals.

By the time the tavern bell announced the arrival of the hour for eating, Roxy had called her father to supper, and Bobo, who found no place so pleasant as Roxy's home, sat down to supper with them. While they ate, they could see through the front door troops of horsemen, who, warned by the tavern bell, had taken their last drink in honour of the hero of Tippecanoe, and started homeward in various stages of inebriety, some hurrying insensibly for Harrison and Tyler, many hurrying for nothing in particular.

The pitiful and religious soul of Roxy saw not a particle of the ludicrous side of this grotesque exhibition of humanity in voluntary craze. She saw—and exaggerated perhaps—the domestic sorrow at the end of their several roads, and she saw them as a procession of lost souls riding pell-mell into a perdition which she had learned to regard as a place of literal fiery torment.

Is it strange, therefore, that when Mr. Whittaker, the Presbyterian minister, came in after supper, she should ask him earnestly and abruptly why God, who was full of love, should make this world, in which there was so awful a preponderance of sorrow? It was in vain that the minister tried to answer her by shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of man, who committed sin in Adam, "the federal head of the race;" it was in vain that he took refuge in the sovereignty of God and the mystery of His existence. The girl saw only that God brought multitudes of people into life whose destiny was eternal sorrow, and whose destiny must have been known to Him from the beginning. She did not once venture to doubt the goodness of God; but her spirit kept on wounding itself with its own questioning, and Mr. Whittaker, with all his logic, could give her no relief. For feeling often evades logic, be it ever so nice and discriminating. Whittaker, however, kept up the conversation, glad of any pretext for talk with Roxy. The shoemaker was pleased to see him puzzled by the girl's cleverness; but he seemed to side with Whittaker.

It was not considered proper at that day for a minister to spend so much time in the society of the unconverted as Whittaker did in that of Roxy's father; but the minister found him, in spite of his perversity, a most interesting sinner. Whittaker liked to sharpen his wits against those of the shoemaker, who had read and thought a good deal in an eccentric way. The conversation was specially pleasant when the daughter listened to their discussions, for the minister was not yet quite twenty-five years of age, and what young man of twenty-five is insensi-

ble to the pleasure of talking with a bright girl of seventeen for a listener?

When the minister and her father seated themselves under an apple-tree, it cost Roxy a pang to lose the pleasure of hearing them talk; but Bobo was exacting, and she sat down to amuse him with a monotonous play of her own devising, which consisted in rolling a marble round the tea-tray. The minister was not quite willing to lose his auditor: he asked Mr. Adams several times if the night air was not bad, but the shoemaker was in one of his perverse moods, and refused to take the hint.

At last the time came for Roxy to lead Bobo home, and as she came out the door, she heard her father say, in his most disputatious tone:

"I tell you, Mr. Whittaker, Henry the Eighth was the greatest monarch England ever had. He put down popery."

"But how about the women whose heads he cut off?" asked the preacher, laughing.

"That was a mere incident—a mere incident in his glorious career, sir," said the other, earnestly. "Half-a-dozen women's heads, more or less, are nothing to what he did for civil and religious liberty."

"But suppose one of the heads had been Roxy's?" queried Whittaker, watching Roxy as she unlatched the gate.

"That's nothing to do with it," persisted Adams. "Roxy's head is as light as the rest."

Roxy was a little hurt by her father's speech; but she knew his love of contradiction, and neither she nor any one else could ever be quite sure when he was in earnest. His most solemn beliefs were often put forth in badinage, and he delighted to mask his jests under the most vehement assertions. I doubt if he himself ever quite knew the difference between his irony and his convictions.

But after Roxy had gone the father relented a little. He confessed that the girl's foolishness was different from that of other girls. But it was folly none the less. For if a girl isn't a fool about fine clothes and beaux and all that, she is sure to make up for it about religion. Here he paused for Whittaker to reply, but he was silent, and Adams could not see in the darkness whether or not he was rendered uncomfortable by his remark. So, urged on by the demon of contradiction, he proceeded:—

"Little or big, young or old, women are all fools. But Roxy had it rather different from the rest. It struck in with her. She was only ten years old when old Seth Lumley was sent to jail for stealing hogs and his wife and three little children were pretty nigh starving. That little fool of a Roxy picked blackberries three Saturdays, handrunning, and brought them into town three miles, and sold them and gave all

the money to the old woman. But the blackberry briars tore more of her clothes than the blackberries came to. The little goose did it because she believed the Bible and all that of doing good to the poor and so on. She believes the Bible yet. She's the only person in town that's fool enough to think that all the stuff you preachers say is true and meant to be carried out. The rest of you don't believe it—at least nobody tries to do these things. They were just meant to sound nicely in church, you know."

Again he paused to give Whittaker a chance to contradict.

"I tell you," he went on, "I don't believe in over-pious folks. Roxy would take the shoes off her feet to give them to some lazy fool that ought to work. She will take care of Bobo, for instance. That gives Bobo's mother time to dress and run 'round. Now what's the use in Roxy's being such a fool? It's all because you preachers harp on self-denial so much. So it goes. The girls that are not fools are made fools by you preachers."

Adams had not meant to be so rude, but Whittaker's meekness under his stinging speeches was very provoking. Having set out to irritate his companion he became irritated at his own failure and was carried further than he intended. Whittaker thought best not to grow angry with this last remark, but laughed at it as pleasantry. The old shoemaker's face, however, did not relax. He only looked sullen and fierce as though he had seriously intended to insult his guest.

"Preachers and talking cobblers *are* a demoralizing set, I grant," said Whittaker, rising to go.

"It is the chief business of a talking cobbler to protect people from the influence of preachers," answered Adams.

Suspecting the growing annoyance of his companion, Adams relented and began to cast about for some words with which to turn his savage and quite insincere speech into pleasantry. But the conversation was interrupted just then by the racket of two snare-drums and one bass-drum, and the shrill screaming of a fife. The demonstrations of the day were being concluded by a torch-light procession. Both Whittaker and Adams were relieved by the interruption, which gave the minister a chance to say good-night, and which gave Adams the inscriptions to read. The first one was a revolving transparency which had upon its first side "Out of;" then upon the second was the picture of a log-cabin; on the third the words "into the;" on the fourth, a rude drawing of the "presidential mansion," as we republicans call it; so that it read to all beholders: "Out of a log-cabin into the White House." There were many others denouncing the administration, calling the president a "Dutchman," and reciting the military glories of the hero of Tippecanoe. Of course the changes were rung upon "hard cider," which was sup-

posed to be General Harrison's meat and drink. At the very rear of the procession came a company of young fellows with a transparency inscribed : "For Representative, Mark Bonamy—the eloquent young Whig."

Meantime Roxy stood upon the steps of her aunt's house with Bobo, who was transported at seeing the bright display. She herself was quite pleased with the inscription which complimented Mark.

She handed little Bonaparte Hanks over to his mother, saying,

"Here's Bobo. He's been a good boy. He saw the torches, Aunt Henrietta."

"Saw the torches, Aunt Henrietta," said the lad, for he had lived with Roxy until he had come to style his mother as she did.

Aunt Henrietta did not pay much attention to Bobo. She sent him off to bed, and said to Roxy :

"He must be great company to you, Roxy. I like to leave him with you, for I know it makes you happy. And he thinks so much of you."

And then when Roxy had said good-night and gone away home, Aunt Henrietta turned to Jemima, her "help," and remarked, with great benignity, that she did not know what that poor, motherless girl would do for society and enjoyment if it were not for Bo. And with this placid shifting of the obligation to the side most comfortable to herself, Mrs. Henrietta Hanks would fain have dismissed the subject. But social distinctions had not yet become well established in the West, and Jemima, who had been Mrs. Hanks's school-mate in childhood, and who still called her "Henriette," was in the habit of having her "say" in all discussions.

"You air rale kind, Henriette," she answered with a laugh ; "it must be a favour to Roxy to slave herself for that poor, simple child. And as he don't hardly know one hand from t'other, he must be lots of comp'ny for the smartest girl in Luzerne," and Jemima Dumbleton laughed aloud.

Mrs. Hanks would have been angry, if it had not been that to get angry was troublesome,—the more so that the indispensable Jemima was sure to keep her temper and get the best of any discussion. So the mistress only flushed a little, and replied :

"Don't give me any impertinence, Jemima. You haven't finished scrubbing the kitchen floor yet."

"I'm *much* obleeged," chuckled Jemima, half aloud, "it's a great privilege to scrub the floor. I'll have to git right down on my knees to express my gratitude," and down she knelt to resume her scouring of the floor, singing as she worked, with more vigour than melody, the words of an old chorus :

"Oh, hender me not, for I *will* serve the Lord,
And I'll praise Him when I die."

As Roxy walked home beneath the black locust-trees that bordered the sidewalk, she had an uncomfortable sense of wrong. She knew her aunt too well to hope for any thanks for her pains with Bobo ; but she could not get quite over expecting them. She had taken up the care of the boy because she saw him neglected, and because he was one of "the Bible little ones," as she phrased it. Her attentions to him had their spring in pure benevolence and religious devotion ; but now she began to rebuke herself sternly for "seeking the praise of men." She offered an earnest prayer that this, her sin, might be forgiven, and she resolved to be more kind than ever to Bobo.

As she entered the path that led out of the street to the edge of the common in which stood their house and garden-patch, she met the minister going home. He paused a moment to praise her for her self-denying kindness to her unfortunate cousin, then wished her good-night and passed on. Spite of all Roxy's resolutions against caring for the praise of men, she found the appreciative words very sweet in her ears as she went on home in the stillness of the summer night.

When she came to the house, her father stood by the gate which led into the yard, already reproaching himself for his irascibility and his almost involuntary rudeness to Mr. Whittaker ; and since he was discordant with himself, he was cross with Roxy.

"Much good you will ever get by taking care of Bobo," he said. "Your aunt won't thank you, or leave you a shoe-string when she dies.

Roxy did not reply, but went off to bed annoyed—not, however, at what her father had said to her. She was used to his irritability, and she knew besides, that if she were to neglect Bo, the crusty but tender-hearted father would be the first to take him up. But from his mood she saw that he had not parted pleasantly with Whittaker. And as she climbed the stairs she thought of Whittaker's visit and wondered whether he would be driven away by her father's harshness. And mingling with thoughts of the slender form of Whittaker in her imagination, there came thoughts of the fine presence of Mark Bonamy, and of his flowing speech. It was a pleasant world, after all. She could afford to put out of memory Aunt Henrietta's ingratitude and her father's moods.

Mark, on his part, was at that very moment drinking to the success of the log-cabin candidate, and if Roxy could have seen him then, the picture with which she pleased herself of a high-toned and chivalrous young man would doubtless have lost some of the superfluous colour which the events of the day had given it.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUNTRY HOE-DOWN.

It was some weeks after the barbecue that Mark Bonamy, now a Whig candidate for representative in the Indiana legislature, set out to electioneer. He was accompanied on this expedition by Major Tom Lathers, who was running for sheriff. Both the young politician and the old one had taken the precaution to dress themselves in country jeans of undyed brown wool, commonly known as butternut. Lathers was a tall, slim, fibrous man, whose very face was stringy. He sat straight up on his rawboned, bobtailed horse and seemed forever looking off into vacancy, like a wistful greyhound. Mark had not succeeded in toning himself quite down to the country standard. He did his best to look the slob, but there was that in his handsome face, well-nourished physique and graceful carriage that belied his butternut clothes. He was but masquerading after all. But Lathers was to homespun born; his gaunt, angular, tendonous figure, stepping when he walked as an automaton might when worked by cords and pulleys, was not unbecomingly clad in brown jeans and "stogy" boots.

The two were riding now towards Tanner Township, the wildest corner of the county. Here on the head-waters of Rocky Fork there was a dance appointed for this very evening, and the experienced Lathers had scented game.

"I tell you what, Bonamy, there's nothing like hoe-downs and the like. Everybody is good-natured at a dance. I went to church last Sunday,—I always go to church when an election is coming on. People think I am in a hopeful state and the like, you know, when they see that, and they vote for me to encourage me."

"You see," he proceeded, "a man's mind is always on his own business even in meeting and the like, at least mine is when I'm running for anything. Well, I heerd Whittaker read something from the Apostle Saul, I believe. No, I aint jist right shore, now. Now I come to think, I believe he said it was from the first apostle to the Corinthians, an' I swear I aint well 'nough up in Bible to know who was the first and who was the second apostle to the Corinthians."

Here Lathers spat meditatively, while Mark turned his head away.

"Well, never mind. It was either Saul or Paul, I think. He said something about a feast, or big goin's on and the like, at Jerusalem, that was to come off sometime shortly. And he said that a great and effectooal door was opened to him. Well, I says to mysel, that old Saul—Saulomon his full name was, I reckon—understood his business mighty well. He took folks when they was a-havin' a good time and

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the like. Them was my meditations, Mark, in the house of the Lord."

And Major Lathers stopped to laugh and wink his gray eyes at Mark.

"An' when I heerd they was a good, ole-fashioned hoe down over onto Rocky Fork, I says a great and effectooal door—a big barn-door, it 'peared like—is opened to me and Mark Bonamy. Tanner Township is rightly Locofoco, but if you show your purty face among the women folks, and I give the men a little sawder and the like, you know, we'll use them up like the pilgrim fathers did the British on Bunker Hill that fourth of July.

About sunset the two arrived at Kirtley's double cabin. Already there were signs of the oncoming festivities.

"Hello, Old Gid," said Lathers, who knew just when familiarity was likely to win, "you alive yet, you old sinner? How air you, any way? It's mighty strange you an' me haint dead and done fer, after all we've been through. I wish I was half as hearty as you look."

"Well, Major, is that air you?" grinned Kirtley. "Howdy ole coon?" and he reached out his hand. "I'm middlin' peart. Come over this way to get some votes, I reckon? 'Taint no use. 'Dernedest set of Locos over here you ever see."

"Oh, I know that. I tho't I'd come along and shake hands and the like with a ole friend, and quarrel with you about Old Hickory, jist for fun. You always hev a bottle of good whiskey, and you don't kick a ole military friend out-doors on account of politics and the like. Blam'd if I don't feel more at home when I'm inside your door than I do in ary 'nother house in this county. How's the ole woman and that doggoned purty girl of yourn? I was afeard to bring Bonamy along, fer fear she'd make a fool an' the like out of him. But I told him you was a pertic'ler friend of his father, the colonel, and that you'd pectect him."

"Wal," said Kirtley, hesitating, "I wish I could make you comfortable. But the folks is got a hoe-down sot fer to-night, an' you-all won't git no sleep ef you sto'p over here."

"A hoe-down!" cried Lathers, with feigned surprise. "Wal, ef I'd knowed that, I'd a fixed things so as to come to-morry night, seein' as I want to have a square, old-fashioned set-down and the like with you." Here he pulled a bottle of whisky from his pocket and passed it to Kirtley. "But next to a talk with you, I'd enjoy a reel with the girls, like we used to have when I was a youngster." Saying this, Lathers dismounted, without giving Kirtley (who was taking a strong pull at the bottle) time to object. But Mark hesitated.

"'Light, Mr. Bonamy, 'light," said Kirtley; ef you kin put up with us we kin with you. Come right in, gentlemen, and I'll put your hosses out."

"Pshaw!" said Lathers, "let me put out my own. Bonamy and me knows how to work jist as well as you do. You Rocky Fork folks is a little stuck-up and the like, Kirtley. You don't know it, but you air. Blam'd ef you haint, now. You think they haint nobody as can do real tough work an' sich like but you. Now Bonamy, here, was brought up to that sort of thing, and as fer me, I was rocked in a gum stump."

The major instinctively spoke more improperly even than was his habit, in addressing Kirtley and others of his kind, though Tom Lathers's English was bad enough at any time.

The old man grinned at the flattery, and Lathers passed the bottle again.

An hour later the dancers were assembling; the beds had been cleared out of the largest room in the cabin, and the fiddler—a plump and reprobate-looking man—was tuning his instrument, and scratching out snatches of "Hi Betty Martin" and "Billy in the Lowgrounds," by way of testing its condition.

Major Lathers went jerking and bobbing round among the guests, but Mark was now the leader. Quick-witted and adroit, he delighted the young women, and by shrewd flattery managed not to make the young men jealous. He ate greedily of the potatoes roasted in the ashes, which were the popular "refreshment." He danced a reel awkwardly enough, but that gave him a chance to ask some of the young men to explain it to him. Major Lathers knew the figure well, and was so proud of it that in nearly all the earlier dances he jerked his slender legs up and down like a puppet. Bonamy might have captured half the votes on Rocky Run, if there had been no Nancy Kirtley. Nancy was at first detained from the room by her household cares, but it was not in Nancy's nature to devote herself long to the kitchen when she had a chance to effect the capture of the young man from town. About eight o'clock when the dancing had been going on an hour, and Bonamy had made a most favourable impression, he observed a look of impatience on the face of the green country girl who was talking with him. Turning in the direction which her eyes took, he saw half-a-dozen young men gathered about a young woman whom he had not seen before, and who now stood with her back to him. He asked his companion who she was.

"Oh! that air plague-goned Nance Kirtley. All the boys makes fools of themselves over her. She likes to make a fool of a man. You better look out, ole hoss!" said she with a polite warning to Mark.

Mark was curious to see Nancy's face, but he could not get away from his present companion without rudeness. That young lady, however, had less delicacy. For when a gawky youth, ambitious to cut out the "town feller," came up with "Sal, take a reel with me?" she burst into

a giggle, and handed over the roast potato she had been eating to Bonamy, saying, "Here, feller, hold my tater while I trot a reel with this 'ere hoss."

Taking the potato as he was bidden, Mark made use of his liberty to seek the acquaintance of the belle of Rocky Fork.

Nancy had purposely stationed herself with her back to the stranger that she might not seem to seek his favour. On his first approach she treated him stiffly, and paid more attention than ever to the rude jokes of her country beaux, though she was in a flutter of flattered vanity from the moment in which she saw him approaching. Such game did not come in her way more than once.

Mark on his part was amazed. Such a face as hers would have been observed in any company, but such a face among the poor whiteys of Rocky Fork, seemed by contrast miraculous. There was no fire of intellect in it; no inward conflict had made on it a single line. It was simply a combination of natural symmetry, a clear, rather Oriental complexion, and exuberant healthfulness. Feeling there was—sensuousness, vanity, and that good-nature which comes of self-complacency. Nancy Kirtley was one of those magnificent animals that are all the more magnificent for being only animals. It was beauty of the sort that one sees among quadroons and octoroons—the beauty of a Circassian woman, perhaps,—perfect physical development, undisturbed and uninformed by a soul.

From the moment that Mark Bonamy looked upon this uncultivated girl in her new homespun, and surrounded by her circle of hawbuck admirers, he began to forget all about the purpose of his visit to Rocky Run. Major Tom Lathers, as he flung himself through a Virginia reel with a gait much like that of a springhalt horse, was still anxiously watching Bonamy, and he mentally concluded that Mark was as sure to scorch his wings as a moth that had caught sight of a candle.

"Will you dance the next reel with me?" Mark asked somewhat eagerly of Nancy Kirtley.

"Must give Jim his turn first," said the crafty Nancy. "Give you the next chance, Mr. Bonamy, ef you keer fer it."

It was in vain that Mark's former companion, when she returned for her half-eaten potato, sought to engage him again in conversation. He did nothing but stand and wait for Nancy, and look at her while she whirled through the next reel as Jim McGowan's partner. In fact, everybody else did much the same; all the young men declaring that she *was some, sartain*. She danced with a perfect *abandon*, for there is nothing a well-developed animal likes better than exercise and excitement; and perfect physical equilibrium always produces a certain grace of motion.

While Mark stood looking at Nancy, Major Lathers came and touched him on the shoulder.

"Mark," he whispered, "if you don't take your eyes off that air creature you're a gone tatur, shore as shootin'. Don't you see that Jim McGowan's scowlin' at you now, and if you cut him out he'll be dead ag'inst you. Come, old feller, you'll git used up as bad as Julius Cæsar did whin he went down into Egypt and fell in love with Pharaoh's daughter and the like, and get licked by it. Let an ole friend pull you out of the bulrushes and the like. Don't you have no more to do with that girl, do ye hear?"

"But I've promised to dance the next reel with her," pleaded Mark, feeling the force of Lathers's remark, and feeling his own powerlessness to resist the current upon which he was drifting.

"The devil you have!" cried the major. "Then you're a goner, sure enough. Saltpeter wont save you. All the young men'll be ag'inst you, because you've cut 'em out and sich like, and all the girls'll be down on you, because you run after the purtiest one. Don't be a fool, Mark. Think of my interest as well as your'n."

"Wait till I've had one reel," said Mark. "I'm only in for a little fun, you know. Isn't she a splendid creature, Major?"

"Splendid! the devil!" muttered Lathers, turning away and shrewdly meditating how to cut loose from Mark.

Mark danced his reel with Nancy, and then devoted himself to her. Having no further use for Jim, she snubbed him, and Jim swore that Bonamy shouldn't git a vote on the Fork. Nothing but Bonamy's excellent muscle prevented McGowan's taking a more summary revenge.

When at midnight the company marched out of doors and stationed themselves around a table made of rough boards supported by stakes driven in the ground, they found a rude but substantial supper of bacon and hominy, corn-bread, sweet-cake and apple pies. For luxury, there was coffee in place of the sassafras tea with which Rocky Fork was accustomed to regale itself, and, for a wonder, the sweet'nin' was "store sugar"—of the brown New Orleans variety—instead of "country," or maple molasses, such as was used on ordinary occasions. The cake, however, was made with the country molasses.

Mark, whose infatuation seemed to increase, devoted himself at supper to his Hebe, whom he would have liked better had she been entirely silent. It taxed his gallantry to laugh at her awkward and bearish pleasantries.

"I say, Bonamy," whispered Lathers, "ef you don't flog round into the channel almighty quick, I shan't lash flat-boats weth you no longer. I'll cut mine loose and swing around and leave you high and dry onto the san'-bar."

"I'll be a good boy after supper, Major," said Mark. Lathers saw that he was hopelessly enchanted with the siren of Rocky Fork, and he proceeded straightway to execute his threat. He sought out Jim McGowan, and told the irate fellow how he had done his best to keep Mark from makin' a fool of hisself.

"I'll pay him back," said Jim.

"I know'd you would," answered Lathers.

"He wont get no votes on Rocky Fork," said Jim.

"I tole him so," said the major. "He might know you'd hurt him, severe like, when he comes in and spiles your game an' the like. I'll git him away first thing in the mornin'. Then the girl'll find she's throwed away her beau and got nothin' but a fool an' the like for one dance. She'll come back to you meeker'n Moses when the Philistines was after him. He'd orter know you could keep anybody from votin' fer him here, and git Whigs to trade off somewheres else. Now, for instance, ef you should git a lot of Rocky Forkers and the like to trade with Whigs,—to say to some of my friends that ef they'd vote ag'inst Mark, you-all'd vote for me or the like, you might hit a enemy and do a good turn fer a friend. Besides you know I'm dead ag'inst the dog law, and dog law is what Rocky Fork don't want."

From Jim the Major proceeded to talk with "old man Kirtley," to whom he said that he didn't blame Mark fer gittin' in love with sich a girl. He might do worse'n to marry sich a splendid creature and the like. Fer his part he'll tell Mark so in the mornin'. He also assured Mr. Kirtley that fer his part he was dead ag'inst the dog law. Dogs an' sich like was one of the things a man had a right to in a free country. Poor men hadn't got many comforts, and dogs was one of 'em. (The chief product of the Rocky Fork region, as the major knew, was dogs.)

Lathers then talked to the "women folks." He said he didn't think so much of a purty face and sich like as he used to. What you wanted in a woman was to be of some account; and girls *too* good-looking got to be fools, and stuck-up like and got into trouble, like Cleopaytry, and the like, you know. He also took occasion to tell the ladies of Rocky Fork that he was dead ag'inst the dog law. Poor folks had as much right to dogs and *sich* like as rich folks to sheep and *sich* like.

To the young men Tom Lathers said he didn't believe in a man dancin' with one girl all the time, perticuler when he didn't mean to marry her and sich like. It was scandalious. When he come to Rocky Fork ag'in he wouldn't bring no town fellers and the like along. He believed in country folks himself, and besides he was dead ag'inst all your dog laws and the like. Ef he got to be sheriff he'd show 'em that dog laws couldn't be crammed down people's throats in this country. Didn't the Declaration, which our fathers signed on Bunker Hill, declare

that all men were born free and equal ! Wasn't a dog just as good as a sheep and *sich* like, he'd like to know ; and if taxin' dogs wasn't taxation without representation, he'd jist like to know what was, now you know, hey ?

With such blandishments Lathers spent the time until the party broke up with a final jig, when at length he succeeded in getting Mark away, but not until after nearly all the guests had departed.

(To be continued.)

THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.

BY THE REV. JEN. MCD. DAWSON.

I.

'Twas autumn. Fields of golden grain
Repaid the labours of the swain.
Gathered with joy each son of toil
The produce of the virgin soil.

Where grandly flows Saint Lawrence tide
A maiden fair was seen to guide
Her lonely steps. 'Mid sweetest flowers
Her pleasure found and shady bowers.

Sweet scene of peace ! The brighter days
That yet will dawn it well portrays.
With flowers, dear maid, wreath for thy brow
Fame's chaplet, fame that yet will grow
And weave for thee a deathless crown.
When years to ages shall have grown,
With freshness ever new 'twill shine,
Thy memory with a nation's twine.

Long as the mighty waters flow
Thy noble deed shall cause to glow
Canadian breasts, through centuries long
The fertile theme of Glory's song.

II.

Ah ! surely, ne'er was known a happier scene :
The maid, the harvesters, the sky serene ;
When hark ! that yell ! the red man's war-whoop wild !
Is slain or seized each swain in toils beguiled

THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.

Of savage hordes that spread destruction round,
The harvest field a ghastly battle ground !

How fares that lonely maid ? The wild man's eye
Through bowers umbrageous could her form descry.
Enough. Flash after flash her life blood seeks.
In vain. Her safety Heaven's protection speaks.
And yet not safe. An Indian fierce pursues
Hard on her track. The opening gate she views,
Its threshold treads, when, lo ! is rudely grasped
By savage hand her flowing robe. Unclasped
'Tis borne away. The portal prompt affords
Retreat and safety. Ward ye ! Indian hordes !
"To arms ! to arms !" the rescued maiden's cry,
"To arms ! to arms !" the echoing walls reply.

And now that slender form in war's array
Alone the rampart mans, all aid away !
With speed the cannon's charged, is heard its boom,
Proclaims each sound a fated red man's doom.
So bold, erewhile, the affrighted Indian band
For shelter flies. No shelter is at hand.

Behold ! responsive to the cannon's roar,
With speed of lightning, to Saint Lawrence shore,
Hastens a warrior troop. Now falls the foe,
Their best and bravest in the dust laid low.
The rescued harvesters with loud acclaim
Delighted hail their fair deliverer's name.
Long will it live. No time can e'er efface
Its matchless glory. Aye, as speed apace
The rolling ages, it will brighter grow,
And aged men, with pride, to children show
The brilliant page that faithful record bears
Of maiden brave,—THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES !

[In 1692, the people of Canada, or La Nouvelle France, at that time, only 12,417 in number, were harassed by incursions of the Iroquois, the fiercest, perhaps, of all the Indian tribes. Mr. Stanislaus Drapeau, in a recent number of that interesting French periodical, *Le Foyer Domestique*, informs us that Abbé Daniel, in his history of the chief French families of Canada, relates as follows, the tragical event at Fort Verchères and the intrepid conduct of Mademoiselle de Verchères. M. Daniel's authority was M. de la Potherie, a contemporary writer :—"The Iroquois, who had come in great numbers, availed themselves of the time when the men were employed at the harvest labours, to rush upon them and strangle them. Mademoiselle de Verchères, at the time fourteen years of age, was walking on the banks of the river. As she observed one of the savages approach stealthily, and discharge at her five musquet shots, she fled with all speed and endeavoured to gain the fort. The Indian immediately starts in pursuit, arms in hand, and presses hard on her steps. Mademoiselle redoubles her exertions. She is on the point of escaping from her formidable enemy and reaching the fort, when she feels herself seized by the shawl which she wore around her neck. She quickly unties

it, opens the gate, and, shutting it promptly against the savage, she calls out, "To arms ! to arms !" Without attending to the groans of the women who were quite disconsolate on seeing their husbands carried away, she ascends the bastion where stood the sentry. There, having exchanged her head-dress for a military cap and shouldered a musquet, she performs several military evolutions in order to give the Indians to understand that there was a numerous force, whilst, in reality, there was only one soldier. She loads a cannon with her own hands, and, as there was no wadding, she uses a towel for the purpose, and fires at the enemy. Her aim is so good, that, at each discharge, she knocks down one, and sometime two, of the savages. Astonished at resistance which they had not expected, and seeing their warriors fall, one after another, the Iroquois begin to lose heart. Mademoiselle de Verchères observes their confusion, and skilfully profiting by it, fires more rapidly, and, with the assistance of the soldier, ceases not to ply the cannon. She was still firing, when, hearing the cannonade, M. de Crisai, one of the bravest warriors of New France, hurried from Montreal to her assistance. The savages were gone. They had fled, carrying with them their prisoners. The resolute officer pursued them without loss of time, and, after three days' march, overtook them on the banks of Lake Champlain. They had entrenched themselves in a wood, where they had heaped up trunks of trees and enormous masses of rock for their protection. Making no account of these hindrances, the brave commander attacked them, surrounded them and cut them all to pieces, with the exception of three who managed to escape. Their prisoners were set at liberty. When the news of all that had occurred reached Montreal, the whole country was filled with cries of admiration of the youthful lady who had shown so much courage and presence of mind. It was who should be loudest in her praise. From that time she was called the *HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES*, a name which posterity retains." Fifteen years later, Mademoiselle de Verchères contracted an honourable and happy marriage with the *Sieur de la Pérade*. After a nobly spent life, she died at the age of sixty, the same year as her husband.]

FISH AND FISHERMEN.

BY F. C. SUMICHRAST.

THE Commission which has this summer been sitting in Halifax for the purpose of settling the amount of compensation due to Canada under the provisions of the Washington Treaty, has not unnaturally drawn attention to the sea fisheries of the Dominion and of Newfoundland. It may be said that comparatively few persons have any idea either of the value of these fisheries, or of the modes of fishing in general use ; not, indeed, that this can be wondered at in the case of those who live far inland, away from seaports and fishing stations, and having no opportunity of seeing for themselves the importance of the fisheries to a large part of our population. It might reasonably be expected, however, that the dwellers by the sea would be well versed in fish lore, and understand the business so far as to form a just idea of our sea wealth. This expectation will not always be fulfilled, and while many have a vague

notion that there is money to be made by fishing, they have no clear conception of the extent of the business, of the amount of capital embarked in it, or of the actual dangers encountered by the fishermen in the prosecution of their calling.

Of all the Provinces of the Dominion, Nova Scotia takes the lead in this industry, as it does also in ship-building, its configuration and position combining to make it an essentially Maritime Province. The seas which wash its shores abound in fish, easily caught in smack boats. At a short distance from the coast exist banks known as excellent feeding grounds, and to which numbers of small schooners resort every year in search of good "fares." But the Nova Scotia fisherman is not now content with the shore fishery, and in larger, better formed, and faster vessels than those which frequent the coast banks, he makes his way to Baie des Chaleurs, to the Newfoundland Banks, and to the Labrador. The business is not invariably remunerative; it may happen that one year the fishing fleet in the Gulf will catch as much fish as it can carry away, while the Bankmen will have to come home empty; the fluctuations are both great and frequent, and the key to them has not yet been found. But altogether fishing is a profitable occupation, and gives a man the chance of making plenty of money in a few weeks. A successful trip will often net each member of the crew a sum such as he could not possibly have acquired by following any occupation on shore during the same amount of time, and this speedy acquisition of "the root of all evil" is a strong inducement to the young farmer to desert his acres for a few weeks, and embark with his comrades on a mackereling or cod-fishing trip. Be it said, in passing, that this habit is not conducive to good farming.

More than twenty-four thousand men are engaged in the fishing business of Nova Scotia; so say the returns of the Department, but they do not tell the whole tale. Nova Scotians are by birth, training, and surroundings eminently fitted for that peculiar industry. There are no oarsmen in the world who, where speed, strength, and endurance combined are required, can compare with the men dwelling on the Atlantic seaboard of this Province. Accustomed to pull in heavy seine boats from their youth up, they handle the oar with a facility surprising to a man who pins his faith on the scientific stroke carried to such a pitch of perfection in the eights of the Cam and the Isis, and the fours of American Colleges. But match a crew of Halifax fishermen against the pick of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, and other distinguished schools of rowing, and the fishermen, with their awkward elbow twist, will run away from their opponents in smooth water, and drown them in rough. They are equally good seamen, and will handle a fore-and-after in a gale of wind in a manner that would have compelled the admiration

of the late Admiral Rous, who used to swear that seamanship is unknown now-a-days, one of the lost arts that Wendell Phillips talks about so pleasantly. There is wild weather on the coast of Nova Scotia, and summer gales are not always soft and gentle. The mighty Atlantic rollers toss you a vessel in fine style when the wind blows strong, and it takes a cool head and a daring heart to fight the storms that rage on the Banks. These qualities are common enough among the Nova Scotia fisherlads, and their possession makes these men valuable to ship-owners. Go on board a Gloucester fishing schooner, and under the Stars and Stripes flying at the mast head you will find, in seven cases out of ten, a Nova Scotian as master, and Nova Scotians as crew. The American vessels are, indeed, largely manned and commanded by Nova Scotians who, sure of obtaining employment at Gloucester or Marblehead, emigrate every spring in great numbers. It is a common occurrence to see one of those beautiful craft bound for the Banks or North Bay, put into Liverpool, Barrington, Chester, Halifax, and complete its crew, the master knowing well the value of our fishermen, and preferring them to the genuine Yankee. "The Nova Scotian," says the author of a little book on the Fisheries of Gloucester, "is numbered among the best class of our fishermen. Bred to the business from early youth, discontented with the inferior craft and methods of his own land, ambitious for greater advantages than are afforded him at home, he prosecutes his calling with a zeal that assures success. If his habits are good, and he makes a proper use of his opportunities, there is nothing to prevent his rising to the part-ownership and command of the vessel in which he sails, and many of the smartest skippers of the fleet are of Nova Scotian birth." Considering that Gloucester owes much of her prosperity to the efforts of the men thus described, this testimony to their skill is due them.

The twenty-four thousand fishermen of Nova Scotia form, of course, the bulk of this army of the deep; the other maritime provinces help to swell the numbers—in New Brunswick there are over nine thousand men engaged in the fisheries; in Prince Edward Island, eight thousand; making altogether an aggregate of over forty-one thousand men employed during a great part of the year in catching and curing fish. Taking now the number of vessels employed in the fisheries, we have a total of 653 in Nova Scotia, the aggregate tonnage of which is 24,800 tons, and 463 in New Brunswick, with a tonnage of 5,061; the boats number up as follows: Nova Scotia, 9,585; New Brunswick, 3,850; Prince Edward Island, 400. The capital represented by these vessels and boats is pretty large, amounting to \$1,708,180, in which sum is not included the value of nets and weirs, \$831,798, giving over two and a half million dollars as the value of the fishing material alone. The

capital invested in this industry will increase every year, as more advanced methods come into favour, and larger and better vessels are employed in the business. The average tonnage of the Nova Scotia vessels is 39 tons, while the single district of Gloucester, the head-quarters of the North American fisheries, has a fleet of 503 vessels averaging 61 tons. In respect of fast, large vessels the Maritime Provinces are behind Gloucester; this is the more to be regretted that, as has been shown, there are no fishermen superior to those of these Provinces. With larger craft and improved appliances there is no reason why the supremacy now enjoyed by Gloucester should not be transferred to some Canadian port, say Halifax, which is remarkably well situated for carrying on precisely such a business as that which has made the fortune of the little town at Cape Race. In 1875 the total value of the fishery products of Gloucester amounted to nearly four million dollars, or within two million dollars of the total value of the Nova Scotian fisheries last year. These figures speak for themselves.

There is a marked improvement, however, in the class of schooners now fitted out in Nova Scotia for the Bank and North Bay fisheries. The sight of the fast-sailing, well-appointed American vessels has led some owners to believe that with similar craft and crews they would make similar profits, and the consequence is that there are now some schooners hailing from the Lower Provinces almost fit to compare with the Gloucester clippers. They never have any difficulty in finding a crew. Of course there are dangers attendant on the prosecution of the business; storms of terrific violence burst upon the fleet, and destroy more than one vessel, but, on the other hand, there is the chance of speedily striking a school of fish and "filling up" in a few days. A lucky trip profits not the owner alone, but every member of the crew.

Take, for instance, a mackerel catcher, of forty to fifty tons. She will have a crew of about fourteen men, including the skipper, who probably owns a large share in the vessel—sometimes, but not often, is sole owner. He can afford to pick his crew, for plenty of men offer, so he takes none but such as are smart fishermen and seamen; green hands, sickly individuals, have no chance of being accepted. He sets his crew to work getting in the ballast and stores, provisions, salt, fuel, bait, and barrels in which to pack the catch. Provisions are found by him, and must be plentiful and of good quality—no "salt-horse" will do; fishermen "live like fighting cocks" on board these schooners, and must be carefully looked after by the commissariat officer. The cook is an important personage and is well paid—on some of the Gloucester vessels he receives as much as eighty dollars a month and a share in the profits—but then he is hard worked, especially on a banker. He must have meals ready at all hours, for the men will not leave off fishing when the

fish are biting, nor will they agree to go without their food once they are ready for it.

When the fishing ground is reached, the skipper assigns each man his position at the side of the vessel. Each berth is narrow ; there is just room for a man to stand sideways and tend his lines, which are made fast to cleats on the bulwarks. He must keep his feet still, for if he moves about he may tangle his neighbour's lines, and a row would immediately result ; he must be skilled in casting, so that his hook, instead of falling far out into the water, as it should do, may not catch in the face or neck of his neighbour, and thus cause another disturbance. He has his bait—previously cut in a machine for the purpose, fixed on the port-side—at hand, and a barrel into which he drops the mackerel as fast as he catches them. When the barrel is full he rolls it away, slaps an empty one in its place, dashes back to his berth, and goes on casting out and hauling in as if for dear life. All the men fish from the starboard side, the best berth being by the quarter-deck, and the worst by the fore-rigging. Some fishermen, however, care very little where they are stationed ; even forward of the fore-rigging they will beat the man who has the pride of place. Before the fishing is begun the wheel is lashed, the foresail and jib stowed, and the vessel allowed to drift under her mainsail only, the boom being shoved out square to port. If the weather is rough, the crew take in a reef ; if it gets worse, they take in another, but it must be very bad indeed to make them haul in all lines and turn to close-reef and heave to. Given a large school of hungry mackerel, and the crew will let the vessel roll, rail under, and threaten to carry away her boom, rather than leave off hauling in the shining beauties. The wind and sea, however, may rise so fast as to make it necessary to seek shelter ; the bonnet goes off the jib, the mainsail is close reefed, and away flies the ship through the boiling waters, running for a lee under which she may wait till the gale is spent. The moment it is over, all hands up anchor, make sail, and back to the grounds, to find, in all likelihood, that the mackerel have gone too. Then the fish are hunted for till found, the vessel filled up and steered for home. Each man has made a private mark on every barrel of fish he has caught, and when port is reached his catch is weighed separately, culled, and packed according to grade. The whole trip is sold, and then every member of the crew receives half the value of his own catch, the other half going to the vessel.

Jigging mackerel is exciting work when the fish bite freely, and there is naturally great competition between the different vessels of the fleet, each trying to outdo the other, and resorting to various expedients for the purpose of drawing away the mackerel from its competitors. "Lee-bowing" is a common practice ; it consists in taking a vessel close to

leeward of one which is doing well, and throwing out bait ; the fish will at once desert the first craft, and go in a body to the second. The "lee-bowed" schooner's crew may, to avenge themselves, either run abreast of the other craft and take their chance of going to the bottom in the collision, or, if they have secured a good fare, they may "sink" the mackerel, that is, throw overboard such quantities of bait that the fish will follow it to the bottom, thus effectually putting a stop to the fishery. Strange things happen on the fishing grounds, when excitement runs high, and a score of schooners are engaged in a fierce competition ; stress of weather is not unfrequently made responsible for broken booms, stove-in quarters, head-gear carried away, and sails split from head to foot ; there are unreported collisions, free fight, and daring deeds of seamanship, but once on shore, all these things are forgotten if only the trip has been successful.

Trawling for cod is remunerative but dangerous. In this fishery the schooner anchors on the chosen bank, riding to a long-shanked anchor by a manilla hawser, and the crew go off in dories, light flat-bottomed, high-sided boats, to set their trawls. The complement is generally two men to each dory, and the work is anything but easy ; it is, in fact, a heavy drudgery ; the fishermen must rise early to go off to their trawls, which they have to haul up, to remove the fish caught, rebait and reset their lines, and at the same time look after their safety, for their occupation is carried on in rough water most of the time. A dory, in the hands of men used to manage it, is a very safe craft, but the least carelessness may cause the frail skiff to capsize, and the catch to be lost. Worse than this, the men may easily lose themselves in the fogs which so suddenly form on the Banks, and unless they can speedily regain their vessel, they must take their chance of days of privation and suffering, and even of death, far from help. There are abundant instances of this, and few indeed are the trips to the Banks not marked by some incidents. It happens occasionally that the lost fishermen are rescued, but often they are never heard of again, and when the vessel reaches port, a paragraph in the local papers serves as their epitaphs. Then the storms which burst upon the banking fleet scarcely ever pass away without a number of lives being sacrificed. In "The Lord's Day Gate," on August 24, 1873, nine Gloucester vessels went down, with 128 men, and during the whole season, which was a stormy and disastrous one, no less than thirty-one Gloucester schooners were lost. That August gale raged with terrific violence along the whole sweep of the Nova Scotian coasts, wrecking vessels and destroying life, so that men were aghast when news came from all points telling of the awful devastation. This bank-fishery is, then, not to be pursued by those who fear storms and floods ; it pays well, but it makes heavy demands on property and human

life, and every year the long list of women made widows, and of children made fatherless, by the raging sea, increases with marked regularity. The song of the Newhaven fishwife, as she walked through Edinburgh streets hawking her "callar herrin," is echoed by the women on our seaboard.

The fisherman himself takes the risks of his life calmly enough. His object is to make money, and a trip to the Banks, if fairly successful, will more than repay him for his labour. He hauls in his lines, and makes ready for the approaching storm as coolly as, the blow over, he casts the bait over the side and tries again for fish. While the gale lasts he watches his own cable and the motions of the other ships. He knows that if the stout manilla parts his craft will be driven headlong to destruction; for the fleet is anchored in pretty close order, and a single drifting schooner can scarcely clear every other vessel. A collision in such weather, in such a sea as runs on the Banks, means instant dissolution,—the vessels really run *atop* of each other; the mighty billows lift the one craft and drop it upon the other doomed one, a wild cry flies off to heaven, and a score of souls go down to their watery grave.

Then even in calm weather there is risk if the fog be thick, and how thick fog is on the Banks none know but those who have been through it. The swift trans-Atlantic steamers are supposed to slacken their speed in such weather and to keep a good look-out, sounding their whistle to give warning of their approach; the large sailing-vessels, barques, and ships, are bound to sound the fog-horn, and to exercise particular care in fog; but spite of precautions it happens at times that a shock is felt,—a few ends of ropes are caught on yard or bowsprit, and the big ship or steamer ploughs on its way heedless of what has happened. The watch says nothing, the officers know nothing, the official log-book contains no entry, and the widows and orphans in the little fishing village are left to mourn the fate of the sunken schooner that has disappeared in the night and mist leaving no trace of its whereabouts.

Still the very dangers of the occupation make the fishing fleet a splendid school for seamen. The varying chances of the weather, the storms that must be faced and fought, the necessity existing for each man of the crew being ready for any deed of daring seamanship, combine to make the fishermen the *beau ideal* of smart hands. Give them the drill and discipline of a man-of-war, and they will be unequalled. France long ago recognized the value of the Bank fisheries in training seamen, and she has promoted the interests of her Newfoundland fleet by all the means in her power. She pays handsome bounties and grants certain privileges to the men, knowing that in time of need she can find among them the right material for manning her navy. She retains in this wise her sailors for herself, and derives a benefit from their industry, instead

of letting them go, as Canada does, to help her neighbour and rival. Considering that our Maritime Provinces could quadruple their gains from the sea by throwing a little more energy into the enterprise, and affording employment to the hundreds of Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers who yearly emigrate to Gloucester and Marblehead, it is painful to reflect that our own people are, by their skill and industry, aiding to raise a rival, and an ungenerous one at that. The American schooners have to call in at Nova Scotian ports for bait and supplies, for which of course they pay, but why should we, who have the bait, the supplies, the timber to build vessels as fast and as staunch, and the men to man them, be content to let a competitor help himself to the largest share of the wealth of our own seas? Whose is the fault, save our own? We neglect our opportunities, and we must not be surprised if a smarter people seizes upon and improves them. Where is the port on the Canadian seaboard that can boast of a fleet of 361 fishing schooners, fully equal in every detail of equipment and the qualities which give speed and safety, to the first-class yachts that dance upon the waters of Massachusetts Bay or Long Island Sound? Gloucester does possess such a fleet, and finds it pay so well that, notwithstanding losses, season after season are additions made to the number. Is it not possible for us to emulate such an example? to replace the flag of the Union by the flag of the Dominion? to man Canadian craft with Canadian fishermen, instead of letting our competitors distance us in the race by making use of our own picked men? If we had the will, no doubt the way would be found.

FROM LONDON TO ANTWERP.

It was about ten o'clock Saturday night when the train from Bishopsgate ran out to the pier at Harwich, crowded with passengers for the boat to Rotterdam. The steamer, with its white smoke-stack, lay rocking on the waves at the pier-end, panting and impatient to be off.

Joining the crowd, I hurried across the gangway, and, following the example of my fellow-travellers, hunted up the steward, and made vigorous efforts to secure a berth in the cabin. But, alas! it was all in vain. Efforts and "tips" were alike useless. Every berth had already an occupant, and so, philosophically resigning myself to my lot, I prepared to pass the night, as others were doing, star-gazing on deck. The sea was smooth. The night was of the temperature of an English August, when the lobbies and benches of the House of Commons are

silent and deserted, and all faces are set countrywards, or towards the wider pleasure fields of the Solent, the Continent, or the Moors.

It was pleasanter on deck, enjoying the pure air, than trying to sleep in the stuffy cabin. I did not envy the greedy fellows who had been in such haste to seek their own comfort. The virtue of not being in time to do likewise must have its own reward. So I reasoned as I paced the deck with the other unfortunates, who had at least the same consolation.

The steamer, let loose from the pier, turned its prow towards Holland and steamed out of the harbour. We passed a bell-buoy which rang out its melancholy warning, like the wail of a lost soul. We steamed on, rising and falling on the roll of the dead swell, on away from the green fields of England, with the phosphorus light dashing off our bow and seething in the broad wake behind. Towards morning fatigue and sleep overcame all virtuous resolutions in favour of the open air. The steward made me up a bed on the cabin table. I slept amid grotesque forms lying in every fantastic attitude.

The wind freshened with the sunrising, and when, about 10 o'clock, we sighted the low, flat coast of the Netherlands, there was a stiff breeze and a good swell. The deck was now crowded, and the cabin-table, cleared of sleepers, offered breakfast to those happy ones whom one cannot help envying on ship-board, whose appetites seem to grow stronger with every increasing gust of wind and every lurch of the vessel. Many of us felt comfortable enough on the open deck, and really enjoyed the sunshine and the billows, and the flying spray, and the white gulls which followed us or kept abreast, but were wise enough to rest satisfied with that, and refrained from the trying ordeal of going down to breakfast.

By noon we were waiting off the bar of the Maas for high tide. We waited, I should think, more than a hour, turning twice in the trough of the sea, watching the surf breaking on the bar, the low white coast, the tall churches, and the people in their Sunday attire hurrying down to see us cross.

There is no little danger, as vessels have been known to strike amidships and break in two. Of course there were kind friends to tell us all that might happen, so that when the signal was given from the shore, and the steamer, with a full head of steam, made directly for the angry, seething mass of water, we felt our pulses beat with quicker throb, and listened in some excitement for the possible thud and crash. But it did not come. The danger was no doubt exaggerated for our benefit. The good steamer plowed gallantly through, and in a few minutes we were in smooth water.

For twelve miles we swept up the river, passing villages and churches, fishing smacks such as one sees in those pictures of life off the Hague which appear in every exhibition of the Royal Academy, and by proxy

in the *Illustrated London News*, and typical Dutch peasant lads and lasses by their mud cabins. No wonder those strong-looking animals make such good settlers in Minnesota and the North-West. They seem used to the roughest living; cabins so low that to enter one would have to stoop as humbly as a camel at the needle's eye at Jerusalem, contained two or three families of placid, contented, happy-looking people.

A few miles below Rotterdam, the Custom House Officer boarded us and politely passed our baggage, giving little trouble or inconvenience to any one.

A fine fresh looking girl, who might have been English or an Angle-cised American, and who was evidently travelling alone, rejecting all offers of assistance, pointed out and succeeded in passing a large number of pieces with little difficulty.

One often wonders who one's unknown fellow-passengers may be, and I could not help associating this particular person with the historian Motley. Why, I do not know. He was at the time, I believed, in Holland, engaged on the historical work for which his other histories were a preparation. But why this particular person should have been a daughter, going to him on a visit, is a freak of imagination, which one can hardly explain.

So we meet people in life. Our path meets and crosses theirs. We form our conjectures as to who they may be, and then we separate, it may be never to see or hear of them again, or, as sometimes happens, to meet as guests at the same house or sojourners at the same hotel, and to learn that our conjectures were not far astray.

There was a good deal of shipping in the harbour, flying flags of many nations. Some war vessels attracted our attention, and among them two Dutch Monitors, with funnels, and bulwarks scarcely rising above the water. Many of us were for the New Bath Hotel, all travelling, but without any connection with each other, on Cook's tickets, and the proprietor to whom had been telegraphed word of our intended arrival, met us at the wharf, an unlooked for attention, which, I am under the impression we paid for afterwards. Cook certainly deserves the gratitude of tourists, and I have no sympathy with the people who rail at him.

Nothing could induce me to join one of his parties, and be marched over the continent with a parcel of uncongenial and vulgar people.

No amount of trouble and expense saved, and no attention at railway stations and hotels, would compensate for being bored by one's fellow-travellers.

But it is a great thing to be able to buy your ticket for the whole tour before you leave London, and to have the choice of every desirable route. It is a great thing to save the trouble of paying your fare on every steamboat and railway; it is better to save expense at the same time; and

best to get rid of the annoyance of being cheated in the change of money as you pass from one country to another. A few minutes at Cook's office in the city will secure all this.

I had taken a ticket for a circular tour, divided into three parts, each part comprehended in a book of coupons, and the three books put up in a convenient little green cover, kept together by an elastic band.

Part I. was from London, by Harwich, to Lucerne, with the privilege of stopping at Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, Heidelberg, Mayence, Basle, and other places. Part II. was from Lucerne, by Alpnacht and the Brunig, to Geneva, stopping at Brienz, Giesbach, Interlaken, Thun, Berne, and Lausanne. Part III. was from Geneva to London, stopping at several places between Geneva and Paris, at Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, and New-Haven. Each part was valid for thirty days from the date of the stamp at the office where one commenced to use it.

I found this ticket a great convenience, and again and again blessed the enterprising Cook, as I took my place in the morning in the railway carriage or steamboat, while others were delayed at the ticket office, and found by use that my little green book acted like a talisman on stern guards and pursers.

The New Bath Hotel, which we reached about three o'clock, had a good *table d'hôte* with an excellent bottle of Bordeaux, and, as I had hardly yet broken my fast, and was therefore in the most appreciative condition, made a decidedly good impression.

About five o'clock I strolled out into the street to find my way to the English Church, in the Haringvliet. It seemed as if I had gone back at least three centuries, as I wandered along the canal past quaint old buildings, and among people at least as quaint. It was near church time, and pious dames, with those old gold and ivory head-dresses which one sees in Holbein's pictures, and looking for all the world as if they had come out of their frames for a holiday, were wending their way to evening service, followed by pages with their Bibles and Psalm-books. The English service was not to commence till seven, and so I went into the Church of St. Lawrence, the Groote Kerk or old Cathedral. It is a brick building, of the Gothic style of architecture, dating from about the year 1470, and consists of nave, aisle, and chancel, and is well adapted to Catholic worship.

A glance, however, at the interior arrangements, sufficed to show that such worship was at present unknown there. The chancel was fenced off at its junction with the nave, with an iron fence such as one sees about grave-yards. Inside were desks and benches, apparently for holding civil or ecclesiastical courts. There was no altar in what had been the sanctuary. There were, however, some monuments to de-

parted greatness, and among them one to Admiral de Witt. The nave was pretty well boxed up with pews. A large organ stood in a gallery at the west end, and a pulpit and clerk's desk hugged one of the columns supporting the clerestory. The congregation was already commencing to gather, and I determined to give up the idea of going to the English service, and being in Holland to do as the Dutch.

A warden or deacon showed me into one of the long slips of pews, a crowd of the lower class of people who stood in the aisle making way for us to pass. I was alone in the pew at first, and amused myself watching the appearance and manner of those who from time to time entered. The ladies had their hair dressed as I have described, and it will not be wise to attempt any further description. The gentlemen were in evening costume,—dress coats and white neck-ties. The ladies seemed to occupy pews by themselves; and, before the service, were intently devoted to Bible-reading, while their lords and masters elsewhere were differently occupied. I was much amused at the coolness of the latter. They entered church as one would enter a ball-room, swung easily into one of the long slips, stood a minute to say a prayer into their hats, then put them on, sat down and nodded to their acquaintances in different parts of the church. The arrivals of pew-holders were few and at intervals, while the crowd of non-pewholders in the aisle increased rapidly.

About seven o'clock, a clerk in the reading-desk under the pulpit gave out a metrical psalm. The fine organ in the west gallery breathed forth an accompaniment, and a few of the congregation, notably the woman-choir near the desk, sang. The men sat with their hats on, and the buz of conversation continued. After the singing there was read a chapter of the Bible, to which the majority of the congregation paid no attention. I could not understand this indifference. This preliminary service ended, we heard a quick step coming down the aisle, and a man, apparently about thirty, in Geneva gown, bands and cap, mounted the pulpit stairs. Hats were doffed and all sprang to attention. He first announced a psalm. At this signal the crowd which had been collecting swarmed in and filled the pews. They seemed to be the most appreciative part of the congregation, and eagerly turned up the words and score of the psalm printed at the back of the Bibles. The organ again rolled down the nave and up among the arches of the groined ceiling the grand notes of the psalm, and a vast volume of sound rose in praise to God. It was certainly most impressive! Sweetness and grandeur combined! The strain of worship rose and fell in measured cadence, and beneath all ran the flow of Dutch gutturals, like a turbulent undercurrent.

The sermon which followed, after a short prayer, was a very eloquent

one. It was delivered without notes, and the preacher was fluent and, at times, impassioned. Not knowing the language I could not catch more than an historical allusion here and there, and yet there was much pleasure to be gained in listening and watching the speaker's eye and action.

At the end of half an hour a psalm was introduced, dividing the sermon into two parts, a practice which, I believe, is common in Protestant churches on the Continent. The second part occupied about a quarter of an hour, and as I had little sleep the night before, I was not sorry when it was over.

These orderly and systematic Dutch seem fond of division, for the offertory was divided in the same way. First came a collector down the aisle with a bag, into which I dropped my offering. What was my surprise, however, to see him followed by another, and that one by a third. Most of my neighbours dropped something into each, and if they divided the small sum people generally give on such occasions into three parts, the portion which fell to each must have been very small.

After service, I walked back to the hotel, and found my room delightfully situated on the ground floor, with the canal flowing under the window. Here, with the sound of the water lapping the wall falling on my ears, I was hushed to sleep. Honey and rolls with tea and coffee, the regular continental breakfast, greeted our eyes when we entered the *salle à manger* next morning. Where in the world does all the honey come from? Not all the bees of Hymettus labouring from the time of Pericles till now could furnish what is consumed by continental tourists in a single summer. Every hotel, every pension, every steamboat supplies it, just as it does the inevitable *poulet roti* for dinner. Honey and rolls seems a slight preparation for a day's fatigue in travelling, and so we had to order extras which mine host made us pay an exorbitant price for afterwards.

I was provided with Cook's Hotel Coupons, about which I had received conflicting advice in London, and which I had determined to test. They are put up in books, three coupons for a day, and seven days in a book. No. 1 is for bed and breakfast, No. 2 for dinner, and No. 3 for tea or supper, and are to be had for eight shillings or two dollars a day. When I tendered them in settlement for my bill, the waiter, a son of the proprietor, managed to put on so many extras as to make them almost worthless. At first I was very angry at the imposture, and declined to pay. But what else could be done? The train left at nine o'clock for Antwerp. There was no use of missing the train and spoiling one's pleasure by wrangling with a Dutchman, and so I made up my mind to be cheated with equanimity; but I left Rotterdam with a low opinion of the Dutch, the New Bath Hotel, and Cook's Coupons. My

opinion of the latter was completely changed afterwards, as I found them readily accepted in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, and a great saving of expense and trouble.

In the railway carriage on the train for Antwerp, one had time to formulate one's impressions as we journeyed leisurely through the low country, past clay fields and turnpikes and point keepers, the latter women generally, in railway uniform, standing with shouldered flags as motionless as soldiers at the Horse Guards. In the same carriage were an Englishman and his bride, and a party of four Dutch people, husbands and wives. One, a sea captain, was jolly and talkative, but his vocabulary was, for the most part, limited to his native tongue. He knew a few words of English, and as many of French. With these he opened fire. Nothing daunted I engaged with him. We had a lively and interesting conversation in mingled Dutch, French and English, every hiatus, of which there were many, being filled by my jolly friend with shouts of laughter. He was a sea captain—that was certain. He had made trips to Bristol—that was equally certain. But the point of departure was uncertain. I think it must have been somewhere in the West Indies. One piece of information he gave me about which there could be no doubt, viz., that they drank English beer in Holland, and that he gave it his highest approval.

The train swept into the station at Antwerp, and leaving my luggage in the left-luggage room, Badeker in hand, I set out for the Cathedral. It was not difficult to find, for its tall tower and spire stood up like a land-mark above the city. A franc bought a ticket of admission at the door, and I passed in hot and eager, with straining eyes reaching out for almost the one object of my coming, Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." What a delightful sensation, to realize the wishes and dreams of years!

So, I shall never forget the feelings with which I came on the deck of the *Prussian* one beautiful October morning, and saw the mists rising and unveiling Greencastle with its trailing ivy, and the sun gilding the church-tower among the oak trees at Moville, or caught the first glimpse of the Giant's Causeway and the round towers of Ireland, or gazed upon the green fields and hedges of England, amid the hills of Lancashire, or stood at the foot of the towers of Lincoln Cathedral and looked up at the old minster, and heard the sweet voices of the choristers chanting Even-song in the choir. These were all dreams realized, and best of all, there was in them no tinge of disappointment.

So with Rubens. An article in an old art journal, read when a boy of eight or ten years, had fired my imagination with the glow of Rubens' style and colouring,—his wonderful creations of flesh and blood. Since then, prints and photographs and chromos of this particular picture had

associated his name with the scenes which cluster about Calvary. The copy of the "Descent from the Cross," in the Normal School collection at Toronto, had certainly not increased my strong desire to see the original, as it had been powerless to dissipate it. Now it was at last before me. There on the wall to the left of the chancel arch, in the mellow light which fell through the tracery of the cathedral windows, was the one picture which had occupied a large share of my thoughts and imagination for years. I could not see it well at first. The living figures in the foreground annoyed me, - artists in linen blouses, with their easels planted here and there, engaged in copying, sometimes moving about to different points of view discussing and criticising. By-and-by we got used to the surroundings, and were able to disregard them, and to see only the familiar scene upon the wall. And what shall I say of it? I have met people who expressed a strong dislike for Rubens, as I have others who took no pleasure in reading Dickens. Every great master has detractors. I cannot say that I admire his style generally. That collection of flesh in the Louvre does not produce any elevation of sentiment, but the contrary. The pictures are as sensual as some of Swinbourne's poetry. How different is the impression produced by Murillo's "Assumption"! The change in passing from one room to the other, is like the change from a rollicking drunken company of debauchees to the purity of Paradise. At that time I had not seen the Louvre and the collection there, and so there were no bad associations to mar the effect of this beautiful picture. It is a marvel how the same man could have treated such different subjects so successfully. Gazing up at it we felt in the very presence of Calvary. The ashy pallor of the dead Christ, the natural posture of the body in the folds of the sheet, the eager faces above, expressing devotion and care lest a mishap might bruise the dear form already so "bruised for our iniquities," and the love of the two Marys, so great yet so different, were all most real.

"The Elevation of the Cross," a companion picture by the same master, hung on the other side of the arch. It is less known, but I believe is considered not less remarkable.

After examining some fine oak carving which workmen were putting up over the choir stalls, and a series of remarkable panel paintings, the Stations of the Cross, on the south wall of the nave, I hurried off to the Church of St. Paul. After a fifteen minutes walk through narrow and crooked streets, I stood before the door. It was locked! This seemed strange, for a continental church, one of the sights of the city which derived a revenue from the pockets of tourists, to be locked! I could not understand it. An explanation was soon forthcoming. As I looked up at the tower, I heard a voice at my elbow, asking in good English if I wished to see the church. It was a portly *commissionaire*,

who had suddenly dropped from the skies. On my replying in the affirmative, he led the way to a side entrance. A thrice-repeated rap brought the Sacristan, a pale and rather dirty-looking youth, whose appearance was *perhaps* the result of mortification and fasting. He took my franc, and admitted me to a spacious vestibule. The *commissionaire* waited outside. The Sacristan swung open a door leading not into the church, but into the church-yard, intimated that there was something worth seeing there, and sank down into his seat by the inner door.

Following the path a few feet, a turn brought me face to face with a Calvary, a small artificial hill with steps. On the top stood a cross, and a life-size cast of the Crucified Saviour. I can hardly describe the effect of being thus brought, without warning or preparation, into the presence of that awful scene. What a change from life to death!—from the bustle and din of the street, and the hurrying crowds of men, each carrying his burden of sin and sorrow, to the hush and stillness of the cross, where the sinner may lay down his heavy load, and the sorrowful and weary may find joy and rest.

The rain came drizzling down, falling upon the lichen-grown stones of the church tower, down upon the green sward and the slippery steps, down upon the mute white figure which yet appealed with so much force and tenderness to the strongest emotions of the heart.

Truly Rome knows how to teach the mind and heart by the eye no less than by the ear. The roughly-painted "Ecce Homo" over the bench by the mountain path, the rude red cross in the wild Alpine pass, the crucified Christs at Dieppe, which stretch their arms to fishermen returning from their nights' toil, in the grey light of morning, how powerfully do they preach the lesson of redemption. I was certainly impressed, and stood some moments in devout meditation. Beneath the Calvary was a grotto. Following the path which led into it, I found a sepulchre. It was made of rock, an iron grating permitting a view of the interior. A cast similar to that on the cross, partly draped lay within it, with a blood stain on the nail point in the hands and feet.

But the impression which this might have produced was spoiled by the evidences of superstition which hung about, votive offerings of wax and plaster casts. There were hearts and hands, arms, feet and other members of the body. If they were merely to signify the gratitude of suppliants who had been cured by the power of God, no exception could be taken to them, but if they were offerings to this particular shrine as possessing virtue in itself, they differ nothing from the gifts in heathen temples. A person of a nervous temperament could not have remained long in this strange place—in the presence of death—in the oppressive silence of the tomb. To me it was a pleasing retreat from the excitement of travel, from the crowded railway carriage and the thronged

street. There was nothing in bad taste, except the grotesque offerings I have mentioned, to mar the spirit of devotion. Here one could realize the rest after the sufferings of Good Friday, before the triumph of Easter, and could think of that day when upon one's own life, with its efforts and aspirations, shall fall the silence of the grave.

From the sepulchre the path led behind the wall, when a sudden turn in the way brought before the unsuspecting visitor the most startling scene. It was a rude representation of purgatory, cut out of the face of a rock. There were, I should say, from fifty to a hundred figures. The flames of the pit were leaping up and wrapping themselves about them. Consternation and agony were depicted on every countenance. But there were different degrees of punishment. Some had just their heads above the sea of fire; others seemed to be sinking and disappearing altogether; some had their head and shoulders above the flame, while others were free from the waist up, and others again were leaving their prison for Paradise.

The whole was coloured. The different degrees of agony of the spirits were portrayed, if rudely, effectively by the sculptor, and the Roman doctrine of purgatory was set forth more vividly than could have been done in a score of sermons. What terror must this scene again and again have struck into the hearts of children and simple peasants! How powerfully must it have acted to fix the doctrine in the popular mind.

A few moments sufficed to see the church. There was not much in it of peculiar interest, except a fine picture by Rubens, "Christ being scourged." Saying farewell to the pale sacristan and the portly *commissionnaire*, who rejected a twenty centime fee with scorn, and received half a franc with corresponding satisfaction, I hurried off to the station. The train was on the point of departure. The porter could not find my valise. Minutes seemed hours, while the engine whistled, and the guards closed the carriage doors. *Voilà!* it is here! The door banged behind me as I sprang into a carriage and sank down among the cushions, while the train rolled out of the station for Brussels.

F. T.

THE SCOTTISH STONE OF DESTINY.

[The *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny, is the subject of many fabulous traditions. Ancient chronicles recount that, after having been Jacob's pillow at Bethel, it was a valued relic in the time of Gathelus, a Spanish King, and contemporary of Romulus. This monarch sent it with his son, when the latter invaded Ireland. It was for centuries the coronation throne of Irish princes, until it was removed first to Iona, where Fergus, son of Erc, was crowned upon it, A.D. 503, and thence to Scone, in 842, by Kenneth II., when the Scots had overcome the Picts. It remained in the Abbey of Scone, as the coronation chair of the Kings of Scotland, until carried off by Edward I., in order that nothing might be left to remind the Scots of their former independence. He, however, placed it, with veneration, near the altar in Westminster Abbey, where it may now be seen forming the support of the coronation chair of the British Sovereigns. The mysterious connection which this stone is supposed to have with the destinies of the Scots, is celebrated in the well known Latin couplet :—

“Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.”]

WIERD and mystic is the story,
Shrouded in forgotten lore,
How the Royal Stone of Scotland
Found a place on Scotland's shore.

No human hands e'er fashioned it,
Nor shaped its rugged form ;
It thundered down the mountain side,
Dislodged by Alpine storm.

'Twas pillow for the weary head
At Bethel, on the night
When Jacob's raptured vision saw
The ladder crowned with light.

A thousand years passed o'er it
In many climes and lands,
The throne of savage princes,
Who ruled their heathen bands.

Ere the Assyrian hosts were shattered,
Sleeping all the sleep of death,
Smitten in their battle harness,
Blasted by the angel's breath ;

Ere the star of Rome had risen
Glorious after many wars,
Ere she first was led to battle
By the wolf-nursed son of Mars ;

The southern breeze blew softly
That filled the Spanish sail,
And bore to Erin's monarchs
The mystic Lia Fail.

Great Fergus seized the trophy,
And on it, by God's grace,
Was crowned in bonnie Scotland,
First prince of Scottish race.

O'er a long line of heroes,
Old Caledonia's Kings,
The Sacred Stone of Destiny
A mystic glory flings.

And now the Royal City,
On Thames' historic shore,
Enshrines the throne of Fergus—
This granite rock of yore.

J. D. EDGAR.

NIPIGON LAKE.

HIGH-SHOULDERED and ruddy and sturdy,
Like droves of pre-Adamite monsters,
The vast mounded rocks of red basalt
Lie basking round Nipigon's waters ;
And still lies the lake, as if fearing,
To trouble their centuried slumber ;
And heavy o'er lake and in heaven
A dim veil of smoke tells of forests
Ablaze in the far lonely Northland ;
And over us, blood-red and sullen,
The sun shines on gray-shrouded islands,
And under us, blood-red and sullen,
The sun in the dark umber water
Looks up at the gray murky heaven,
While one lonely loon on the water
Is wailing his mate, and beside us
Two-shaggy-haired Chippeway children
In silence watch sadly the white man.

E. K.

A DAIMIO'S LIFE.

THE official list of daimios published in Yedo in 1862 gave the names, titles and revenues of two hundred and sixty-two of the "Yedo nobility," as they were called, in distinction from the kugés or "Kioto nobility." The daimios were richer and more powerful; the kugés were of nobler birth and higher rank. The daimios were the parvenus of feudalism: the kugés' ancestry were of immemorial antiquity. In the veins of the daimios flowed the blood of men: in the kugés ran the blood of the god. The revenues of daimios varied from forty thousand to four million dollars each. The richest of them was the prince of Kaga, whose death and gorgeous funeral took place in Tokio in May of last year. After him came the princes of Owari, Chikuzen and Mito. There were twenty-one daimios powerful and wealthy enough to be styled "princes." Though compelled when in Yedo to bow before their august lord the shô-gun ("tycoon"), who was only the chief of the daimios, they in their own province ruled supreme, and had the power of life or death. Often defiant and domineering to their neighbours, the lesser daimios, these turbulent vassals, one and all, were so kept in curb by the strong hand of the shô-gun, that profound peace reigned in Japan for over two and a half centuries.

The daimio whose life we shall outline was named Matsudaira. We shall not be accused of violating confidence or privacy by more than fifty-five families, this, at most, being the number of noblemen that gloried in this once awe-inspiring name. Whoever bore it thereby professed to be a relative of the Tokugawa family, who for two hundred and sixty-eight years usurped the authority of the true emperor, the mikado, and flaunted their trefoil flag until foreigners came to believe that Japan had two emperors, and that the "tycoon" was one of them.

Matsudaira's father was the ruler of a province having a revenue of over one million dollars per annum. As all the daimios, great and small, were obliged to leave their wives in Yedo as hostages, Matsudaira opened his eyes first in Yedo. He was born in one of those peculiar products of Japanese architecture, called a *yashiki*, in which the nobility and gentry of Japan live. Old Yedo was once full of these great hollow squares, but Tokio sees fewer of them year by year and fire by fire. Baby Matsudaira was not baptized, but on the seventh day of his life received his infant name of Hatomaru, from which *maru* could be dropped in the language of affection or brevity. Hato was nursed by his own mother, and was clothed in the silk and soft cotton grown

in the province of which he was to be ruler. He grew into childhood, and as early as five years old put on the *hakama*, the wide kilt or trousers which once distinguished the privileged classes. Even when carried in the arms of the officer charged with the duty of bearing him about, the daimio's baby wore the gold-hilted short sword, while the sword-bearer, a boy of twelve, bore the larger one. It was no uncommon sight, three years ago in Japan, to see nearly all the infants of the samurai, or privileged classes, thus adorned with short swords. When children could but just toddle, the two swords emblematic of their class were thrust in their belt. As Japanese sentiment held that the sword was part of the samurai himself, a child of two years old was not considered too young to wear one. If the sword were not in the baby's girdle, it was kept in that of the maid who carried him.

Our little baby daimio's head, like that of all well-brought-up children, was shaved clean, and not a hair was allowed to grow except upon the top of the scalp, where the little tuft was made into a topknot, and pomatumed into a right-angled queue. He was as pretty as nearly all Japanese children are, and had the rare advantage of being always clean, which it were a libel against the next neighbour to godliness to say concerning the street-urchins of his country. The rising generation of plebeians live almost entirely in the streets during every hour of daylight, and as there is no word in the Japanese language for soap, one may easily evolve from imagination the amount of free soil on the faces of the chubby and rosy children of Tokio. Think not, however, that young Japan lets the sun go down on his dirt. Though a stranger to alkaline compounds, he, with father and mother and friends and neighbours, enters one of the very numerous public bath-houses at sundown. There the whole family parboil themselves in water hot enough to flay a Caucasian, and emerge happy, hungry and clean. To explain a ruffled temper or a state of anxiety to a Japanese by telling him you were "kept in hot water all the time." would be more apt to convey the idea to his mind that you were describing Paradise.

Little Matsudaira continued to be the clean, pretty baby and the radiant and eager child until he was seven years old, when his name was changed again. This was in accordance with the custom so prevalent in Japan of changing what we call our Christian names several times during one's life, but especially on reaching the seventh and fifteenth years, and on removing, assuming a new duty, business or office, and on retiring from active life. Even after death persons receive posthumous names, and the tombs of Japan are never inscribed with the names which the living bore. Very few of the Japanese students who studied in America passed under their true names, though they resumed them on returning to Japan.

Matsudaira was the only child of his mother, but not of his father. In almost every daimio's mansion, and legally in all, there are from two to eight women who are allowed him as concubines. That "peculiar institution" lately headed by Brigham Young, is no new thing in Japan. The Japanese have had no "revelations" on brass plates, no book, either of Mormon or of Gammon, indeed no dogma to found their practice upon, yet their peculiar institution is very ancient. Brigham, in their eyes, was a very modern upstart and imitator of the "holy country," Japan. They do not have any special theory of philosophy or any "doctrinal basis" for this phase of their morals, and smile innocently at the idea of needing any. They are very curious to know all about Utah, for they look upon it with a kindly feeling, and regard Deseret as a piece of Japan set down in the United States. They confess themselves puzzled to find that the customs of Utah do not spread throughout the entire country. In Japan concubinage is quite general, from the mikado, who may have twelve "ladies of the chamber," to the lowest labourer who can support more than one female. In a majority of cases, however, one wife, if faithful, is the rule. The children born of the brevet wives are considered legitimate, and in the absence of issue by the real wife inherit the father's property. Strange as it may seem to an American eye, peace seems in general to reign in the Japanese household, though jealousy and poison often do their work.

The life of a child in a daimio's yashiki, as in other homes, is the usual round of play and food and sleep. His toys, though very different from those of an American child, are, as in every land, the mimicry and mirror of the life of the children of larger growth. Hatomaru played on the neat thick mats that cover the floor of every Japanese house, from the temple-palace of the emperor to the hut of the peasant; rambled over the miniature mountains and among the dwarf trees and tiny lakes of the garden; fed the huge voracious goldfish or the brilliant-plumaged aquatic fowl. He fed upon the simple diet on which feed the homogeneous people of Japan, from emperor to outcast, and from the smooth-gummed infant to smooth-gummed dotard. The Japanese begins his rice-diet before he leaves his mother's breast, and uses it as his daily food until he sleeps on a broader though colder bosom. Though eggs, fish and vegetables are common, rice is the stay and staff of life. The daimio's baby grew as round and rosy as the chubby children of his farmers or artisans. At night the tired child slept on silken quilts spread out on the floor. Though materials vary with rank and means, two quilts spread on the floor constitute the national and universal bed of Japan.

Japanese education in his day was simply much reading, more writing and less reckoning. The baby daimio was early taught to read and write the alphabets of Japan and the characters of China. Very few

daimios ever became profound scholars, and so Matsudaira contented himself with only a good reading knowledge of Chinese. His education in etiquette was, however, more thorough. Before he could stand he was taught to express "Thank you," and before he was two years old to fall on his knees and bow his head to the ground. Almost his first articulate words were *Dozo* ("Please") and *Arigato* ("Thank you"). At the age of ten years he was as polished a little gentleman as ever delighted the heart of parent. From ten to fifteen education became the acquisition of accomplishments, such as poetry, writing, drawing, &c., and the manly sports of riding, fencing, spear-exercise and wrestling. Very few of his class ever became perfect in these, but, like the average, he became fairly proficient.

At fifteen he was a tall and manly-looking boy, ruddy and round-limbed, and promising. He accompanied his father on his semi-annual journey from Yedo to his provincial home. There he learned of the clan at whose head he expected to be. His subjects numbered half a million, most of them farmers and fishermen. In his dominions were three cities, a score of towns, and hundreds of villages. Tea, silk, rice, copper, and native manufactures were the products of his dominions, whose revenues he was soon to direct. Of the half-million of his people, four-fifths may be set down as in the condition of the Saxon serfs of the Norman masters of England, or the old *adscripti glebe* of the Romans. They were the men whose forefathers, by patient and minute manual toil, had terraced the mountain-gulches and had reduced all the valleys and plains to irrigated rice-fields. Born on one spot of ground, they died on it, perhaps on the very square yard of soil on which their remote ancestor breathed his last. The Japanese farmer rises before the first croak of the raven, and with a hoe overturns the mud of the rice-fields, and transplants, hoes and weeds till autumn. In November he reaps the standing rice with a hook, threshes it with an iron comb, pounds out the hulls by manual toil, often fans it by hand, and contentedly (?) gives to his lord one-half or two-thirds of the produce as rent for the land. In times of plenty he exists—in time of drought or scarcity he almost starves.

After these subjects of our daimio came the somewhat high rank of artisans with ancient tools, and a few miners with antediluvian methods of assay and mining; and after them the shopkeepers and merchants of the towns. Whoever owned a thousand dollars' worth of property was reckoned a rich man. Of priests there were a goodly number. On the five thousand square miles of the daimio's territory there stood over seven thousand temples, shrines or monasteries. Out of his half-million subjects six thousand were priests. Their revenue was equal to that of the daimio's own for his personal and governmental expenses. One

sees how the farmer, the most ignorant of all the daimio's subjects, after paying over half the produce as land-rent, out of the remaining one-third of his crop supported a large family of children and paid his tithes to the shaven bonzes in silken robes who prayed in the gilded and gorgeous temples, and forgot not to live well, as became their reverences to do.

All these, however, were political ciphers or minus quantities. The power, the public opinion of the clan, existed only among the samurai, who under Matsudaira numbered about three thousand men, not counting their families. Of these three thousand, the main part were of little influence or importance in the clan, though in social superiority immeasurably above the richest merchant or most intelligent artisan. Their badges as superior beings were the two swords—one short, one long—always worn in the girdle on the left side. The leaders of the clan were the *Dai sanji* ("great men"), or the daimio's ministers. They were the embodiment of true power, or at least the exponents of it. They expressed the will of the clan. Should a fractious daimio recalcitrate against the will of his retainers, they usually won their point, unless, indeed, the daimio was a man of tremendous energy of character, which rarely happened in the degenerate nineteenth century.

When the lord of the clan appeared in public he was attended by his chief men and household officials, who walked at a respectful distance behind. In entering and leaving the house even his ministers fell on their knees, and their foreheads touched the floor. In all cases the common people prostrated themselves to the ground.

In his provincial city, Matsudaira lived within his castle. His capital lay in a valley, with mountains on every side. The centre of the city was occupied by the castle-circuit, which enclosed four square miles, and consisted of two enceintes of walls and moats, with bridges, towers and an inner citadel. In this was the residence of the lord, surrounded by gardens and groves, and those wonders of landscape gardening for which the Japanese florists are so justly renowned. Besides this there was a summer-house on the mountain-side having an outlook on the minutely beautiful scenery of Japan. Here the prince could feast and revel and smoke his pipes of tobacco, or meditate, or could contrast his own condition with that of the labourers who went nine-tenths naked as, with ropes over their shoulders, they draw the heavily-laden boats up the river against the swift current. This summer-house was used not only for banquets and gay carousals, but as a resting-place after shooting or hawking, for Matsudaira prided himself on his perch of trained falcons, and was fond of hawking, both for the sport and the game.

In both Yedo and his provincial capital his days were occupied with one round of eating, sleeping, smoking, and the pleasures of wine, women

and song. He married when he was seventeen the daughter of a daimio of rather higher rank than himself. Not content with her charms, he added two of the fairest maidens who had captivated his fancy when in his own capital city. One was witty and poetical, and every week read some new stanza of her own composing. The other was musical, and charmed her lord by day and night with that music which to an ear trained to enjoy the Western gamut and harmonics sound so barbarous, not to say feline, but which to Japanese ears is full of ravishing melody. When tired of his charmers, games of Japanese chess, riding and archery followed, and this full-grown, able-bodied man, like two hundred and fifty more of his peers, could have been seen playing by the hour with zest games which the men of the race that rules the world cast away with their pinafores. In spring-time Matsudaira made picnics to Oji, Mukojima, Goten-yama, &c.—places as well known in Yedo as Central Park is known to New Yorkers or Fairmount to Philadelphians.

At stated times he called to pay his respects to that august usurper of imperial power, the shō-gun. In his mansion in the hill-citadel of the immense castle of Yedo, this pseudo monarch received the homage of his vassals, the daimios of every grade. The life of a daimio being one of pomp and proud display, Matsudaira felt it to be the supreme moment of his life when a proud following of his retainers sallied out of the great gate of his yashiki and moved toward the shō-gun's palace. Daimios often spent all their wealth on their trains, and sometimes ran into ruinous debt in order to outdazzle their rivals with the splendour of their retinues. On the days when they went to the castle to offer their congratulations, an immense crowd always collected to watch the procession. Hand-books of heraldry, containing the names, titles, revenues, chief retainers, pictures of the crests, insignia and regalia of each prince, lord and clan, were published monthly with the latest correction, and the spectators could thus distinguish each train as it passed by. A daimio's purse, power and rank were judged by his procession and display.

With many daimios, all the followers in their trains, high and low, were genuine retainers and faithful vassals. Most of them, however, for the sake of pride or economy, swelled their following into ostentation or brought them within the limits of necessary and decent appearance by hiring men temporarily for the purpose, like lackeys for a funeral. In old Yedo several thousand men of good calves, shoulders and topknots gained their living solely by this means. Keeping dresses marked with the crests of the various clans, they could appear in the following of a northern high lord to-day, a southern to-morrow, and a western the next day. The broad streets within the castle-circuit of Tokio still show how admirably they were made for the purpose of spectacular display, As the train sallies out from the main gate, we see all the lord's servants

on their knees and with heads to the ground. First issue a dozen men bearing aloft the spears, the hooded lances, the crests and banners of the clan. Then follow a corps of baggage-bearers, each with two handsome lackered and gilded travelling-boxes slung over a pole on his shoulder. There are several score of these coolies in the procession. The boxes have nothing in them. They are carried only for pomp and display. The tens, scores or hundreds of retainers, as the case may be, have on a wide dress, like a pair of huge wings, above a wide kilt. Each appears with his two swords. Here and there rides a high officer on horseback, and in the middle of the train, seated in a Japanese palanquin, borne on men's shoulders, is the lord himself. Then more sworded retainers and baggage carriers, all of whom are attired in the blue hempen dress of ceremony. A few of the followers of certain rank and office wear high caps of black lackered paper perched on the forehead. All the others go bareheaded, and tucking up their baggy lower garments, walk with legs as bare as a Bushman's. As there were in those days no foreigners to look on, laugh, or account it strange, bare legs were thought no loss of dignity, and a dazzling display of calves struck admiration in every beholder.

The audience with the shô-gun over, Matsudaira took up his journey to his province to receive the congratulations of his clan and to govern his dominions. The real work of government was done by his ministers. Matsudaira busied himself with the deepest concern about pipes, falcons, the finest brands of *saké*, pretty women and lively music. The science of government with him consisted in being borne with great pomp once a week to the *hancho* or government office, saying a very majestic "Yes" to everything proposed to him, and playing his part of supreme figure-head of the clan.

The coming of the alien to the land of the gods was the knell of the dual system of government in Japan. A vast majority of the armed classes were opposed to the foreigners and wished to drive them out. They clamoured for the shô-gun to do it, and taxed him with cowardice for delay. The clansmen of Choshu, the daimio in whose country was the port of Shimonoseki, fired on foreign vessels against the orders of the shô-gun. With a motley army he tried to coerce this spirited clan. He was beaten, and his prestige was lost. His authority was daily ebbing. The tide of power set toward Kioto. The daimios assembled there, and came to Yedo no more. Three of the most powerful clans made a conspiracy to overthrow the counterfeit government at Yedo, and to reinstate the mikado in full ancient sovereign power. Civil war broke out. The design was to depose the shô-gun, restore the emperor, and then to "sweep" or "brush" away the foreigners from Japan. The eastern and western, northern and southern daimios fought together.

Two years elapsed before the empire was at peace. In 1870 the entire government was centralized in the person of the mikado, the only true emperor of Japan. The usurpation of six centuries was ended. The shô-gun, an usurper from the beginning, was reduced to his proper level, that of an ordinary daimio. The preposterous title of *tycoon* ("great prince" or "exalted potentate") became a by-word and a shaking of the head to all Japanese who knew their own history, and now finds a faded immortality only in unrevised foreign encyclopædias. In 1872 the feudal system was swept away by the mikado's edict. The daimios were ordered to restore to him their fiefs of land. The supreme and entire authority reverting to the mikado and imperial court, the country was once again governed as in the times before the twelfth century. The era of loyalty had passed. The day of patriotism had dawned.

Matsudaira bade a solemn farewell to all his old followers assembled in the great hall of the castle, and then set out for Tokio, where he now lives as a private gentleman, beloved and respected by all who know him.

We have outlined very briefly the life of a Japanese daimio ; and this life, true of one, will answer with a few trivial alterations for most of the class in the present century. Three centuries ago the daimio was a mailed warrior leading his men-at-arms. Two centuries and a half of peace made him a puppet in power and a Lucifer in pride. The daimio of to-day is a mediatized and harmless gentleman in gold lace and cockade. In the time of his country's need he was weighed in the balance and found wanting. To-day the old servants of the daimios, acting in the name of the mikado, rule them as a few units in the sum-total of the Japanese people. The men of nerve and brain and physical vigour rule New Japan. They are the men whom poverty made temperate and continent.

W. E. G.

THE FALL.

THERE'S a sweet sadness in thy name, O Fall,
Which, like the sighing of an old-time tune,
Tells of bright days departed far too soon.
Spring and her fresh young flowers thou dost recall,
And Summer's riper charms ; the carnival
Of Nature, happy in her children's glee ;
Man, beast and bird, fountain and field and tree,
Rejoicing in His love who made them all.
Ah, me ! the beautiful, bright days are gone !
We knew not half how fair they were till thou
Hadst stolen upon us with thy solemn brow
And voice prophetic of wild Winter's moan.
How oft true friends, like Summer's joyous days,
Are alighted, living ; dead, are crowned with praise.

JOHN READE.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

NO. 7. BRYANT.

BY GEORGE STEWART, JR.

"No one," said the Professor, "can read a little of Bryant. His poetry is as intoxicating as the pages of a sensational romance. I literally gorge myself every time I take up one of his volumes. I cannot be satisfied with simply reading 'The Ages,' 'Thanatopsis,' 'the Hymn to Death,' 'The Death of the Flowers,' or the entrancing 'Forest Hymn,' but I must go on until I come to the last page. I am afraid that with regard to Bryant's poetry I am a veritable gourmand. Do not think that by this I mean that he is not satisfying, for every poem is a feast of itself. But I cannot resist the temptation when his book is in my hand, to read on until I finish it. I wouldn't dare take up Bryant after tea, for if I did I would lose my whole night's sleep."

"I too have felt his wonderful power," said Frank. "His simplest and shortest poems have many a time sent me off musing among the clouds. His language is simple, but not commonplace. You never catch him using foreign words or the phrases which belong to the schoolmaster. Bryant is no pedant. His poetry is as free as the woods he describes so well. His diction is as charming as nature itself. Indeed, he is the poet of nature, and the best of his writings sing of the seasons, the elements, the trees, the flowers, and the various phases of animal life. He is a true son of the forest, and as he roams through the woods, he stops now and then on his way to paint in rich colours, in undying pigments, the beautiful scenes which meet his eye. And he has an eye for the beautiful. An eye of keen perception. An eye which takes in at a glance all that is worth seeing. No tree, or shrub, or bit of sky escapes him. Nothing crosses his path unperceived by him. In liquid numbers that roll trippingly from the tongue, or in that deep sounding blank verse, which he has almost made his own, he tells of the marvellous works of nature. Where shall we find a more rounded and perfect poem than the inscription for the entrance to a wood? You leave behind you care and sorrow and misery, and in this calm retreat find a panacea for all your troubles. In this cool shade you hear the very dashings of the tiny rivulet, as it splashes over its bed of pebbly sands. You hear the singing of the birds, and you witness the joys of an ideal wood, such as Bryant alone can describe. This grand poem celebrates a scene in the poet's old home in Cummington,

and it was written only a little later than his masterpiece, 'Thanatopsis.'"

"That was his first poem, was it not?"

"It was his first great poem. He wrote it at the age of eighteen. He wrote respectable verse at the age of eight, and when he was only thirteen, he published a clever satire on Thomas Jefferson, which he called *The Embargo*. This little work of some thirty-six pages passed through two editions. It is quite scarce, and I doubt if you could obtain a copy now at any price. 'Thanatopsis'—the poem which did so much to bring Bryant into notice, was not published until several years after it was written. The poet left it among his papers till 1816, when it was sent by his father to Richard H. Dana, along with the piece, then called *A Fragment*, but which afterward received the name it has since been known by, 'The Inscription on the Entrance to a Wood.' Dana had never met Bryant up to this time, and by some means or other he conceived the idea that Bryant's father, Dr. Peter Bryant, had written *Thanatopsis*, and the son had done the "Fragment." Dana was very anxious to see the author of the famous poem, and as the Doctor was a member of the State Legislature, the editor lost no time in repairing to the Senate Chamber. He saw a very intellectual-looking gentleman of dark complexion, thick eye-brows, dark hair, finely developed forehead and handsome features, but there was nothing which denoted the poetic faculty about him. He was disappointed, surely this could not be the new poet! It was not until 1821, when William Cullen Bryant arrived in Cambridge to deliver the 'Phi Beta Kappa' poem at Harvard, that Dana discovered the real author of 'Thanatopsis.' The life-long friendship and acquaintance of the two poets began here. When the great poem was published Dana was principal member of the club which conducted the *North American Review*, and it was accordingly printed for the first time in that publication. It was originally made to begin with 'Yet a few days, &c.,' and conclude with 'And make their bed with thee.' After Bryant's father died, the poet added the present introduction and conclusion to his poem. As Longfellow in his description of Grand Pré describes something he has never seen, so Bryant talks grandly of

'Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.'

and of the 'rolling Oregon,' at a time when he had beheld neither. 'Thanatopsis' is a most suggestive poem. It is full of imagery and thought, and one cannot read it too often. It awakens wonder at the subtlety of the poet's mind, and provokes admiration of the genius which unbosoms itself in every line. One finds himself stopping midway in the poem, to enquire what manner of youth this was whose

knowledge of humankind was so sensitive and keen, while he was yet in his teens. One must pause to take in the grandeur of the thought which tears through the sonorous stanzas. The boy of eighteen writes with the fire and grasp of a man of iron soul, and with the incisive knowledge of one who had learned well the lessons of life with the passage of hurrying years. There are few poems in any language, none certainly to be found in the stanzas of Southern poets, which breathe out so much vigorous sentiment, such lofty scorn, and at the same time reveal so much delicacy in feeling or betray such tenderness as we find in this splendid work. It holds a place second to no other on the same subject. Bryant himself has not equalled it even by his 'Hymn to Death,' which he composed in 1825 when he was at New York editing the *New York Review*."

"That is the poem which opens so grandly in praise of death, is it not, and which ends with so much pathos and contains the allusion to the poet's father?"

"The very same. Bryant makes a vigorous defence in behalf of the King of Terrors. He asks who are his accusers.

'The living!—they who never felt thy power,
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand
Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace,
Upaid the gentle violence that took off
His fetters, and unbarred his prison cell?'

And then in his own grand way, rich in the same fancy which struggled in the mind of the exuberant Shelley, our poet crowds his canvass with a masterpiece, and sings anew a song which only the soul of a genius could inspire. The very effort is a good one. It is too much even for him. He has overwrought himself. The strain was too great, and he writes these touching lines as a conclusion. It is here that one finds the allusion to his father. An allusion full of filial love and reverence. An allusion which further on in his works finds utterance again and again:

'Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days.

And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
 Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
 When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
 To copy thy example, and to leave
 A name of which the wretched shall not think
 As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
 As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou
 Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—
 Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep
 Of death is over, and a happier life
 Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust.

'Now thou art not—and yet the men whose guilt
 Has wearied Heaven for vengeance—he who bears
 False witness—he who takes the orphan's bread,
 And robs the widow—he who spreads abroad
 Polluted hands of mockery, of prayer,
 Are left to cumber earth. Shuddering I look
 On what is written, yet I blot not out
 The desultory numbers—let them stand,
 The record of an idle revery!'

"In 1824, Mr. Bryant's sister died of consumption, and in 1827, in his poem 'To the Past,' the poet thus refers to his father and that sister he loved so well—

'And then shall I behold
 Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
 And her, who still and cold,
 Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.'

and to the latter also, in 'The Death of the Flowers,' written some time in the autumn of 1825,

'And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.'

"But all through his poetry, the same kindly sentiment is seen. It is in this poem about the death of the flowers, that the noble line which everyone quotes so often, appears—

'The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,'

and it is in this glorious conceit that we get a glimpse of the autumn time which can never be forgotten. The poet sighs for the fair young flowers that have passed away, and he stands in the thick wood and pronounces a requiem over each. In review pass before him the wind-flower, the violet, the brier-rose, the aster and the other delightful buds and blossoms that in their time shed their fragrance and exhibited their

beauty and form for man's delight. He has some tender word for each, and he likens the frost which fell upon them to the fall of the plague on men. But he has written other poems about this season of the year, that season in which the woods become poetical and sad, and when the leaves are just beginning to change their coat, when the maple is prettiest and the ground is full of variegated leaves. He has given us two gems, 'Autumn Woods,' and a later poem, revealing the fine descriptive abilities of the poet, 'My Autumn Walk.' This latter was written in October, 1864, after the civil war, and it rings with a sort of restrained power, as if the bard dared not trust himself to go as far as he would wish. I will repeat the four lines which conclude the poem, and they will enable you to observe their ringing melody—

'The leaves are swept from the branches;
But the living buds are there,
With folded flower and foliage,
To sprout in a kinder air.'

"In all his songs of Nature, Bryant, is ever the same charming teacher. Whether he tells of spring and the budding plants of summer, whose woodlands sing and waters shout of the autumn and its melancholy days, or of winter with its storms and sullen threat; he is as natural in each as he is in them all. He exhausts his subjects. Nature is his domain, and to describe her wondrous works is his prerogative. Many of his best things were written when he was very young."

"Yes. He was twenty-one and about to be admitted to the bar, when he wrote his graceful poem 'To a Waterfowl.' He was uncertain at the time where he should fix his abode, and the poem was suggested to his mind on seeing a waterfowl flying northward in a sky crimson with the setting sun. He kept it by him until 1818 when it was published for the first time in the *North American Review*. Two years after this he wrote his beautiful 'Green River,' and in 1821 it was printed in Dana's *Idle Man*, a short-lived but meritorious publication. Bryant was living near the Green River in Great Barrington, Mass., at the time, and while there he wrote more than twenty poems for the *Boston Literary Gazette*, a periodical which came out twice a month. It was here also that another of his great poems was composed, his ever fresh and beautiful 'Forest Hymn' which starts off with,

'The groves were God's first temples.'

He has written few pieces which can surpass this. There is a matchless grace and a wealth of description about it quite Bryantic. It is full of thought, of suggestiveness and true poetry. It is rich in allusion and comparison. As one reads this delightful hymn the words of Professor

Wilson have a deeper meaning, and all mankind will say with him in regard to our poet, 'that it is indeed in the beautiful that the genius of Bryant finds its prime delight.' He ensouls all dead insensate things in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life which they breathe and smile before the eyes 'that love all they look upon,' and thus there is animation and enjoyment in the heart of the solitude. He does more than this. I would go farther than Wilson in his estimate of Bryant. He is the poet who creates images which rise up in our souls and fill our minds and hearts with new, holy and inspiring thoughts. Till we have read Bryant we know little of the beauties of nature. We scarcely know anything of the grand old woods, of the birds, of the blossoms and the brooks. He shapes all the works of nature, and endows them with fair proportions. He sees poetry in the tall grasses, songs in the tiniest flowerets, hymns in the swirling winds and soft music in the trees. He fashions, in his own eloquent way the true poetry of the forest and glade, and when in our walks through the woods we pluck a violet or an aster, or resting, sit by some idle stream or pause at the feet of an oak or a maple, the songs of Bryant fill the air all round about with their melody and sweetness. The humblest blossom is immortalized in his verse, and he sings in a tuneful key for all."

"I agree with you, Charles," said the Professor, "Bryant is truly the Poet of Nature, and he is a distinctive American poet. Like Emerson and Longfellow, he has endeavoured to awaken interest in the things of his own land. He is to America what Wordsworth, the old bard of Rydal Mount, was to England. Indeed, the two poets have something in common. Bryant always loved to read Wordsworth's clanging ballads. Mr. Dana relates in the preface to a new edition of his *Idle Man*, the influence which the English poet had upon Bryant when he read his works for the first time. A thousand springs appeared to rise up within him, and his whole being seemed to change. He had seen few books of poetry, and Pope had been the idol of his life; but when he opened the new book and read the delicious conceits of the lake-side dreamer, he became at once a student of nature, and he sought the woods and its surroundings, and resolved to paint new and fresh scenes that all the world might read and enjoy. He kept his purpose, and his brilliant pages tell us how well he accomplished it. You have read his *Apostrophe to June*, have you not? It is a poem which will linger longer in the memory than even 'Thanatopsis,' though, of course, it is not so grand a theme. The measure in which it is written has something to do with this. It is in this creation that he speaks of the 'housewife bee and butterfly,' and chants so charmingly of the 'songs of maids beneath the moon,' and then he goes off, as is his frequent wont, to saddening thoughts and dreams about death and those who have only

gone before. I think he makes these turns in his verse with admirable delicacy and feeling. This trait of his amounts almost to genius. The old Greeks turned a rhyme deftly, but Bryant turns a whole thought, witness in proof this, his 'Hymn to Death,' his 'June,' and others of his pieces."

"Yes, I have noticed this, and I think it a strong feature of his work. The reader, unconsciously, drifts along in the direction which the poet leads. It is not a wandering off from the subject, but merely a turn in the road, and the travellers, reader, and poet, seek, almost without knowing, its inviting pathway. And Bryant is a faithful guide. He knows all the cool retreats, all the delightful shades, all the pleasant nooks and corners, and we can follow him blindly, and drink in the sweets which his rich parterre contains."

"I have found this more than once to be the case. I love the way in which he takes us from one beautiful thing of nature to another, from a flower to a tree, from a singing oriole to some nimble squirrel. When you read Bryant, you are prepared for something like this, and he moves along so gradually, and takes you step by step so delicately, that you hardly notice whither you are going until you are so far out of the direct road, that you cannot retrace your steps. Do you remember reading his 'Indian at the Burial Place?' There is a good deal of subdued fire in that poem. Bryant's Indian is a veritable savage of the Cooper type, and he utters thoughts as noble as any which the author of *Deerslayer* ever penned. The warrior seeks the ancient burial place of his sires, and chants a dirge on the spot from which his wasted race withdrew long years before, ashamed, weak and crushed. After recounting the stern hardships which his race has endured, the red man utters this prophetic thought—

- 'But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.
- 'Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.
- 'Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun;
The rivers by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.'

"The thought is a beautiful one," said Frank, "but I am beginning to lose faith in the Indian as a poetical study. I see him a central figure of the romance only. I am losing my admiration for the noble brave. Mayne Reid in his way, Emerson Bennet in his, Cooper in his grand and powerful way, have lifted up the savage to a great height, and they see a thousand noble characteristics in him which do not exist at all. Your true Indian is the dusky warrior, who appears in the pages of Parkman, always savage, always cruel, crafty, stoical and treacherous, occasionally brave and not often fit to be trusted. Bryant's Indian is the savage of Cooper in a modified form, and his mind is full of noble and excellent thoughts."

"Yes, Frank," said the old Professor, "but I am very glad Bryant has given us his Indian poems. They are sad stories, but full of art in the telling. What could take the place in our literature of his Indian story, which reveals an incident which may have happened? What is more eloquent, in any poetry, than the glimpse he gives us of Maquon and his love? The living figures of the chief and his bride, and the grave of the dead destroyer, form a picture that seems to breathe with life. The warrior sallies out in search of game, the red deer, for his bride, and returns to find her absent. He sees strange traces along the ground. His quick eye tells him that struggling hands have torn the vines from the walls, and on the broken and bent sassafras he sees a tress of the well-known hair. He calls aloud, but no answer, save the echo of his own wild words, comes back. He pauses a moment, and the soft hum of the bee on the flower breaks the terrible stillness. He grasps his war-axe and bow, and sheaf of darts, and bounds away. He has no time for idle grief, and the tears that would fain come, are brushed away. He seeks the print of strange feet, and starts wildly on the trail. He discovers in his own sagacious way the road taken by his enemy --

' And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast that hurries the vapour and sleet,
O'er the wild November day.'

This is all the poet tell us of the chase, but it is enough to rouse the imagination, and make us reflect. The next three verses conclude the story, and we know that Maquon's bride was stolen in the early summer, but it was into the fall before she smiled at his hearth again, for in a glowing and glorious measure Bryant says :

'* At length the maples in crimson are dyed,
And the grape is black on the cabin side, --
' But far in the pine-grove, dark and cold,
Where the yellow leaf falls not,
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

‘ And the Indian girls that pass that way,
 Point out the ravisher’s grave ;
 ‘ And how soon to the bower, she loved,’ they say,
 ‘ Returned the maid that was borne away
 From Maquon, the fond and the brave.’ ”

“ And again in his ‘ Indian Girl’s Lament,’ we have another charming bit of romance. Indeed I am more than pleased that Bryant has included in his work these Indian legends. Without them American poems would be incomplete. And if his Indian is not real flesh and blood, we are only sorry for it. I should be very sorry if all his characters were only ideal creatures. I should be sorry for mankind if this were so. I should be sorry, too, if the incidents which he relates all through his writings were untrue, for I think the world is better because these poems were written, and if Bryant has not told us truth, where can we find it? No, the world has long since blessed the day which gave us the venerable poet. What a privilege he enjoys. He has lived in two centuries. He has seen the old school of poetry pass away, and has witnessed the dawn of the new. For sixty years and more he has been the intimate of the great ones, who, on two hemispheres, have led thought and scholarship and song. He has, in his turn, been a leader himself in all three. He wrote creditable stanzas before Byron died, and his name rang through the four quarters of the globe long before Coleridge ceased to write. The contemporary of Moore, of Shelley the fanciful, of Wordsworth, of Keats, the Howitts and the Lambs ; the life-long companion of Irving, of Cooper, of Cole and of Halleck, he has seen many a poet blossom into song, live his brief life, and pass away to the other world. He read the wonderful creations of Scott as they came fresh from the press. He published a volume of poems before Tennyson was born, and a second edition of his poetry appeared when Longfellow was a babe of scarcely a year old. He began life young, and as a child was as precocious as Macaulay, and as eager to read as Whipple, who knew the ‘ Citizen of the World,’ before he was six. Like the gifted ‘ Barry Cornwall ’ who died a short time ago, Bryant can stretch forth his hands and touch the great men and women of two ages. He has sung for each and knew them all. The melodious song of ‘ Pitcairn’s Island ’ was written the year after Byron’s death, and about the same time ‘ The Skies ’ and the lines to the moon appeared. The three are strong in Bryant’s characteristics, the latter especially so.”

“ Bryant has often assisted young writers, has he not ; and frequently helped them on with his counsel and advice ? ”

“ Yes, he is quite notable in this way. Several authors of the present day owe much to Bryant. One of his protégés was Webber, the essayist and novelist. Webber was a good critic also, and has left behind him a

praiseworthy review of Hawthorne, his works and literary method, besides several other papers of lesser note. Webber was in New York one day, and with the exception of Audubon he knew scarcely any one in the great city. He had long been an admirer of Bryant's poetry, and after a good deal of consideration he resolved to call on the busy editor and poet, and with no other introduction than a manuscript, present himself at the office. He did so and was cordially received. He found the poet in one of his pleasantest moods, and was overjoyed at the attention he received. The poet took his paper, promised to read it, and invited the young literary aspirant to call the next day. Webber went out into the street in a perfect transport of joy. He had seen Bryant, heard him speak, and was to see him on the morrow again. His heart was light, as you may imagine, and on the following day he hastened to fulfil his engagement at an early hour. In those days Mr. Bryant used to get down to his office by seven o'clock in the morning at the latest, and so by the time young Webber called he was ready to see him. In the meantime he had read the manuscript and was so much pleased with it that as soon as its author entered the room he began to speak his praises of it. He handed him a letter of introduction to Winchester, the publisher, and the youth went on his way rejoicing. Winchester, acting on Bryant's hint, at once engaged him to write a series of papers on Texan Adventure, for his literary journal, *The New World*.

"I remember something of Webber. He wrote 'Old Hicks, the Guide,' and a story which, I recollect, was once very popular with us at school. I think it was called 'The Shot in the Eye.' It was a wild thing, full of spirit, energy, and adventure. Was it not published in two journals at the same time? I remember some talk about it to that effect."

"Yes, it was originally written for the *Democratic Review*, O'Sullivan's publication. The manuscript was delivered to him, but after some weeks passed, it could not be found, though it was really searched for diligently. Webber waited for some months, and resolving to delay no longer, he re-wrote the story and handed it over to the *Whig-Review*—a new magazine—and the tale came out in its second number. O'Sullivan, in the meantime, accidentally came across the long lost manuscript, and he gave it out to the printers, without saying a word about it to Webber. That is how 'The Shot in the Eye' came to be published simultaneously in two American journals. Webber was a curious fellow and always fond of adventure. He went to Central America on an expedition which Walker commanded, and was killed there. He married, in 1849, a Boston lady, who was clever with the pencil, and many of her illustrations appeared in her husband's books. Most of the pictures in *The Hunter's Naturalist* were executed by her. Webber was only

thirty-seven when he died, and in his lifetime knew several eminent people, chief among whom were Bryant, Audubon, Whipple, and others."

"Though not much given to humour, in his poetry, Bryant has introduced the element into an occasional poem of his. His humour is of the satiric kind, and it is very neat. His 'Ode to a Mosquito' is one of this class, and it is delicately done. The mosquito, our poet calls an 'offspring of the gods, though born of earth,' and starting with this idea, he goes on to say, that Titan was his sire, and the ocean nymph his nurse. The mosquito, you see, is, therefore, a most respectable insect. He has been brought up amid elegant surroundings. In his young days he nestled softly in a cradle which swung beneath the rushes, and here he rocked gently until his gauzy wings grew strong. The poet handles this dainty thing carefully and well, and he tells us how the air wafted him along, and he traces his career through the forests and the city. In Broadway the insect is invited to taste the alabaster neck, and asked to dine off the fresh cheek and chin of some young maids who throng the streets of the city, and suck the bright blood which courses through the transparent skin. But the insect knows too much for that. What, says he, eat rouge, get poisoned with China bloom, and turn sick at the taste of Rowland's Kalydor. No, no. He forthwith proceeds to bleed the poet himself, but Bryant remonstrates at this, and tells him is to try elsewhere. He is gaunt and thin. Try, says the poet—

'Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat,
On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet :
Go to the men for whom in ocean's halls
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

'There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow ;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.' "

"Surely," laughed Charles, "no one but Bryant could write thus of the mosquito. I shall have greater respect for the offspring of the gods' ever after. Indeed I shall esteem it as an honour to be bitten by him and when he comes my way again, I will bare my arm and bid him drink deep of the fountain within. Rowland, who makes those splendid preparations which remove our freckles, thicken our falling locks, and whiten our decaying teeth, until we look young and fresh again, has

been immortalized by the poets. Bryant here refers to his kalydor, and Byron sings glibly of his 'incomparable oil, Macassar.'"

"In personal poems, Bryant has given some real genius. His sonnet to Cole, that great painter whom some deem superior to Allston, written on the occasion of his departure for Europe, is in Bryant's freshest and skilfullest mood, 'The Future Life,' 'The Life that Is,' and 'October, 1866,' are poems addressed to his wife, the latter after her death. None can read these heart touches without emotion. Every word breathes the deepest love and the keenest affection. Death has cast its gloom in the poet's household many times; and we often see traces of his march and the sorrow he has caused, in the poems which tell so eloquently the story of the sweet singer's home life."

"As a translator, Bryant has earned an excellent reputation. While in New York in 1827, he took some pains to acquire the Spanish language, and several of the poems contributed to the *United States Review*, which grew out of the old *New York Review*, were translations from the Spanish, German, Latin, and Greek. 'Mary Magdalen' is perhaps his more ambitious performance from the Spanish, though some will prefer, on account of its ring probably, 'The Alcayde of Molina.'"

"I have seen it somewhere stated that Bryant's translation of Homer was superior to Derby's, and largely in advance of Pope's. Is this true?"

"Yes, I believe it is. You see Bryant, like Longfellow in his Dante, has striven to preserve as much as possible the exact language of his poet. He has overstepped no bounds. Unlike Moore, who has given us so many delightful songs from Anacreon, Bryant gives us Homer, while the Irish singer just lets us have the faintest glimpse of the Greek poet. Bryant is very literal, but at the same time, his translation reads like a fresh poem. In 1865 he began to translate the Iliad, and in December, 1871, his great work was completed and the Odyssey also. All through his life one can see, especially in his later years, the influence which Greek poetry has had upon his mind. It has given a classical turn to his poetry, and changed the scope and current of his thought in several ways. The leading critics, in estimating Bryant's translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey, seem to consider that his triumphs are even greater in the latter than in the former. Be this as it may, no one can take up either without feeling impressed with the wide scholarship and culture which are displayed by the poet in these two notable books, works which will stand alone as monuments of his skill and taste and high cultivation. He has not wooed the muse in vain, and as a translator, he is artistic, finished, and thorough."

"Bryant has told, in his time, many stories of the heart, but nothing that he has written will live longer than the poems which he has pre-

pared for children. Two of them are known far and near. They were not written for any special publication, but composed as the poet was moved to write by the impulse of the moment. He kept them by him in manuscript for many weeks, and they first saw the light in an edition of his poems. The first of these is 'Sella's Fairy Slippers.' A child playing on the rivulet's bank found one day a dainty pair of slippers, white as the snow and spangled with twinkling points like stars. Her name was wrought in silver on the edge, and full of joy she showed them to her mother. But the prudent matron bade her put them by and said:

' * * * I cannot see thy name
Upon the border,—only characters
Of mystic look and dim are there, like signs
Of some strange art; nay, daughter wear them not.'

"And little Sella hung them in the porch. But after May has done, and Midsummer had come, the child at noon one day was missed, and though they sought for her in her favourite haunts, by the great rock, and far along the stream, none saw the little maid, and two long days passed by. And at the close of that sad second day—

' * * * with red eyes,
The mother sat within her home alone.'

She hurried and with a shriek of joy she saw her Sella by her side. The child had tried the tiny slippers on; they were shaped so fairly to her feet; and lo! she was in a moment transported. She tells her mother of the adventures she passed through, how she walked over the ocean's bed in company with sprites and fairies, and we have a delicious bit of description here. But she grew anxious to see her mother, and the poet tells us at last, how her fair conductor led her home again, and how weary was the journey upward. Arriving at her mother's door, her guide kissed her tenderly, and she saw her face no more. The story is one of the sweetest ever written, and the allegory in the background teaches an interesting lesson. The second child's is equally happy in description and in moral. It is the beautiful bit of nature which Bryant calls his 'Little People of the Snow.' It was published during the Christmas season of 1872, and the story of the little elves is one of the most instructive and beautiful in the whole range of juvenile literature. In it we are told how a little child was beguiled into another world, and Mr. Bryant's description of this under ground garden is full of form and beauty. These two poems are sufficient in themselves to make a reputation for any poet, even if he had written nothing else. It is of a class too, which cannot fail to do a vast amount of good. Parents would perform a judicious act in putting such poems as these, along with Dickens's 'Child's Dream of a Star,' in the hands of their children."

"You are right, and the fact that such authors as Howells and Longfellow, and Taylor, and Trowbridge, and many others, have become purveyors for the literary appetites of our children, seems to point to a splendid future for coming generations of young readers. Juvenile libraries will no longer consist of trashy, goodey-goodey books, written by namby-pamby and obscure writers, but the shelves will be filled with the productions of the masters in letters. The minds of children will grow robust after a course of Bryant, Holmes, Aldrich and the rest."

"Sometimes Bryant has formed a poem in his head long before he has put it in shape on paper. His *Flood of Years* was written about a year ago, some time after the thought had been in his mind. At last he took it up and made a poem of it."

"Bryant is sometimes indebted to actual incidents for some of his poems, though most of his writings are the outcome of his own ripe and vigorous thought. The child's funeral—a pretty poem—happened oddly enough. The author was in Europe, and an English lady in a letter to him related an occurrence which was so curious, and at the same time so interesting, that Bryant could not resist the temptation to put the idea into verse. In the south of Italy a little child had died, died when its little tongue had just begun to lisp the names of those it loved best :

'The father strove his struggling grief to quell,
The mother wept as mothers use to weep,
Two little sisters wearied them to tell
When their dear Carlo would awake from sleep.'

"The father gathered many flowers with which to grace the little corpse, and he was laid in an inner room upon his funeral couch.

'They laid a crown of roses on his head,
And murmured, "brighter is his crown above."

'They scattered round him, on the snowy sheet,
Laburnam' strings of sunny-coloured gems,
Sad hyacinths, and violets dim and sweet,
And orange blossoms on their dark green stems.'

"The solemn rites of blessing are performed, prayers are said, and the stricken ones go into the room to take the little body away to lay it in the earth below, when lo, the baby greets them with a little cry, and they discover him sitting up and playing with his own funeral wreath :

'The little sisters laugh, and leap, and try,
To climb the bed on which the infant lay.

'And there he sits alone, and gayly shakes
In his full hands, the blossoms red and white,
And smiles with winking eyes, like one who wakes
From long deep slumbers at the morning light.'

"The incident of itself is charming enough, but put into such poetry as Bryant writes, it forthwith resolves itself into a classic, and is another child-poem of singular beauty and expression."

"Apart from his poetry, Bryant is a prose writer of singular elegance and beauty of style. His letters of a traveller are models of pure writing, and show rare felicity of thought and movement. The companion volume, 'Letters from the East,' contain notes of a visit to Egypt and Palestine. It is interesting to sit down to-day and read Bryant's European and American letters of forty years ago. He writes from Pisa, Florence, Rome, Paris, Venice, the Shetland Isles, London, Cuba, Florida, and other places in different parts of the world. He chats pleasantly about art, and men, and customs, and relates incidents by the way which are quite delightful, as much on account of the changes which have taken place since then, as by reason of the fund of information which they possess. Bryant was one who went about Europe with his eyes and ears open. Nothing worth recording seems to have escaped him, and his letters are as fresh and breezy as if they were given to the public for the first time to-day. The American letters are not so fresh, inasmuch as the changes have been more sweeping in their character since Bryant wrote his chronicles, and they are useful now only as impressions formed something less than half a century ago, by a man with thought in his composition. His other volume of prose papers will always retain their interest. These are his orations, speeches and addresses delivered at different times in the orator's career."

"I have read them and must admire their polish and finish," said Charles. "I know of no one who could write anything like them, save Phillips, or Webster. Bryant deals with his subjects pictorially and picturesquely. Every sentence is perfectly formed, and his choice of language is skillful and elegant. He has lived so long, and knows so intimately, all the great personages of his time, and is so thoroughly acquainted with everything which belongs to his age, that he can talk intelligently and well upon any topic which may arise. No one can speak more eloquently than he, and utter such words of wisdom at the unveiling of a statue of some eminent man; no one can preside at a public dinner with more dignity and grace, and utter a more happy post-prandial address than Bryant. His words flow without hesitancy. His commanding presence and chaste language awaken admiration in the breasts of his hearers. In the book of orations which bears his name, we have his remarks on Thomas Cole, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Washington Irving, James F. Cooper, Verplanck, Kossuth, Morse, Shakespeare, Scott, besides speeches on a number of social subjects. His other prose works consist chiefly of the editorship which he has given to various books—The 'Library of Poetry and Song,' 'Picturesque America,' &c., and a

novel, or rather a translation of a story from the Spanish of Carolina Coronado, entitled *Jarilla*. Bryant has been connected with the *Evening Post* since 1826, and in the issue of that journal of November 13th, 1851, he wrote a 'History of the First Fifty Years' of its career. It was founded November 16th, 1801, by William Coleman, a barrister. In 1829 Coleman died, and William Leggett took his place in the paper. The latter retired in 1836, when Mr. Byrant returned from Europe and took charge. He has remained in that position ever since, and the *Post* to-day is a very valuable property."

The venerable poet is a man of strong will, but a tender heart. He is loved by many who know him only through his works. He is loved by all who know him personally. His great and good qualities of head and heart endear him to countless thousands. His poems reflect the purity of his life."

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE COUPP.

OUR history must now retrace its steps, for a few months, to the day when Cecil Landon left his wife for Wellborough on the morning after that eventful picnic at Windsor. He had, as he had seemed to do, in reality forgiven his wife for the deception which she had confessed to having practised on him at the time of their marriage; but the thought of it still rankled in his breast. He was profoundly dissatisfied with her, and also dissatisfied with himself at having been so easily persuaded to forgiveness. He was by no means of the hard material out of which are carved domestic tyrants; but, like most conceited men, he resented exceedingly being made the subject of deception.

The incident of the day before and its probable consequences also annoyed him far more than he would like to have confessed; he shrank from the ridicule which was sure to be evoked by it, even more than from the scandal it would create; for, for that he felt there was no serious ground. His wife, he was confident, had told him the truth at last. But not until it had been wrung from her; not until she had

made him a laughing-stock to Society, and caused him to commit an offence which, in the eyes of Lady Elizabeth Groves (of whose designs upon Mr. Whympers-Hobson he was well aware), would be unpardonable, and he very much cared, if not for the good opinion, at least for the good word of Lady Elizabeth Groves. His sagacity even foresaw that Gossip, with its usual blundering malice, would associate the young man's name with that of Ella, and this, if it did not anger him more than all, made him feel more bitter than aught else against his wife.

It was with a vexed and gloomy spirit indeed that Cecil Landon drove up to the railway station, and sprang out of his hansom ere it stopped. He was early for the train—which had been hitherto a thing unusual with him (there had been no lingering farewells this time when he left his home)—but he felt that motive, action, haste, were imperative. He was consumed by a fever of the mind, though it was not stirred by expectation nor cheered by hope ; and it drove him not towards rest, but to take external stimulants. His heart was full of bitterness, but his eyes were quick as ever to observe all that was passing about him. His wrath was as the anger of a child, which vanishes or changes to some other passion when any object of attraction presents itself. At the ticket office, which had only just been opened, one would-be passenger was already before him. It was a lady, and, to judge by her figure, a young one, though her face could not be seen, since she was in earnest conversation with the railway clerk, and it was thrust forward almost into the pigeon-hole.

"What a time these women are in getting their tickets," muttered Cecil to himself ; "they have always some question to put which common-sense would tell them. What rubbish the people talk who want to give them the franchise, when they have not even the intelligence to understand their Bradshaws."

"She has been three full minutes already," continued he, half aloud, and the clerk seeing him consult his watch, and glad of the opportunity to dismiss his importunate customer, inquired, "Where for, sir ?—You must move on, miss," he added to the young lady, "since the ticket is lost there is no help for it but to pay again."

The young lady uttered a sigh—deeper one would have thought than the occasion should have demanded—and turned sorrowfully away.

Even then, Cecil did not see her face ; nor to do him justice, was he influenced by the fact that she was young, or the possibility that she might be pretty ; but the sigh touched him, as it would have done had it been uttered by any one of her sex, or indeed of his own. To his keen ear it spoke of poverty—notwithstanding that the pigeon-hole was for first-class passengers—of an inability to pay ; and towards the poor Cecil's heart was always tender.

"What is the matter with that young lady?" inquired he, as he took her place.

"Oh, she has lost her return ticket—or says so; it's a very old dodge if she hasn't," returned the clerk derisively.

"Where was it she wished to go to?"

"To Grantham, just beyond Pullham Junction. She wanted to know whether she could not pay at that end of her journey, instead of this, which would be a queer start."

"Give me a ticket for Grantham."

"I have stamped yours for Wellborough. You certainly said Wellborough," said the much enduring clerk. "If men, as well as women are not to know their own minds, we railway-clerks will have harder work than ever."

"I know my mind, which is to have both tickets," observed Cecil gravely.

"Oh, I see you wish to pay for the young lady."

The clerk's face was a picture as he gave out the two tickets. He dared not smile, because Cecil's hand was so dangerously near to his own face; but it turned purple with suppressed amusement. I am afraid he did not give the young man the credit he deserved for his philanthropic intentions. The young lady had withdrawn to the platform, and when Cecil came up to her, was counting the slender contents of a little purse with an air of anxiety as well as melancholy.

"Here is your ticket, madam," said Cecil, in respectful tones.

"Have you found it, sir? oh thank you," said she, looking brightly up, and speaking with earnest gratitude. He thought that gentle face, with its little flush of colour, the fairest object he had ever beheld. There was no positive disloyalty to Ella's beauty in his admiration, for there was no comparison between the two women. Ella was a brunette, whereas the young lady in question was a blonde; there was nothing dark about her, except those long eyelashes under which looked forth those tender eyes of blue; her complexion was exquisite, it had absolutely no fault, except perhaps an excessive delicacy. The bow of her Cupidon lips was straightened for the moment by a smile as she thanked him, but ere the gracious words had left them became a bow again.

"This is not my ticket, sir," said she, with gravity, "mine was a half ticket."

"But you had lost it, the clerk said, so I ventured to supply its place."

He placed it in her hand, lifted his hat, and walked on towards the train, which was waiting by the platform. I have painted him ill, if it is not distinctly understood that Cecil Landon—within certain limits, and with most of us, alas! there is a limit—was a gentleman. He had no intention of presuming upon the service he had rendered; indeed,

he thought very little of it ; money was not only of no consequence in his own eyes, but he did not recognise its necessary importance in many cases in those of other people. He treated the purchase of the ticket—which, perhaps, had cost him thirty shillings—as though the lady had dropped her glove and he had picked it up for her.

“ But sir, you mustn't, indeed I can't accept it,” exclaimed a quick and agitated voice, close to his ear. She had run up to him, and even touched his arm to draw his attention, which had been directed to the portmanteau a porter was placing for him under the seat of a carriage.

“ But you can't travel without a ticket, madam, and there is the ticket,” said he, smiling, and after the old and attractive fashion too. That touch of her little hand, involuntary as it had been, had moved him strangely.

“ But the obligation, sir, is so considerable, and to a complete stranger too.”

“ Whatever it is, it is on my side,” replied Cecil, “ if you will condescend to accept the service.”

This somewhat high-flown speech evidently flew over the young lady's head. She only saw that something kind was intended, and ere she could acknowledge it the bell began to ring, and the guard to call out : “ Take your seats for Ledbridge, Pullham, and Wellborough. Where are you for, Miss ? Grantham ?—then this is the carriage,” and he handed her into the very coupé in which Cecil had placed his luggage. She looked a little decomposed, but in those days of coupés there were no ladies' carriages,” and she could scarcely have said : “ I do not wish to travel with this gentleman.”

Cecil noticed the look, and observed, with his hand on his portmanteau : “ If you would rather be alone—— ” but the train was actually in motion ere he finished the sentence, so there was no option for him but to jump in or be left behind.

“ I am sure I ought not to be sorry,” said the young lady, simply, as they moved out of the station, “ for the opportunity that is thus afforded me of—of—cultivating your further acquaintance ; otherwise I should have felt like a downright robber ; would you be kind enough, sir, to favour me with your name and address ? ”

“ Oh certainly ! ” said Cecil, smiling. “ You shall have them both before you reach your journey's end.” There was no reason why he should not have given them at once, yet something—not, alas ! his good genius nor her's—dissuaded him from it.

“ I will send you the cheque by to-night's post,” continued the young lady, who had taken out her pocket book, and sat, pencil in hand, ready for his communication. “ Perhaps you will put it down your-

self ; I shall feel much easier in my mind, and indeed, sir,"—seeing him hesitate—"I must insist upon it."

Thus adjured, he hastily wrote down a few words, closed the book and returned it to her.

"You are very young—or else must be very rich—to have a cheque-book of your own," observed he, smiling.

"It is certainly not for the latter reason," returned she, with an answering smile. "The fact is, my sister and I, being alone in the world, have the sole management of our own little affairs ; but it is she who is the woman of business, and it is her name, not mine, which appears in our pecuniary transactions."

"I have no doubt it is a 'good' name, as we say in the city," laughed Cecil ; "but still I should like to know that of the other partner of the firm."

"Since you have given me yours," said she gravely, "I have no right, nor indeed any reason, to withhold mine : it is Rose Mytton."

"A very pretty and a very appropriate name," said Cecil.

"I don't see that," answered she simply. "It is rather a funny one in the plural. Mr. Welby—that's our vicar—calls Helen and me the pair of mittens. A little joke goes a long way down at Grantham."

"When I said it was appropriate, I was referring to your Christian name," observed Cecil.

"Oh, I see, you intend to be complimentary," and she gave him a grave little bow.

Cecil felt that he had made a mistake—or at least that he had been "forcing the pace" too early, so he hastened to be very matter of fact, to erase any unfavourable impression he might have made.

"Good heavens ! I never looked after your luggage ; did you see it labelled ?"

"I have nothing but this," she said, pointing to a black leather bag, which she had carried on her arm while on the platform. "I was only in London for one day ; the fact is I came up on some business of my sister's, and stayed the night with some friends of ours, who started for the seaside this morning. That was what made the loss of my return ticket so very inconvenient. I had not enough of money left to pay my fare even by the third class ; and no one to apply to for more. So you have really done me a very great service."

"No more than anyone else would have done, who had the good fortune to have the opportunity," said Cecil. "But how curious, and indeed shocking, it seems, that the want of a few shillings in her purse should place a young lady like yourself in a position of positive embarrassment."

"You would be very often shocked at Helen and me, I do assure you,"

returned Miss Mytton, laughing, "if you are shocked at that. When we sit on our special committee of Ways and Means, at the end of every month, the firm often finds itself 'positively embarrassed.'"

"What, in spite of that cheque-book, and the balance at the banker's, that it presupposes?"

"We sometimes bring it down very low indeed," continued the young lady gaily. "Do you think it will stand against another five pounds," says Helen; "because you know the bankers say: 'We expect our customers to keep fifty pounds in hand;' only they are so pleasant and accommodating to Helen and me, that they never make a fuss about it."

"Of course they don't," said Cecil. "They are better pleased—or ought to be—with having the firm of Mytton Sisters on their books, than that of Anybody Brothers, with fifty thousand pounds."

"Well, I am not quite sure of that," laughed Miss Rose; "but at all events they never complain."

"But if you are not the acting member of the firm, how comes it that you come to town on business, instead of the senior partner—for I conclude you are the junior?"

"Yes, I am the junior, though only by a year or two. Well, the fact is, my sister was not quite well, and I insisted upon going to London in her place. She objected very much, and even had the cruelty to suggest that I was not competent to undertake the expedition. She actually said I should never find my way to town and back; and how nearly that prophecy has come true! She will never trust me to go from home alone again I expect."

"But I hope the business got transacted all right."

"Oh yes; I think I have managed that. Are you a judge of drawings?"

"I know something about them, in a stiff professional way," said Cecil, with reference to his studies at the Military Academy.

"Oh, you are an engineer perhaps."

"No," said Cecil, blushing; he felt that he could never reveal his true calling to this charming young creature. "I was educated, however, with some such intention."

"Well, then you will be able to judge."

From an outside pocket of the leather bag the young lady took a small portfolio, full of sketches, some of which she handed to him. They were for the most part illustrations of rather striking situations—combats, quarrels, the partings and meetings of lovers, and so on.

"They are very vigorous," remarked Cecil, "and so far as my opinion goes, of quite exceptional merit. But the subjects are a little what may be called 'sensational'—don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed I do," answered the young lady, laughing, "and so does the artist. 'My dear,' says Helen to me sometimes, quite gravely, 'would you be so good as to let me have a pork-chop for supper?'—I am the house-keeper, you must know, and provide for the establishment—I must have some terrible dreams to night, in order to be up to my work for 'The Raven's Wing' to-morrow.' 'The Raven's Wing' is a magazine to which, among others, my sister supplies the illustrations. It is very exacting in the way of 'sensation.' The editor writes: 'You must do us a good Vampire for the next part;' and, never having seen a vampire, poor Helen has to stimulate her imagination."

Cecil was much tickled with this idea, and laughed as he had not laughed certainly for the last twenty-four hours.

"And all these other pictures, the murders and the combats, and the falling down steep precipices, are they all for magazines?"

"Yes, some have been bespoken, but most of them have been drawn, as Helen says, on 'spec'—you would be delighted with Helen, since you are fond of fun,—she wishes to increase her connection with the periodicals, and had made an appointment to show some drawings to a certain editor, when she was taken ill—or at least with a bad sore throat,—and so I kept it for her. I am glad to say that her interests have not suffered by her absence."

"I can easily imagine it, since you were her proxy," said Cecil, quietly, and as though stating some mathematical fact. She did not give him this time that reproof of the grave little bow, and he felt, to use an aquatic phrase, that "he was gaining."

Though he kept his eyes still fixed upon the drawings, the blush of pleasure that rose to her pretty cheek did not escape him, nor the nervous plunge her hand made into the portfolio for more pictures.

"The funniest part of the whole affair," said she, "is that Helen herself does not care for figure-drawing. Her own line is landscape, which unhappily is in little or no demand with the magazines. Now that is what I call a pretty picture."

She put into his hand an etching of a small country-house. Every detail of it was exquisite, and though small, perfectly distinct, and even elaborate. It showed a low-roofed dwelling, with French windows opening upon a small but well-kept garden. Above it, like some giant-sentinel, towered a great chalk hill, here bare, here covered with foliage, and crowned with a forest of beeches.

"What a charming retreat!" cried Cecil. "Am I right in conjecturing it to be the country-house of the firm?"

"You have guessed it," replied the young lady delightedly. "It was somebody's hunting-box at one time, and used to be called 'The Box,'

but when we took it the vicar insisted on its name being altered; he said it sounded 'horsey,' so we now call it 'The Casket.' "

"And I hope the vicar has christened its inmates 'The Jewels.' "

"What clever guesses you make. He really does call us his jewels."

"I object to that," said Cecil promptly. "He has no right to use the possessive pronoun, has he? You can't be both his jewels at all events." It was curious how interested he felt in this absurd inquiry; and in making quite certain that it was Miss Helen Mytton—if it was either—and not Miss Rose, whom the parson called "his jewel."

"Mr. Welby is a privileged person," she replied laughing, "and calls people what he pleases."

"He has re-christened their cottage, but that is the limit as to change of name he is likely to go with either of the firm?"

"We are neither of us likely to become Mrs. Welby, if you mean that."

"Well, I did mean that," confessed Cecil, with a sigh of relief "though I feel that it was impertinent in me to express it. Pray forgive me."

"Well, you see, there is still that money owing to you for my ticket," answered Miss Rose, archly; "and debtors are obliged to forgive things."

"Then I should like always to remain your creditor," said Cecil naively; "that I might make little slips of behaviour, and be so bewitchingly forgiven. Pray thank your sister," added he before her forehead could form a frown, "for the great pleasure her drawings have afforded an ignorant but admiring stranger," and he began to wrap them up again in the tissue paper in which they had been folded.

"Your name is in my pocket-book though you have not mentioned it," said she softly; "and for my part I shall scarcely consider you as a stranger after your great kindness."

"I am sure I shall not consider you so, after yours," replied Cecil almost below his breath, though they were quite alone.

He had not only forgotten all about his quarrel with his wife by this time, but almost her very existence. Yet it is fair to say that he would not have done this but for the quarrel. Let me whisper in your ears, ladies: there is no time so dangerous to let a husband go out of your sight as just after you have had a disagreement with him. The most faithful, the most dutiful, the best of men, are on such occasions, if not prone to disloyalty, exceedingly susceptible of the influences of other women. "If my wife doesn't appreciate me," say these vain and unstable creatures, when any one of the other sex is making herself agreeable to them, though in the most innocent and ordinary way, "here is another—worth a dozen of her to look at—who has better taste." I

have written it in the "vulgar tongue," but that is what they feel, every one of them, from an archbishop downwards.

[The concluding chapters of this story are unquestionably its best; they have much dramatic force and are wrought with skill. To give them entire would, however, draw largely upon our space in several numbers of our next year's volume; and rather than do this, we yield to a general desire to conclude the story in the present number. This will entail great curtailment, and in a measure do injustice to Mr. Payn; but it is unavoidable. We give such portions of the concluding chapters, condensed or entire, or in the way of editorial summary, as may be necessary to give the reader the drift of the concluding, and most effective, part of the story—*Ed. Belford's Magazine.*]

[The next chapter introduces us to a pending collision, from which we make a short extract:—]

"Rose," he said, unconsciously addressing the girl by her Christian name, "there is going to be an accident; there is not a moment to be lost. You must jump out." And he opened the carriage door.

"An accident!—jump out!" she murmured, aghast with fear. "I can never do it."

The voices of men calling wildly mingled with the shrieks of the engine, as it screamed forth its passionate warning to its approaching brother.

"Then I will jump with you," said Cecil. He took her unresistingly in his arms; and as he did so, even in that moment of supreme peril, pressed her tenderly to his breast. "You will be safe with me," he murmured—though he was far from thinking so—as he stood with her upon the carriage step. Her long brown hair had come unfastened, and the fierce wind blew it about his face, so that he could scarcely see; but on the whole he judged the spot to be favourable for his venture.

The train was running in a cutting, and the bank rose high and green before him without stones. He leapt out, taking care to jump well forward; there was a rushing through the air, the shock of a dead-weight fall, and then a roar and crash, as though the very world were breaking up into its constituent atoms.

"Are you hurt?" was Cecil's eager inquiry as, stunned and bruised, but not, as he imagined, seriously injured, he leant over his still prostrate companion.

"No—that is a little," she murmured; "my arm is hurt. But do not mind me. Good heavens, look at the train!"

The train, or rather both trains, had come together with a shock which, though greatly mitigated by the efforts of their respective drivers ere they leapt from their posts, had made a wreck of the foremost carriages, the fragments of which strewed the line. The air was rent with shrieks and groans and appalling cries for aid.

[The accident resulted in Cecil driving Rose to her home in Grantham, remaining there for dinner (at which he met Rev. Mr. Welby), and in establishing relations between himself and Rose which brought her completely within the range of his powers, and him to feel that he was playing the part of a scoundrel. Madly in love with her, however, he allowed himself to be carried on to marriage with her. Hugh Darvall then comes upon the scene again; revealing to Helen Mytton the fact of Cecil's previous marriage. Helen takes Cecil to task. We now quote in full :—]

THE MEETING IN THE LOCK.

THE circumstances which interfered, and, as Landon weakly imagined, fortunately interfered, with the immediate confession of his position, was a certain water excursion organised by the vicar, in the special honour of the newly-married couple, and to which Rose was looking forward with childish expectation. It was to take place on the Thames, a river with whose beauties she was wholly unacquainted, and involved a journey by railway of considerable length. To Helen, the notion of taking part in any amusement under such circumstances was simply ghastly and repulsive; but she could hardly absent herself, save upon some plea of indisposition, which would have been certain to keep Rose at home or to spoil her pleasure. To Cecil it was a day of reprieve, which to some minds, at least, is preferable to the one of execution. His mind was too much pre-occupied by the consideration of how events would shape themselves, when his confession should have been made, to note how Helen shrank from him; he was thinking of Ella's passion, her love for him changed to hate, and her quick thoughts bent upon revenge; he knew her well—the more shame to him for so treating her—and could calculate the force with which such a blow would strike her, and the effects it would produce. She would move heaven and earth to right herself in the world's eyes and get him punished. She would invoke the law for certain, and when that failed, as he was well assured it would fail, she might even try other means of vengeance. She was not one to sit down quiet under so cruel an injury. He did not think it impossible that in her wild rage she might even play the Eleanor to his fair Rosamond. Then he pictured to himself his Rose's anguish with all the pillars of domestic peace in ruins about her; and his heart sank within him. His punishment had indeed begun.

It was so far fortunate that, in consideration of the excursion having been planned in Rose's honour, the vicar, for once, paid her peculiar attention, and left Helen in Cecil's charge; otherwise Rose must needs have noticed her husband's gloomy looks and absent air. To Helen,

who guessed the cause only too well, his silence during the railway journey was welcome, since it permitted her to think her own sad thoughts without molestation. At the river-side, however, the vicar had prepared some compensation for himself. Instead of a large boat for the accommodation of the party, he had bespoken two skiffs, in which they were to row some miles down the stream, and dine at a certain house of entertainment. It would never do, he said, to separate bride and bridegroom; so Helen was to go with him, and Rose with her husband. Under other circumstances, Cecil would have accepted this arrangement willingly enough; he much preferred his wife's company to that of her sister, for whom he entertained an intuitive dread, which did not, however, prevent him from slyly bantering her on the subject of the vicar's devotion. On this occasion, however, he was in no mood for banter; but took the place assigned to him without a word.

He was a good oarsman, but the sculls felt in his hand like lead, as he pulled out from shore. Rose on the contrary, was full of spirits. She had never been on the water with him before, or seen him in the boating-dress which became him so admirably. The wooded reach, down which they sped so swiftly, delighted her with its unaccustomed charms. The changing leaf from its fiery red to soberest brown, walled them in on both sides with its varied tapestry; above them was the autumn sky with its isles of fleecy cloud. Hamlet and hall, church and mill, the sounding lasher and the echoing lock, were feasts to her eye and ear; and when her glance, surfeited with the gorgeous panorama, sought some more quiet bliss, it rested on her husband.

"How soft and soothing is the very motion of the boat, and all these sights and sounds," said she to Cecil. "It seems almost a sin to talk."

"That is not everybody's feeling," answered he, smiling. "Listen."

His poised the oars upon the rowlocks and let the skiff glide on, when, instantly, a far-off sound of talk and laughter broke upon their ears.

"There is a merry party on ahead. What is it, Rose?"

Rose, of course, was looking forward, and he the other way; a bend of the river had hitherto concealed these persons from her view, but now she caught sight of them.

"There is a large pleasure-boat full of people said she. "And it has six oars. What a pace they go!"

"I think we can catch them, however, before they reach the lock," observed Cecil, looking round.

"Welby, can you spurt?" cried he to the vicar, whose skiff was but a few yards behind them.

"Try me," answered the other with a slight ring of boastfulness in his tone.

He was not so young as Landon, but, in the case of the oar, youth

gives no great superiority ; and in his college-days the vicar had cloven the waters of that very river with no little credit to himself and his college-club. That "Try me" in fact was the acceptance of a challenge, and no sooner had the words been uttered than both skiffs began to fly. For the sense of speed and the delights that accompanies it, there is nothing like "spurting"—to the steerer ; and Rose was in the seventh heaven of happiness.

"The boat ahead has quickened its stroke," cried she, clapping her hands with glee. "We are going to have a race with *them* too."

In the way of emulation—else so many husbands would not be ruined—the female is even more greedy of triumph than the male.

A six-oared boat, with four ladies in it under an awning, has commonly but a small chance, even with a start, against a skiff, with one lady and no awning, rowed by a powerful oarsman ; but in the present case the six were picked men—young gentlemen from London, whose home in summer was on the river, and whose hearts were there even when the claims of the law, the public service, or of their relations, called them elsewhere. On this occasion, in presence of their ladies, these cavaliers acquitted themselves to admiration ; and Rose beheld the awning raised and more than one fair flushed face look forth, to mark the progress of the pursuers. As for Cecil, he was "putting his back into it," and saw nothing but his own knees.

The three boats reached the lock-gates, opened wide for their reception, almost at the same instant ; and then, of course, the respective athletes ignored the existence of their rivals, and looked—or rather, tried to look, for they were hot, breathless, and "pumped out,"—as though there had been no race at all. The six-oared boat took one side of the lock, and the skiffs—that of Landon being in advance of the rector—the other ; the men holding by the chains as the waters sank. If the gentlemen ignored one another, however, the ladies made up for it by scanning each other very narrowly ; not a feature of Rose's or Helen's, not a brooch, nor a bow, nor a stray lock of their hair, escaped the notice of the tenants of the awning ; and though the two sisters were less curious in their behaviour, it is probable they could have made out a pretty exact inventory of their late rivals and their apparel after the first half-second.

One lady of the four especially attracted Rose's attention. She was of dark, indeed, almost Spanish complexion, and of great beauty ; her dress, though a little too handsome for the occasion, was in excellent taste. But it was neither her personal charms nor her apparel, which riveted Rose's gaze ; but the way in which she stared at Rose's husband. Just as Helen had seen them in Darall's face at church the preceding day, so now Rose marked Incredulity, Astonishment, Horror, arise in this woman's, and finally uncontrollable Passion—the rage of the tigress.

Landon, as I have said, was busy with his lengthening chain and keeping the frail boat away from the wet wall, and observed nothing of this, until presently a voice rang through the echoing lock, startling every ear, and chilling him to the very marrow—"Cecil!"

He turned his face—a moment before aglow with toil, but now aghast with fear—and met Ella's piercing eyes.

"Cecil!"

She had repeated his name, but still he answered nothing. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; his despairing eyes sought the dark waters as though beneath them alone were to be found release and escape. Yet he was somehow conscious—perhaps he saw her reflection in the stream—that Ella was standing up and pointing to Rose.

"Cecil! Who is that woman?"

Then with a sharp pain he looked up at Rose. Pale as a river lily, she sat confronting Ella, and in a firm quiet voice replied:

"I am his wife, madam."

"His wife? Then who am I? I speak to *you*, sir."

Cecil was well aware she spoke to him. He also knew that the lock-gates were opening behind him, and giving, as it seemed, a glimpse of light and life. Up to that time he had felt like a rat in a hole, but without the pluck of the rat. Now there was freedom—for the moment at least—before him; he thrust the skiff from the wall, plunged his sculls into the water, and shot out into the sunlight like an arrow from a bow. No confession of defeat and guilt could have been more complete; and poor Rose fell back in her seat—which was fortunately fenced round as usual, like an arm-chair—and fainted away.

The air and her quick motion through it, however, revived her, and she presently came to herself, though only with a dim consciousness of what had happened.

Cecil, on the other hand, had by that time summoned all his wits about him, and met her wandering glance with an affectionate smile.

"You are better now, darling, are you not? I am so deeply sorry for what has happened!"

"What has happened?" sighed she; then, with a deep flush she added, "ah! that woman! I remember now. She called you 'Cecil'—said she was your wife."

"Yes dear; she did. But it was all untrue."

"All?"

"Well, no; not all, of course, love. I have behaved very ill; but that was before I knew you, Rose."

It was curious, considering the base subterfuges to which he had already sunk, that Cecil thus shrank from saying anything to Ella's disparagement. To do him justice, it was quite as much remorse as fear

that had kept him silent under her questioning in the lock. When she had cried out to him, on Rose's saying that she was his wife, "Then, who am I, sir?" he had not had the heart—that is to say, he had lacked the brutality as well as the courage—to deny the tie between them. Rose's simplicity and ignorance of the world were such that she had, hitherto, imagined that no image of another woman had ever occupied the place of her own in her husband's breast. She had imagined it to be a sort of sanctuary, which had remained pure and void until he saw her, and set her up in it as its idol. But now that she perceived this had not been the case, she at once grasped the fact that men in general are far from being immaculate. It was out of the question that her husband should be an exception save upon the side of virtue; it was evident, therefore, that he had given way to vice under a great temptation. She was not angry with him, as some women would have been, for taking all the blame upon himself, and saying nothing against his seducer; but she was by no means more inclined upon that account to take a charitable view of the young person in the six-oared galley. Her impudence had certainly been beyond all belief; but then young persons of that description must necessarily be impudent; nor was she even without a suspicion that poor Ella was intoxicated. Perhaps, what annoyed Rose most was the fact that this unfortunate and amazing rencontre had taken place in the presence of her sister and Mr. Welby.

Neither spoke again till they drew near a pretty riverside inn, about a mile below the lock. Then Cecil mildly said:

"We are to get out here, love."

"Why?" cried Rose, with a little shudder, and a half-glance behind her.

She would have preferred him to row on at the same rate for ten miles an hour for an indefinite time, so as to distance that six-oared galley, with the young person in it who called her husband "Cecil," altogether.

"We are to dine here, darling," said he persuasively.

"Dine!" she echoed, not scornfully, but with the air of one who never looks to enjoy dinner again. Perhaps, thought she, the occupants of that galley were about to dine there also, a notion that made her shiver.

However, she got out, and they were ushered into the sitting-room that had been prepared for them. It looked on the river, of course, which was itself an element of horror; and in a minute or two the measured stroke of the six-oared boat was heard as it came down the stream.

Rose, seated on the sofa, as far from the window as possible, grew once more deadly pale; she had taken up some illustrated newspaper

to hide her face from the waiter, and Cecil noticed how it trembled in her hand. Then his eyes turned to the mirror above the mantel-piece; the brightly-painted boat, with its gay-coloured awning, which happily hid those beneath it, crossed its surface like a glittering pageant seen in a magic glass—for him full of baleful menace—and passed away in a breath.

Landon drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Has it gone by?" asked Rose in a tremulous whisper.

"Yes, dearest; it has gone by."

Then came the beat of sculls; and in the mirror Cecil saw pale Helen and the vicar with troubled brow. It was, above all things, necessary that he should make his peace with Rose before those others came.

"Can you not forgive me, darling?" he whispered tenderly.

"I *have* forgiven you," she answered. "Let us forget it. Never let us speak of it more."

He kissed her, but said nothing; his heart misgave him that that last wish was vain indeed; that this evil day was but the beginning of troubles. But it was something to have obtained her pardon.

The next moment their two companions entered the room.

[Landon was soon after the events here described arrested for bigamy upon the sworn information of Colonel Juxon. Here the author leaves him for a time, to introduce the reader to Commissary Ray and his bride; of whom it is only necessary to say that when he discovered that she had no money, and she discovered that he had none, they came to an open quarrel, in which the former de Horsingham defended herself by drawing a pistol upon her liege lord. We next find the elder Landon paying a visit to Ella. Through Gracie she signified her unwillingness to see him; at which the old man bitterly cursed her. And next comes the trial. Mr. Vance is attorney for the prosecution, with the great Mr. Pawson for counsel. Mr. Everett and Mr. Redburn act in similar capacities for the defence.]

THE FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

Imagine Cecil, having surrendered to his bail, standing in the prisoners'-dock, in the great court-house, filled from roof to floor with spectators whose eyes devoured him. Even the judge himself raised his gold-rimmed glasses, and surveyed him with a prolonged stare after which he took a pinch of snuff. It was the first case in the assize list—a true bill having, of course, been returned against him by the grand jury—and everybody in court was fresh and eager. His demeanour was quiet and possessed, though by no means bold. He had the courage to run his eye round that vast assemblage, and to rest it for an instant, though without any sign of recognition, upon those he knew. Mr.

Whymper-Hobson, whom his glance arrested in the middle of some humorous remark to a neighbour in the gallery—probably concerning Cecil himself, for he turned scarlet beneath his eye—was in the gallery on his left. His eyes had not fallen on him since he had thrown him, neck and heels, into Virginia Water. In the opposite gallery, a portion of which had been reserved for ladies, was Helen, who had come by Rose's special commandment, under convoy of Mrs. Darall. Cecil noticed, too, that there were many of his London acquaintances, some of whom sought, as some avoided, his eye. Others there were whose faces were familiar to him, but whose names, and the places where he had met them, he had forgotten. One, in particular, a tall white-headed man, with sloping shoulders, like a student, returned his passing glance with a look of intense disfavour. Beside these, there were no persons in whom he had any special interest, for the witnesses in the case were, for the present, kept out of court. It was with them, as he was well aware, that his true ordeal lay, and with one among them above all.

He looked forward with sickening expectation to the moment when that door at the back of the witness-box should open and admit Ella; he felt his cheeks pale at the very thought of it, and his eyes seek the ground. And he had to wait for it for weary hours. The counsel for the prosecution opened the case at considerable, and indeed unusual, length. Cecil listened with more or less of attention, but he was chiefly taken up with speculations as to how Ella would look, and especially how she would look at him. Upon the whole, he hoped, as he expected, that it would be with vindictive severity; any touch of ancient tenderness or pity would, he felt, unman him quite. At times a subdued hum—the inarticulate expression of deep and unfavourable feeling—would compel him to give heed to the counsel's words. Then he heard himself described as a vile and dissolute wretch, making use of a mere informality of the law—which, an ignorance only equalled by his villainy had caused him to believe a valid plea—to break faith with the woman he had married, and to seduce the affections of another on the pretence of being a free man. He did not seem to have known so much of his own life as this lawyer in the wig and gown knew, and was describing with such merciless minuteness. And yet, dark as were the colours in which his picture was drawn, how far short was it of the blackness of the original as it must needs appear to Ella's eyes; and, again, his thoughts reverted to his former wife.

By the breathless silence, broken by the occasional sob from some easily-moved woman, the counsel must now be talking of Ella; and it was so. He was describing how she had given him her maiden love, had trusted in him, had cleaved to him in spite of his absence and indiffer-

ence, and of how the news of his heartless treachery had fallen upon her without foreshadowing a hint. "She was not," said the counsel, "blameless in respect to one point of her conduct—to be presently referred to ; but she was altogether blameless and undeserving of this wrong as regarded him." Then he went on to touch with what seemed tender delicacy, but was, in fact, judicious lightness, on the quarrel between Ella and her father, and the unhappy error into which she had been led by her excited feelings with respect to her change of name. "An attempt might be made," he said, "by the other side to influence the jury in the prisoner's favour, by the fact that his knowledge of the deception had embittered his relations with his wife, and turned his thoughts to getting rid of her. But the jury were men of principle as well as of intelligence, and would look on that matter in its true light. The man was tired of his wife no doubt ; unhappily, many dissolute and profligate persons did get tired of their wives, though scarcely within so short a time as this man ; but the true reason of his second marriage was that his licentious nature had been attracted by the charms of another woman. In his own mind there had not existed a shadow of a doubt of his being already legally married ; but he had used the informality already alluded to as a salve to his conscience in contracting a new alliance. The second wife, he (the counsel) had heard, would not make her appearance that day in court. She was said to be ill, which was likely enough, or it might be that she was disinclined to give this man the moral support of her presence." Here Mr. Redburn begged to call the attention of his learned friend to the fact, that a medical certificate had been handed in, which described Mrs. Henry Landon, "as I shall most certainly prove her entitled to be called," incapacitated by illness from attending the court.

"Ah, well ; that might be so. Some of the jury might themselves be acquainted with the convenience of medical certificates," at which remark, since some half-dozen jurymen had been already struck off the list that morning upon that very ground, there was "much laughter."

But, upon the whole, the case for the prosecution was singularly destitute of such streaks of light ; it was unmitigatedly stern and hostile as well as protracted ; and with its length—which by no means invariably happens—it seemed also to grow in strength. What puzzled Cecil—to whom as we have said his legal advisers had been very reticent—was, that the fact of his having been ignorant of Ella's deception, on which he himself counted for some sympathy, was willingly conceded, and even dwelt upon. Indeed, as he afterwards got to know, it was the chief point relied upon by his enemies against him.

This opening speech took up more than half the day ; and the effect upon those who heard it was not only unmistakably hostile to the pri-

soner, but the prisoner himself seemed to feel that the odds, which had been heretofore in his favour, had suddenly veered round ; for the first time he conceived it probable that he would be convicted. A terrible thought, indeed, yet not so terrible as what was to come upon the instant ; the counsel for the prosecution, having sat down, had risen again and called " Ella Landon."

The door opened, and in she came, dressed handsomely, but in black, and looking like a queen in exile. A hushed murmur of admiration, the involuntary tribute to her beauty and her wrongs, pervaded the assembly ; one person only grudged her that act of homage. When Mr. Whympere Hobson's friend and neighbour, a young man-about-town, broke forth in rapturous eulogy, " By jingo, how could a man have got tired of a woman like that so soon ?" he answered, " For my part, I don't think so much of her ; and besides, one hasn't seen the other."

Almost everyone in court—including the old man in the corner of the gallery, who, with his hand before his face, like one who shields it from the sun, gazed at her, however, through his fingers—had a full view of her ; but her own glance was limited to the judge and the counsel opposite. She had informed herself beforehand of the arrangements of the court-house, and studiously kept her eyes averted from the dock. She looked somewhat pale—which in her case enhanced her loveliness—but perfectly self-possessed ; her face was sad, but wore an expression of great dignity. While the oath was administered to her, it was observed that the book trembled in her hand a little ; but, otherwise, she stood motionless as a statute waiting for the breath of life.

" Your name is Ella Landon ?"

" Yes."

Just that simple monosyllable ; and yet it seemed to convey in it her full assurance that the name was hers by right, and belonged to no other. In the utterance of that single word, Cecil seemed to hear his doom.

Her examination followed, of course, the line of the speech for the prosecution, and revealed nothing that is not already known to us ; but when Mr. Pawson put the question as to the reason of her adopting a false name, she answered sadly, but firmly, like one making confession of sin :

" My reason for taking my mother's name of Mayne was, because I had had a quarrel with my father ; I do not excuse myself in any way for so doing ; it was only less wrong and wicked than the quarrel itself."

There was a pause, during which the rapid pens of the reporters were very distinctly heard, and then Mr. Pawson said :

" There was no material cause, then, why you should have deceived your husband ?"

"None whatever."

"He did not, however, aid and abet you in the deception?"

"He? No." She hesitated, as though in doubt of what was meant.

"I mean," said Mr. Pawson, "that you and he did not agree together before marriage to deceive the public by your assumption of this false name?"

"Most certainly we did not."

To the general ear there was nothing in this reply; but Cecil noticed that it had an effect upon the gentlemen in wigs and gowns, some of whom looked at one another significantly; and at the same time the judge himself stole a glance at him over his spectacles, which had the same effect upon his marrow as the smell of pills, unsilvered. The next time that he should look at him like that, he felt, would be to say, "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of the crime laid to your charge." In spite of all his efforts to keep calm, he shuddered from head to foot, and his eyes sought the little ledge before him, on which, in old times, sweet herbs were wont to be placed, to mitigate gaol fever. At the same moment, though he knew it not, Ella looked round and, for the first time, fixed her eyes on him. It was but for an instant, yet those about her noticed that she turned deadly pale.

"The witness has been a long time before the court," remarked the judge, who had observed her pallor. "When you have finished your examination-in-chief, Mr. Pawson, it may be as well to adjourn."

"For my part, my lord, I have no more questions to ask Mrs. Landon," returned the counsel, in a tone of confidence that verged on triumph.

"Then your cross-examination, Mr. Redburn, since it is getting late, and the witness appears somewhat tired, had better be deferred till to-morrow morning."

"Very good, my lord."

Whereupon the court adjourned.

That one story is always good until we have heard the other side, is a fact known even to country justices; but by those who are acquainted with legal matters, a shrewd guess can be generally made as to how a case will "go," even from a partial hearing.

And amongst the men of law then assembled at Pullham, there was very little doubt indeed, on the conclusion of that first day's assize, as to how it would fare with Henry Cecil Landon. "He is a gone coon," was the remark made by the leader of the circuit behind his hand to Mr. Pawson, as that gentleman sat down; and Mr. Pawson nodded an "I believe you."

Mr. Redburn, although at that very moment occupied with his "Very good, my lord," had observed the nod of his learned brother, and knew very well what it meant. A little contemptuous smile played upon his lips,

as much as to say : "The nut might be hard for you to crack ; but for me it will be 'no more difficile than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle ;'" but to those who knew him best this show of confidence went for nothing.

"My client is safe, I reckon," whispered Mr. Vance, stopping his leading counsel on his way to the robing-room.

"Unless something quite unforeseen should occur," said the other, decisively ; "all is over but shouting."

This intelligence wrapped up, however, in less sportive phraseology, Mr. Vance thought it only kind to convey to Ella, who had at once retired from the court to the inn, where (not without difficulty at that busy time) the colonel had secured apartments for herself and Gracie. When the attorney called, the ladies were not in their sitting-room, but presently Gracie entered, and stopped his apologies for calling at so late an hour by the news that Ella had been upon the point of sending for him. "She desires to have a few words in private with you, Mr. Vance."

"I have half an hour at her service," replied the attorney, pulling out his watch, and calculating his leisure with a margin (for he had arrived at a time of life when man can neither hasten nor adjourn his dinner with impunity). "The day's work of a lawyer is never over in assize time, my dear young lady."

"Mrs. Landon will be here immediately ;" and indeed, while Gracie was yet speaking, Ella entered the room, looking very grave and pale. The attorney noticed, for the first time, that she had been weeping ; no wonder, he thought, that she had broken down at last. It was necessary, however, to keep up her courage for the morrow.

"Let me congratulate you, my dear Mrs. Landon, upon your admirable bearing," said he, "throughout the ordeal of to-day."

Ella smiled faintly, and sat down, giving a sign to Gracie that she should leave the room.

"No doubt you feel exhausted. It will be a satisfaction to you, however, to learn that you have not spent your strength in vain. Mr. Pawson has just assured me that—humanly-speaking—the case is over ; that your name and fame will be established beyond question, and—and the guilty punished."

"Is it certain then that the prisoner will be convicted ?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And his sentence ?"

"That will depend upon the discretion of the judge ; it is a bad case ; a very heartless and cruel case ; not less than seven years' penal servitude, I should say ; perhaps ten."

There was a long pause, and then Ella asked : "How is it Mr. Vance,

that you are so much more certain of this result to-day than you were yesterday !”

“We felt confident yesterday, my dear madam ; but the main fact on which the prosecution rests has now been proved, namely, that Mr. Landon was at the time of your marriage ignorant of your having adopted a—well, a *nom de cœur*—a pseudonym. If he had known it, it would have been a conspiracy to deceive the public, and the marriage would have been invalid. Mr. Redburn’s efforts will probably be devoted to-morrow to shake your testimony upon that point ; to establish, that is, a previous knowledge on your husband’s part. We know that the fact is on our side ; but I would impress upon you to be very careful in your replies ; the least admission in the hands of a man like Redburn might be used with fatal effect.”

“The prisoner might escape, you think ?”

“Certainly ; and if he did, your reputation would be compromised, nay, sacrificed. If Mr. Landon has not committed bigamy, you were never his lawful wife ; there is no alternative ; it is a duel à l’outrance, and as they used to say when such were fought, ‘May God defend the right.’ We ask no more of Him.” And the attorney, mindful of his dinner, rose to go.

“You have been very good and kind to me, Mr. Vance, throughout this painful business,” said Ella, as she took his hand. “You have done everything in my cause, I believe, that man can do.”

“I hope so, madam ; but we will talk of that to-morrow, when we have reaped the fruits of it.”

“You once mentioned the name of the attorney upon the other side ; Mr. Everett, I believe ?”

“Yes, a country lawyer, but one who must have his wits about him to have secured Mr. Redburn for his counsel. He is lodging at the ‘White Lion,’ with his cloud of witnesses, and I understand—by-the-bye, where is our friend the Colonel ?”

“He is dining below in the coffee-room, as Gracie and I have not much appetite for anything beyond tea and toast.”

“Ay, ay, but you must keep up, my dear madam ; you will need support to-morrow, I assure you.”

“That is true,” said Ella, gravely. “Good-bye, Mr. Vance.”

“Good evening, my dear madam, good evening ;” and the lawyer wondered to himself, as he went home, why Mrs. Landon had been so eager about the points of law (in which she had hitherto evinced no interest), and why she had sent Miss Ray away, as though her intention had been some private matter. But women were so fond of a mystery, that they would affect one even when there was none at all.

[For what purpose Ella desired to see Mr. Redburn, the following will explain :]

It is, or was, considered derogatory to the dignity of barristers-at-law to dwell at inns during assize time, and Mr. Redburn had lodgings in the High Street. He had dined alone, and sparsely as his custom was,

and was already at work upon an intricate case which was to be tried in the civil court, perhaps upon the morrow, if the great bigamy trial should be disposed of at a sufficiently early hour ; but, in Ella's view, the papers that crowded his table had reference only to that matter. He was doubtless seeking and seeking in vain, for some loophole of escape for her unhappy husband.

He had risen, of course, on her entrance, and had shown no little astonishment when the attorney had introduced her to him by name ; but he had at once recovered himself, and assumed his usual somewhat formal manner.

"Pray be seated, madam," said he, offering her a chair ; and then waited for her to speak, still with his pen in hand.

"You are surprised, sir, doubtless, by a visit at such an untimely hour, and, above all, from me. But I have a matter to communicate to you which is of the utmost importance to one of whose interests you are the guardian."

Mr. Redburn bowed, and smiled a deprecating smile, as though, if it had not been rude to contradict a lady, he would have assured her that nothing was less surprising.

"The matter, too," continued Ella, with a glance at the attorney, "is of a strictly private nature."

"Be so good as to step into this room, Mr. Everett," said Mr. Redburn, opening a door that communicated with a small apartment occupied in the daytime by his clerk.

With the slight protest of a very perceptible shrug of his shoulders the attorney obeyed. It was collusion no doubt, and quite unprecedented collusion, but Mr. Redburn was a great man, and ought to know best.

"Now, madam, what is your business ?"

If she expected to find this gentleman conciliatory and submissive, as behoved a man conscious of a weak cause, and in expectation of defeat, she was mistaken.

"I am come here, Mr. Redburn, on behalf of your client—my husband—Cecil Landon."

"I conclude then at his own request ?"

"Not at all. I have not seen him, save in court, nor have I had any communication with him whatever."

Mr. Redburn bowed again.

"I suppose I may take it for granted, sir, that unless something quite unforeseen should be interposed in his favour, this man will be convicted, and that the law will take its course."

"The law, madam, will, let us hope, be vindicated," answered Mr. Redburn, nursing his knee and speaking very gently ; "but as to which direction it may incline, that is a matter for the jury to decide to-morrow."

"You do not understand me, sir, I am come here to gain no advantage over my unhappy husband ; but, on the contrary, to give him what help I can. You may say that I have hitherto shown myself to be his adversary ; and that is true. It is now my wish to undo the harm that I have done him, so far as in me lies. The point, as I have been informed, on which the case will turn is the foreknowledge of the prisoner as to the deception I practised on him at our marriage."

"That is an important point, madam, no doubt," assented the lawyer.

"If I furnish you with a positive proof of that foreknowledge, could you secure Cecil Landon's acquittal?"

The lawyer scanned her with great intentness before he answered.

"Such a proof as you mention, madam, would no doubt, in conjunction with other evidence that we have to offer, strengthen his position very considerably."

"Great Heaven!" cried she, clasping her hands, "strengthen it! Then you could not be sure of saving him even were you possessed of such a proof?"

"That is not at all what I meant to convey, madam; I would have rather suggested that my client's case is independent of such aid, though it would doubtless be of great assistance."

Ella drew forth a folded paper from a reticule she carried on her arm, and handed it to the lawyer.

"Be so good as to read that," said she.

It was the statement she had written out at Woolwich concerning her quarrel with her father, and which, but for her uncle's persuasion, she would, as we have seen, have placed in Cecil's hands before their marriage. Though very clearly written, it was of considerable length, and the lawyer read it twice over before making any remark upon its contents.

"This seems to be a sort of explanation, madam," said he at last, with an indifferent air, "of your family reasons for adopting an assumed name, and shows them to have been much the same as we have heard them stated to-day in court."

"It is more than an explanation, sir; it is a confession, written down for my husband's eyes on the eve of our marriage."

"The date corresponds, I see," said the lawyer thoughtfully.

"I wrote it at that time, and for the purpose mentioned, sir. It is yours, to make use of as you think best—I mean best for my husband."

There was a long pause, during which the lawyer sat stroking his smooth-shaven chin and deep in thought.

"Do I understand," said he at last, "that you are not prepared to swear, Mrs. Landon, that your husband, did not see this document the day before your marriage?"

"Yes," cried she, eagerly, "that is it. I will not swear that he did not read it on that very morning."

"You wish me to put that question to you in court to-morrow."

"I do."

"Are you aware of the social consequences that must needs happen to yourself in case of my client's acquittal?" said Mr. Redburn, after a short pause.

"I am. I know that henceforth I shall have to bear disgrace as well as desertion; that I shall be the scorn of my own sex and the jest of yours."

"Except with those who know you," answered the lawyer gently. "One man at least there will be who will esteem you as the noblest of women and the most forgiving of wives."

She shook her head forlornly, as one beyond the touch of praise or censure.

"I thank you, sir," said she sadly. Then in a firmer voice: "You

may depend upon me to-morrow, Mr. Redburn. I came to you first not to put repentance out of my power, for my resolve is fixed, but to avoid useless persuasion. I suppose, however, Mr. Pawson ought to know?"

"If it were a case in which you had only to say, 'I withdraw from the prosecution,'" returned Mr. Redburn, musing, "I should say, tell him, by all means." In his secret heart he thought his opponent ought to be told, but he could not easily relinquish the satisfaction of springing this mine upon the unsuspecting foe and blowing him into the air in the very moment of his fancied triumph. "Your counsel may combat your resolution, you see, my dear madam, and even refuse to be bound by it. Then in spite all your good intentions, he may give us a great deal of trouble."

"Nothing he can say will alter my purpose, Mr. Redburn. This is my own affair, and no one else's."

"Your's is a noble sacrifice," said Mr. Redburn, slowly.

"I don't know as to 'noble,' sir, but it is greater than you think."

"How so, madam?"

"Because if I had gained my cause it would have killed me; and now, alas, I must needs live on." She rose to go, but, as if with a sudden thought (though it had been in her mind for weeks and months) she put this question: "You have seen, I conclude, this lady who is now—Mr. Landon's wife; what is she like?"

"I have never seen her, Madam, but Mr. Everett, who has done so, tells me she is very beautiful. Though the cause, of course, of your terrible calamity, she is the innocent cause."

But Ella, with a movement of impatience, had dropped her veil, and was already moving towards the door. She stopped, however, to take the lawyer's extended hand, with a few words of thanks.

THE SACRIFICE.

The excitement among the audience in the assize court the next morning was even greater than it had been upon the previous day; the vast hall was, if possible, more closely packed than before, and presented to the prisoner's eyes, as they wandered over it, an unbroken wall of faces, in which it was difficult to pick out those he knew. There was one face among them, however, which he felt had not been present yesterday, and had guessed the cause of its absence; namely, his father's. The old man had found himself unequal to behold his only son in the prisoner's dock, even though Mr. Redburn had expressed his confidence that he would pass out of it a free man; yet now, when the odds, as Cecil thought, in common with the vast majority of those around him, had veered round and were apparently against him, there was his father, not many feet from where he himself stood, sitting next to Mr. Everett. His face had grown grayer and graver of these late months, as well it might, but its expression was, on the whole, less wretched than Cecil had expected; and when it turned towards himself, seemed to endeavour to convey some encouragement and hope.

As soon as the judge took his seat, Ella was summoned into the witness-box, and her appearance was the signal for the profoundest silence. Her face was of ashen paleness; but though the features were firm and composed, it gave the impression, to a close observer, of tension. It was

quiet, but from restraint rather than from inward calm. She looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight before her, where the counsel for the defence was standing, about to commence her cross-examination. Instead of the searching look which that learned gentleman generally used upon such occasions, he wore an expression of mild magnanimity.

"An incident has come to our knowledge, my lud, since yesterday," he began, "which will, I hope, release your ludship and the gentlemen of the jury from the necessity of hearing any further arguments from either side respecting the present unhappy case. Above all things I would wish to spare the present witness any pain and distress of mind (of which she has endured more than enough already) that can by possibility be avoided; so, without preface or question, I will read aloud the following statement written in the witness's own hand on the night but one previous to her marriage, and given to her (supposed) husband probably upon the following morning—the morning, that is, before that ceremony took place. My learned friend upon the other side will not, as I understand, question the authenticity or genuineness of this document, and indeed the witness herself will admit as much.

"DEAREST CECIL,—Notwithstanding the happiness with which I look forward to our union, and terrible to me as would be the loss of your dear love, I must risk your displeasure—and all its possible consequences—by a revelation of my true position. I cannot permit myself to call you mine under circumstances, however justifiable in my own mind, which may savour to yours of false pretences. The name under which I have passed for many months, and which I still dare to hope I shall exchange for yours, is not my own—it is my mother's name, but not my father's. There have been family troubles, not indeed of a disgraceful, but still of a most painful kind, which have compelled me to adopt it. My father (whom God preserve) is at enmity with me. I need not here explain the causes that have led to it, for there is nothing in them to which my husband could take exception. It has been the result of ungovernable temper upon the one side, and upon the other—on mine—no doubt of temper also; but yet, I trust, not without circumstances of mitigation. In love and reverence for my father I have not failed, though in filial obedience I have been wanting. I have not hesitated to confess to you that I am myself by nature passionate; I do not think I am impatient of control, but my nature revolts against injustice, and in this case injustice has been done to me. I acknowledge, with all my heart, that I have behaved with disrespect towards my father, the man whom, of all others, (save her husband) a woman is bound to revere and honour. I revere and honour him still, and that I deeply regret the breach between us you may gather from the strenuous efforts I have made—and, I am thankful to reflect, successfully—to heal the differences between you and your father. Still he has cast me off, and even forbid me to wear his name; and I, on my part, have taken him at his word and assumed that of my mother. This I have sworn before heaven to wear until I have exchanged it for that of my husband, and whatever may be the consequence to me I shall keep my oath. The matter itself can be of no little consequence to you, but the concealment of it on my part would, I feel, be doing you a great and grievous wrong. Therefore, dearest Cecil, I have herein made confession of my fault, and do

pray Heaven that your dear love may prove great and generous enough to overlook it and forgive, always your loving,

“ ‘ ELLA.’ ”

When the reading was finished, the judge beckoned for the document to be handed up to him, which he attentively perused.

“ This is your handwriting, madam, is it ? ” inquired he of Ella.

“ Yes, my lord.”

“ And it was written on the date assigned to it ? ”

“ Yes, my lord.”

Then the judge signed to Mr. Redburn to go on.

“ I have, I trust, but little more to say, my lud,” returned he, with that sideways bow which is one of the graces of the profession.

“ You told my learned friend, madam, yesterday, that you and the prisoner at the bar did not conspire together to deceive the public with respect to the pseudonym made use of at your marriage ; but you did not, I am sure, intend by that to swear that he had no knowledge of this deception before your marriage ? ”

“ We did not conspire,” answered Ella, in a low faint voice.

“ Just so ; of that I am quite convinced. Your nature, madam, is not one fitted for base conspiracies. But what may have seemed to be of no consequence—or certainly no harm—may, in the eye of the law, be of great weight. The question I have to ask you—and I hope it will be my last—is a different one from that put by my learned friend, and with the reply to which he was so well satisfied ; but your answer to my question will be of even greater importance. It will probably decide the fate of the prisoner at the bar. That he has wronged you deeply, I, for one, will not deny ; but you are not here, madam, as your own avenger.”

She bowed in silence ; her hands grasped the ledge in front of the witness-box convulsively ; even ordinary spectators could see that the moment was supreme with her.

“ Are you prepared to swear, madam, that this confession, written out by your own hand, was not perused by the prisoner at the bar, before your marriage ? ”

“ I am not.”

A murmur of astonishment and compassion ran through the court, and in the midst of it—which immensely heightened the popular excitement—the prisoner burst into tears.

“ I submit, my lord, though I cannot place my unhappy client in the witness-box to corroborate this testimony,” observed Mr. Redburn, with confidence, “ that, proceeding as it does, as it were, from the other side, it is conclusive ; that the charge against the prisoner at the bar has failed in limine.”

The judge looked enquiringly over his spectacles at Mr. Pawson, who rose, immediately, omitting however to settle his gown upon his shoulders, without which, as is well known, no examination of a witness can take place.

“ I have no opposition to offer, my lud, either to the statement my learned brother has elicited,” said he, mechanically, “ or to the deduction he has drawn from it.”

And he sat down again. The excitement of the audience had risen to the highest degree compatible with silence.

"This piece of evidence has taken the court very much by surprise," observed the judge, doubtfully.

"Not more so, my lord, than it has taken *me*, I do assure you," added Mr. Redburn. "Had I been yesterday aware of the existence of this document—which, however, only came into my hands last night—and of course of the use to which it had been put, I should at once have informed my learned friend, and deprived us all of the great intellectual pleasure of hearing his opening speech."

Here, so closely does comedy tread upon the heels of tragedy, there was a general titter.

"If the counsel for the prosecution has nothing further to say," said the judge, knitting his brows, "it would be wasting the time of the court to prolong the matter. The case is over. Prisoner at the bar, you are discharged."

Then the pent-up excitement of the audience found a vent. The judge, as though conscious of the necessity of its doing so, had withdrawn himself, and the court-house was at once transformed into a Tower of Babel. Ella had disappeared from the witness-box, and Cecil had made use of the first moment of freedom to make his way from the court-house in the company of Mr. Welby, who had provided a closed carriage for him without, which whirled him off at once to Grantham.

* * * *

EXILE.

In England, Ella felt life to be unendurable, and preparations were made at once to take her to another clime. It was arranged that in a few weeks her father and she were to start for New Zealand, a colony much affected by that High Church divine, and in which, as it happened, he was possessed of house and land. She was unhappy, but thanks to the recovery of her father's love, and doubtless also to the consolation that always flows from our self-sacrifices, she could not with justice be called wretched. From those who knew her, she had won a rare respect, deeper perhaps than she had ever enjoyed in the days of her prosperity; when the generosity of her soul had remained latent. By the world at large, which knows so little of those it passes judgment on so flippantly, she was ill spoken of. Its lying tongue described her as a designing girl, who had entrapped her lover, as she imagined, into matrimony, and whose conduct when she discovered her mistake had been as unscrupulous as it was vindictive. The fear of a prosecution for perjury had alone wrung from her the admission that had set her husband free; and as for the tenderness with which her character had been treated by the opposing counsel, that was accounted for by her pretty face; though, indeed, added the ladies (for it is their opinion for the most part that I quote), "what people saw in her, in the way of beauty, to make so much fuss about, they were utterly at a loss to discover."

The lawful Mrs. Landon (whom, however, they had not seen), was infinitely better looking, and, as they understood, "poor thing," perfectly respectable in every way. How shocking it was to think that she had nearly lost her husband through a base conspiracy, the members of which comprised, besides this profligate and reckless woman, her father, a clergyman of the Church of England, who had, doubtless, had

his own reasons for disavowing their relationship; and her uncle, a sort of military bully, who had made a personal assault upon a young gentleman of rank and fashion, for expressing the same opinion upon the matter, which was shared by all reasonable persons. With the world, however, Ella no longer mixed; so that its views were lost upon her. In only one piece of gaiety—and that of a quiet sort—did she take part, before she left England. Gracie Ray was married to Hugh Darall from her house.

As for Cecil, he, of course, never spoke of Ella, and but rarely of anything else. A physical shock will destroy a man, in mind and matter; anything amiss—be it but the size of a pin's point—in a man's brain will paralyse the strong, or render the wisest a drivelling idiot; but mental troubles (as the materialist delights to show) have seldom the same force. It is not often that a single disappointment, disgrace, bereavement, what you will, will wholly change a man. Yet thus it was with Cecil Landon. The consciousness of his late narrow escape from social perdition, the knowledge of his ill desert, and, above all, the humiliation of his very soul, caused by the consciousness that he had escaped ruin through the magnanimity of the woman he had loved, had indeed overwhelmed him utterly. Every grain of self-respect had vanished. He avoided society as though he were a leper, for he felt, even when others knew it not, that his presence was contagion.

The one great exception, without which existence would perhaps have been impossible to him, was his wife. Rose believed in him still implicitly, with a credulity which it would have been cruel indeed to have enlightened, and in which, I am glad to say, once for all, she remained throughout her life. She knew that he had been "entangled" by a certain young person, when he was but a boy, and had shown much weakness under great temptation; that a terrible attempt had been made by the same individual to avenge herself upon him, and that—as she, Rose Landon, his lawful wife, had felt quite sure it would—it had signally failed. Her beloved husband had returned to her, purged of his former folly, for which he had been indeed grievously punished, and without stain, save that which he had already confessed to her. For her part she was very willing to let bygones be bygones, but it was by no means to his discredit that the remembrance of his wrong-doing and its consequences still preyed upon his mind. In time, no doubt, his old brightness would return to him, and in the meanwhile she had no reason to reproach him for lack of love. Cecil's devotion to her was complete, and it is but fair to add that it so continued to be.

After the marriage of Gracie, a great gloom fell upon poor Ella, notwithstanding that her father did all he could to cheer her.

"I shall be better, dear father, to-morrow," she said, "and still better the day after; and when we have left England, and are really alone together, I shall be your own dear daughter again, as I was before any shadow came between us. But just now, darling, I must be alone."

So the old man took his hat and left her for an hour or so, to drain her cup of bitterness to the dregs, and (then let us hope) to cast it aside for ever.

She did not envy Gracie her happiness; but the sense of contrast, as she compared her lot in life with her own, was sharp indeed, and it pierced her very soul. It has been cynically said that this or that is worse

than a crime—it is a blunder; and to love not wisely but too well is in woman a blunder that is punished far worse than most crimes. As she sat in her darkening drawing-room, thinking over many things and finding little comfort, word was brought to her that a lady wished to see her.

"I can see no one to-day," was her reply.

But presently it was told her that the lady had come from far, and on a special errand, that though her name was unknown to her, her business was of importance, and could not be delayed.

"Then let her come up," said she, wearily; and she came up. A thin, pale girl, with a face full of thought and tenderness, and one which she had somewhere seen before, though she knew not where.

"I have come to you, Mrs. Landon," she began, in trembling tones——

"My name is Juxon," interrupted Ella, coldly.

"Not to me, madam, for I know better," was the unexpected response; "you are the lawful wife of Cecil Landon—I am come here to acknowledge it."

"Who *are* you?"

"I am Helen Mytton, Rose Mytton's sister."

"Well?"

"You are about, as I understand, to leave England—banished by your own act; the victim of your own magnanimity. Before you go, let one at least of those whom circumstances have arrayed against you, acknowledge the greatness of your self-sacrifice."

"I have sacrificed myself neither for your sake, nor for that of your sister," was the cold reply.

"I know it, Mrs. Landon. Yet do not forbid us to thank you for it from the bottom of our hearts, but with abasement," and as she spoke she fell upon her knees at Ella's feet. "You have saved a pure and innocent girl from an inexpiable shame."

"Did she send you to say so?"

"No, madam. Thank Heaven, she knows it not; for if she did, the shame would still be hers, as it is mine, let the law say what it will."

"Yet the law shames me," said Ella, bitterly.

"No, madam, no; it is powerless to do that: or if it does, it is a shame in which you indeed may glory. As for me, I respect you; I reverence you above all living women. But for you my sister would be—not in your place, no, no, for then she would be enviable indeed, blessed of Heaven, and to be rewarded by it—but dishonoured and defamed; while the child she bears within her—— Oh, what have I done!"

Ella had uttered a sharp, bitter cry, and sank back on the sofa, white and lifeless. In a few moments, however, and assisted by such remedies as Helen knew how to apply, she recovered consciousness.

"Did you say that she will have a child?" she murmured.

"Yes, madam; who, but for you, would be branded as the child of sin and shame."

"And you came here to taunt me with it?"

Then Helen perceived her error. Intending to bring balm she had brought wormwood.

"To taunt you, madam, Heaven forbid."

"Then wherefore? To thank me. Do you think I want your thanks?"

"Oh no, madam; though I did come to thank you, I had much more in view."

"What is it then you want of me?"

"Forgiveness. Forgiveness for the innocent, who have yet so deeply wronged you. I could not, I dared not, let you leave England without imploring it—without confessing the victory that is yours, though the world calls it defeat. Dear lady, ere you go, forgive us."

"I forgive you!" said Ella, hoarsely. "I forgive *her*! Go, go," added she, hurriedly, as though she could scarce trust herself not to recall her words.

Helen stopped to print one kiss upon the other's unresponsive lips, and hurried from the room.

"Yes, I forgive them," reiterated Ella, bursting into tears; "I forgive them all—Heaven knows it—but when, oh, when, will it permit me to forget!" She was not thinking of Helen then, nor yet of Rose.

Within the week Ella and her father were on the seas; and in due course arrived at their far-distant home. Its novelty was to her of incalculable value—there was nothing to suggest the past, nor wherewith to contrast the present; and Time, the healer, did gradually his wholesome work with her. They made new friends, but it was long indeed before they encountered any old ones, and that—so sad their case—was beneficial to them both. In a few years, however, it happened that Darall was ordered to Auckland, and he brought Gracie with him. They had two children left in Mrs. Darall's charge at home, for whom the young mother in secret pined. "Why not send for them and grand-mamma, and make your home here?" said Ella; "you are resolute, I know, to accept nothing as a gift from hands however friendly; but my father has purchased land, and wants an honest tenant such as your husband. He has a turn for farming, and the time is favourable. Why should he not leave the army, and live here in comfort, with his boys and girls about him? That no advice could possibly be more selfish, darling, I am well aware, but—confess, is it not good advice?"

"If I could only persuade Hugh," sighed Gracie. For her part she was well content to be wherever he was, and did not mind the being poor; but there were the children—and many more to come, perhaps—and, even as matters were, it was very hard to make both ends meet; yet she hesitated about so great a venture. But Ella took Hugh in hand, and aided by the good Canon, and much unscrupulous assertion of the kind on which angels smile, carried her point, so that the Sapper became a settler, and delved and built, and, all things running smoothly with him, prospered. To Ella this proved a very Indian summer of happiness, late and unlooked for, but which was also lasting. The two households were separated by no great distance, and in love were one. It was very rarely that the Canon and his daughter were now alone, and when it was so, they were far from unhappy. Ella never could do enough to show her affection for him who had left all and come across the world for her sake; and, thanks to that loving service, it was but seldom that the sense of loss intruded on her. It never showed itself to another—save once. They were alone—she and her father—one winter time, and the old man's eyes failing him at night, she was wont to read to

him aloud his favourite old-world books ; among them Dryden. He had chosen the play that contains perhaps the finest scene of passion, betwixt woman and woman, in the whole range of dramatic literature, where the wife of Antony reproaches Cleopatra as having caused her husband's ruin, and Cleopatra thus defends herself :

Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.
If you have suffered, I have suffered more.
You bore the specious title of a wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favour it. The world condemns poor me,
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
And the glory of my loyal house,
And all to bear the branded name of—mistress.

Ella, poor soul, broke down. The compelling hand of genius shaping a worn theme dug from the forgotten past, had still such power to wring the living heart.

For *she* had lost her honour, lost her fame for one whom (all unlike the Egyptian queen) she had not deserted, but who had deserted her.

That was *what* he had cost her ; simply all that a true woman values as her own. It was a bitter moment, and she could not hide its sting ; but it passed by, and there were no more of such.

Of what was left to her of life's sunshine she made the most, since she made sunshine for others. She had her father still almost as alert as ever (though the fire of the Juxon temperament waxed somewhat fainter), and Gracie for her dearest friend, and Gracie's children—who love her as well as they may, next to their own mother—in whom to revive her youth. A woman's not unenviable portion—as women's portions go. The consequences of marrying one's first love have been known to be even more disastrous than in her case.

No apprehension of mischance, by-the-bye, would have deterred the Rev. Samuel Welby, if only the Fates and Helen Mytton would have permitted him to try that experiment. She never married him, however, and he remained her faithful but hopeless lover. Nor did this make him unhappy ; there are some men who have no objection to the rôle of Tantalus in love, and the vicar was one of them. They never quarrelled like real lovers, and had only one topic of disagreement. When he would extol her virtues, calling her the guardian angel of her sister's happiness—as indeed she had been, keeping the bitter truth, or those who would have told it, from her tender ears with flaming sword—she would answer, "Tush: her true guardian angel is on the other side of the globe."

"But my dear Miss Helen, you would surely not compare yourself with that—ahem—exceedingly emotional young person?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Welby ; it would be a piece of conceit beyond my powers of assurance. You are good enough to say sometimes that I am 'one in a thousand;' without questioning your figures, though I have great doubts of them, I may certainly say, that if it be so, the woman you speak of is one in a million."

THE END.

Current Literature.

WE often hear it urged that Canadians should aim at homogeneity, by the cultivation of a national spirit; and to that admonition no one will feel disposed to object. But when it is contended further that this will be found impossible so long as men continue to cherish an attachment to the land from which they sprang, and to flush with pride at the story of its historic triumphs, most reasonable men will at once demur. Examined closely, the proposal involves the absurdly impossible idea that men can drink of Lethe as they cross the deep; nay more, that they can change those broad characteristics which are national, in so far as they are inherited. A nation no more than an individual is born without bent or idiosyncrasy. Locke's simile of the sheet of white paper is demonstrably false as regards both the unit and the mass. Canada, like every nascent community of recorded times, begins its national life with an inherited capital made up of capacities, virtues, errors, tendencies and energies, good and evil. It is, in short, a composite body, not a simple element; and, therefore, its character and progress must largely depend upon the nature of its constituent parts. These may be welded or fused together as you will; yet the compound, after all, is a resultant of the features and forces aggregated in all the materials together.

It is of importance, therefore, that each of these should be separately examined; that every nation which has contributed of its strength and weakness to the new nation should be treated by itself, gauged and weighed, as if it stood, *pro hac vice*, alone. Mr. Davin's elaborate work, "*The Irishman in Canada*,"* is an effort to accomplish this purpose, so far as regards his own countrymen, and it is certainly a most successful effort. Our author has no idea of asking any European settler to cast off his old nationality any more than he would require him to change his skin, his accent, or his creed. The Briton, the Irishman, the German, and so on, is a bundle of acquired or inherited qualities which will continue to cling to him, will be transmitted to his posterity, and leaven, as well as energize, the entire community. An unpatriotic Irishman or Scotchman—one who wishes "to break with the past," and all its glorious traditions—is sure to prove a worse than indifferent Canadian. It is also well pointed out in the introduction that national works like "*The Irishman in Canada*" are valuable from a merely historic point of view. Cutting off a portion of the field, they glean and garner in records of fact, and impressions of character, which the future chronicler will only be too glad to and ready to his hand. They serve as storehouses—*mémoires pour servir*—to be drawn upon by the future labourer in the domain of history.

* *The Irishman in Canada*: By NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN. Toronto: Maclear & Co., 1877.

It is extremely difficult, within the brief space at our command, to give an adequate idea of this work, extending as it does over nearly seven hundred pages, and literally crammed as it is with fact, description, anecdote, and reflection. If we succeed in conveying to the reader a general idea of its character, and in commending it to his attentive perusal, we must be content. There are two features in the book which are specially notable—the author's fairness to other nationalities, and to their share in the work of building up the Dominion, and his tact in dealing with those unhappy contentions which have so long divided a high-spirited, generous, and gifted people. It may be that Englishmen and Scotchmen will take exception to some of the claims asserted for Irishmen by Mr. Davin; but they cannot allege that he has failed to give ample credit to men of all origins whenever their words or deeds have been connected with those who are his immediate concern.

The initial chapters are devoted to the nation at home, and the author wisely skims lightly over vexed questions of ethnology and archaeology. As it is, however, he appears unintentionally to have committed himself to some doubtful, or at least controverted, positions regarding race. If we understand him aright, he appears to attribute the Arthurian legends to Ireland, and claims, rather broadly, all that is Celtic as something which of necessity reflects credit upon the Emerald Isle. The truth appears to be that each branch of the Celtic race followed out a path of its own, when isolated from its kinsmen. Even the Albanian Scoti, after a time, carved out a groove for themselves, and ran in it; and we scarcely think there is much in common between Macaulay, who is claimed as a Celt, because of his name, and the modern Irishman. Wellington, again, was only an Irishman by the accident of birth, as O'Connell took care to remind him; and the same is true of Swift.

Passing over the chapter devoted to American and Australian indebtedness to Ireland, with the bare mention of a graceful tribute to Bishop Berkeley, whose celebrated lines, which were quoted so often by Daniel Webster, are of course given, and to the chivalrous Montgomery, we come to the subject proper. Mr. Davin appropriately sets out with Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, "the first Irish Governor of Canada," who would have been also the first Governor after the conquest but for the intervention of General Murray. The latter, with the best intentions, failed to conciliate the subject population of Quebec; Carleton, on the other hand, albeit he too came from Ulster, resembled his distinguished successor Lord Dufferin. He "had all that wonderful power of attraction which Froude has marked as native to the Irishman," (p. 76,) and "the perseverance and fertility of resource which have never been wanting in his countrymen in times of emergency." (p. 77). How he endeavoured, with the aid of the Bishop and clergy, to allay the natural and justifiable discontent of the French inhabitants, and the difficulties he had to contend with when Montgomery and Arnold were on the march northwards, are graphically described—indeed, the account reads like a chapter from Parkman. Within the period 1759–1803, we have sketches of the United Empire Loyalists, the early Protestant Churches, and a most interesting account of Colonel Talbot, and the Talbot settlement on Lake Erie. Mr. Davin's skill in narrative, and particularly in limning cha-

racter, is well brought to the front, as in many other instances elsewhere. Let us quote a few disconnected passages :—

"He (Talbot) seems also to have made an effort to supply them with religion. He assembled them on Sunday for religious worship, and like a Patriarch read Divine Service to them. He ensured punctuality and a large congregation, by sending the whiskey-bottle round after the service. Not only did he thus lead their minds to heaven, he united them in the bonds of matrimony. He also, it is said, baptized the children. Yet at no time of his life was he what is understood as a religious man. When a young man, he was full of jocosity, and some have affirmed wit; it is certain that after dinner, like many other men, he was given to retailing stories which are better left untold.

"His mode of transferring land was peculiar. He was accustomed to pencil down the names of the settler, and this rough-and-ready way of giving a title, was aided by his memory. A transfer was effected, not by elaborate conveyance, but by a piece of India rubber, and a stroke of the pencil. Talbot was a man of liberal views, and gave the land to any good settler, whether English, Scotch, or Irish. To avoid personal encounters, he had one of the panes of glass in his window made to open and shut, and here all negotiations took place" (pp. 110, 111).

Some of the anecdotes told of Talbot are exceedingly good. The old pioneer had his faults. He was fond of power, somewhat arbitrary and eccentric, but thoroughly honest and singularly unselfish. He was the governor, priest and father of his people, their counsellor, prophet, and, if need were, chastiser. As the grantor of all their lands, he had a right to say, "I can boast like the Irishman in the farce, of having peopled a whole country with my hands," (p. 115). A remarkable settlement of seven South Irishmen is described at p. 316. They had resolved that they would live together under one roof, and Colonel Powell enabled them to do so in Lanark. They had a sort of soldiers' mess together, and their life appears to have been a very romantic one. Still as a colonization scheme, it was hardly the thing, and we wonder that Mr. Davin, who appears to be a true Irishman in his devotion to the fair sex—see his glowing eulogy on women, (pp. 118-120)—did not note at once the inherent weakness, as well as the unloveliness, of the plan adopted by his seven "celebrities." *En parenthèse*, we may enter our protest against Moore being called "the poet laureate of Canada," on the strength of the Canadian Boat Song. It is a very pretty little trifle in its way, as most of Moore's lyrics are, but it owes all its popularity to the air which he picked up from the boatmen, and cannot by any stretch of literary charity be called a "National Anthem."

The next three chapters relate first to the war of 1812, the salient points of which are treated in a masterly style, fitting prominence being given to Fitzgibbon and other Irish heroes; and secondly to Irish immigration from 1815 to 1837. The latter subject is exhaustively treated, and the author has evidently spared no pains in bringing to light the history of all the families whose names are familiar words with us to-day. The amount of research in this department is as astonishing as the information afforded is valuable and interesting. Mr. Davin possesses a singular power and felicity of style here,

and he manages to invest the driest details of family history with general interest. The Blakes very properly occupy a foremost place, and many who are not Irishmen will feel grateful for the account of the Hon. W. H. Blake, and his distinguished son. The Minister again figures at p. 660; but the account of the family, and especially of the almost heroic work of the Rev. D. E. Blake, the late Chancellor's brother, is on the whole more skilfully and less hurriedly penned.

With 1837, Mr. Davin enters upon the ablest portion of his book. The events antecedent to the Rebellion, the brief struggle itself, and the subsequent contest for Responsible Government under Metcalfe, could hardly be better drawn from an Irish point of view. The history of the Baldwins, including the now almost forgotten father of the Attorney-General, is, on the whole, the finest passage in the work. Mr. Davin has evidently a deep and sincere admiration for the character of Robert Baldwin, independent of national considerations, and this admiration is certainly warranted to the full by a retrospect of his distinguished career. For our own part, we should be disposed to make a man's estimate of Baldwin's character and political career the test of his own soundness in political theory and purity in political practice. The pages which describe that character and unfold that career (390-5), are well worth careful consideration. They form, of course, but a small part of the history, relating to the statesman, but they contain a concise estimate of his worth. Almost equally good are the portraits of Sullivan, Hincks and Draper, the last, of course, not being an Irishman. There is only one thing of which we complain, and that is, that Mr. Davin should call the term extending from 1825 to 1854 "the Irish period." For that we conceive there is no justification whatever; and, with one exception, it is the only instance where injustice is done to other nationalities by deliberate extrusion. Responsible Government was achieved by the force of united public opinion, and we fear that if the other side of the shield were exposed, it would be found that Mr. Davin's countrymen, notwithstanding their loyalty in 1837—indeed this was part of that loyalty—were the most strenuous champions of arbitrary power. Sullivan was not immaculate, and Daly, "the Lily of the Valley," as Mr. Baldwin called him (p. 393), was everything by turns and nothing long. If we except Baldwin, Hincks, and a few lesser lights, almost all the rest—the rank and file, save a faithful band of Roman Catholics—were on the side of the Family Compact. In depicting the progress of the Confederation movement, again too much credit is given to the oratorical efforts of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. We do not yield to our author in reverence for the honoured memory of the murdered statesman, or in admiration of his great abilities; but, in the nature of things, his brilliant rhetoric could only serve to adorn and illuminate a fabric erected by others. To Messrs. Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, and Galt, the substantial merit of the scheme from its inception alone belongs. They were its architects and builders, let whoever else have added beauty to the building or grace to its *entourage*.

But this notice has already run far beyond its proper bounds, and yet the promise has hardly been fulfilled with which we set out. There are yet unmentioned the distinct departments of professional eminence attained by Irishmen, their position in the Churches, which are treated of one after the

other, in the educational interests, and in our history, political, social, and industrial, to the present hour. These, with all the numerous references to the Maritime Provinces, including Newfoundland, must be examined by the reader for himself. Tested by the index, we do not think it will be found that one Irishman of distinction has been lost sight of. Let us add, that Mr. Davin's style is exceedingly lively and entertaining, flowing smoothly and pleasantly along, from title-page to that word which comes at last to men and books alike—"Finis." The volume is a credit to both author and publishers, and its printing, binding—its mechanical execution generally—are creditable to all concerned. "The Irishman in Canada," to sum up, is a splendid vindication of its subject, and a most complete account of him and his work in the Dominion. To any patriotic Irishman, it ought to be a valued household book, and by Canadians of other races it will be found to be an accurate and valuable repertory of information.

Of the numerous novels manufactured nowadays, it is only those which offer some fresh study of human nature, some special experience of life, or some evidence of finished literary workmanship, which deserve the serious attention of the critic. Dr. Holland's new book* is certainly deserving of such attention, for he has struck upon reins of character and morals which are of great interest, both from the point of view of imaginative art and of didactic utility. But a writer of fiction must establish the artistic claim before his preaching can be tolerated, and therefore we propose to consider first the merits of "Nicholas Minturn" as a work of imaginative literature. The plot is simple, as the plot of a novel ought to be, for it is only your tyro who constructs extraordinary machinery for the action of his insipid puppets. Minturn is a retiring young man, of good aspirations, who finds himself with "plenty of money and nothing to do," starting life—like Viscount Ipseden in Mr. Charles Reade's "Christie Johnstone"—"with nothing to win." He is advised to travel, and actually sets out for Europe, but a collision in mid-ocean produces a change in his whole plan and ideas of life. It calls forth his latent manhood, brings him in contact with his fate (in the shape of a charming young lady afflicted with numb palsy), and causes him to return to his own country. There he looks on life with new eyes, discovers his *métier* in a crusade against pauperism, and finally marries the girl of his heart, whose affliction, by the way, rather mysteriously disappears. Some stolen bonds play an important part in the plot, but as the story has already been told in this magazine, we need not here repeat it. It always strikes us as evidence of power in a novelist when, after rising from a first perusal of his novel, one carries away a lively and well-defined idea of the principal characters. No one can read "Nicholas Minturn" without acquiring an accurate sense of the individuality of Glezen, of the irrepressible Mrs. Coates, of Bob Spencer, and of Jonas Cavendish. Miss Coates we come to know and love so well as to wish that she and Glezen had been the central figures of the little drama, instead of Nicholas and Miss Larkins. These latter, indeed, are the leading lady and gentleman of the cast, but the success of the play is largely

* *Nicholas Minturn. A Study in a Story.* By J. G. HOLLAND. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

due to the former, and, after the customary ovation to the leading actors, the audience will not fail to call that brace of lovers before the curtain, and accord them hearty applause. Then besides those we have already named, there is Mr. Coates, Talking Tim, and Pont, all fairly well-defined and interesting characters. Of Mr. Benson, the man of hypocritical integrity, we may say that had the author allowed the actions of that individual to speak for him, and dispensed to a large extent with that Greek chorus of explanation which is continually informing the reader of Mr. Benson's true character, the portraiture would have been all the more striking. There are quite a number of striking situations and graphically told incidents in the book. Perhaps one of the most amusing incidents is that in which Miss Coates cures a bad boy's disposition by outward application (if we might condescend to pun we would call it a "striking" situation). As this furnishes a characteristic specimen of our author's best vein, we cannot do better than quote the incident, apart from the thread of the general story. Bob Spencer consents to go to Miss Coates' Sunday School Class, and promises to take also Larry Con-cannon, the little "Mickey," who stood in the relation of "pard" to him. When there he fully maintains his character as a bad boy, and vexes the patience of his teacher. But matters culminated when he and Larry snow-balled her all the way home :—

"She was filled with shame and rage ; and she had just reached and mounted the steps of her house, when a final shot hit her head and hurt her cruelly.

"On the landing, at the top of the flight, she turned and said in a kind voice :

" ' Come, Bob, come in. I want to give you something.' "

"Bob turned to Larry and said : ' I'm agoin' in. Say ! (addressing Miss Coates) Can Larry come in ? '

"No, I haven't anything for him."

" ' I'll give ye a taste of it,' said Bob, by way of consolation to his 'pard.' ' You stay out, and knock around, and I'll be out afore long.' "

When Miss Coates had fairly inveigled her victim into the house, she boxed his ears so soundly that he was half stupified.

"Bob found the street in a dizzy condition. Larry was waiting a few rods away, and eagerly expectant, came up to him.

" ' Say, Larry, are my cheeks red ? ' said Bob.

" ' Red aint no name fer't,' said Larry.

" ' It was awful hot in there,' remarked Bob, as they quietly resumed the backward track. * * * Larry had been waiting very impatiently to hear something about the material benefits of the call, and to receive his promised share ; and, as Bob appeared to forget this important matter, he said :

" ' What did she give you ? '

" ' Don't you wish you knew ? '

" ' You said you'd give me some of it.' "

" ' Oh, Larry, you wouldn't like it. It wasn't anything to eat. I can't cut up a gold breast-pin, ye know, with a big diamond into it. Now you jest shut up on that.' "

"Poor Larry was disappointed, but he saw that Bob was not in a mood for talk, and so withheld further questions.

"But a great tumult was raging in Bob's breast. The reaction had set in, and he found that he could contain himself but little longer. Coming to a narrow lane that led to a stable, he said :

" ' Larry, let's go in here. I'm kind o' sick.' "

"A bare curbstone presented itself as a convenient seat, and the two boys sat down, Bob burying his face in his mittens. Larry did not understand the matter, but he watched Bob curiously, and saw him begin to shake, and convulsively try to swallow something. Then the floodgates gave way, and Bob cried as if his heart were broken.

"Say, Bob, what's the matter?" said Larry in a tone of sympathy.

"Oh, I don't know," Bob responded, with a new burst of grief, and with suspirations quite as powerful as those with which his teacher was exercised at the same moment [Miss Coates had a fit of crying after thrashing Bob].

"Come, you shall tell, Bob," Larry persisted.

"She got the bu-bu-bulge on me!" exclaimed Bob, sobbing heavily—by which he intended to indicate that she had had the advantage of him in a struggle.

"And what did she do?" inquired Larry.

"She pu-pu-put a French roof on me, and a-a-a liberty pole, and a-a-gold ball!"

"And then Bob bawled in good earnest. It was all out now, and he was at liberty to cry until nature was satisfied."

It is unnecessary to say that the punching he had received made a convert of Bob, and he entertained a profound respect for his teacher ever after. Not only in the Spencers, father and son, but in the dead beats and others of the Beggar's Paradise, to whom Dr. Holland introduces us, do we find indications that certain phases of New York life are as rich in material as Dickens ever found the corresponding phases of life in London to be. This is a vein which no American writer of fiction but Dr. Holland (if we except a few play-writers) has yet attempted to work. Of the didactic features of "Nicholas Minturn," we can only say, that the author has laid his finger upon the sore spot of pauperism in great cities, and the influences which tend to perpetuate it.

As Nicholas is made to say to the representatives of organized charities at the Athenæum in Beggars' Paradise, "What are many of you doing but nourishing—not designedly, of course, and not directly, perhaps—but still nourishing, in spite of yourselves, the very vice whose consequences you are endeavouring to assuage? What are you doing but trying to build up separate interests in a cause which, in its very nature, has but one? How much of private, church, and political interest stands organized, aggressive and self-defensive, at the head of your great charities? And what have you done? The station-houses are thronged every night with disgusting tramps and paupers who haunt your kitchens for food, who hold out their dirty hands to you in the streets, who refuse work when it is offered to them, and who shame the sunlight with their filthy rags. Does your work grow less with all your expenditure? Is pauperism decreasing? Is it not coming in upon you and beating upon your sympathies and efforts in constantly augmenting waves?" The labours of Nicholas Minturn go somewhat towards illustrating the way in which this gigantic evil must be wrestled with; and the moral of the book now under consideration must be pronounced both healthy and good.

A thoughtful book should have a thoughtful review, and certainly Mr. Allen's late literary venture* is far more than thoughtful, being in point of fact characterized by actual profundity in its manner of dealing with the

* *Physiological Aesthetics*. By GRANT ALLEN, B.A. Appleton & Co., Broadway, New York.

various subjects, psychological and physiological, which occupy its pages, and therefore perhaps worthy of being reviewed at the hands of a specialist in place of the mere literary reviewer. The book is decidedly an outcome of modern thought, which finding its boldest expositors in such men as Mill, Darwin and Spencer, principally revels in and consists of minute analysis of all the factors which go to make up the sum of human consciousness as well as the vast organism of nature. Mr. Allen is of course known as the disciple of at least Spencer and Darwin. The dedication to the first-named thinker pronounces him to be the greatest of living philosophers, and the book is said by the author to be "a slight attempt to extend in a single direction the general principles which he has laid down," that is, Spencer.

The questions which the book asks, and to our mind answers satisfactorily, are referred to in the Preface as having been already set aside by Ruskin, the greatest living critic, and by Darwin, the greatest living naturalist, as incapable of solution. These are, why certain phenomena and impressions, visual, auditory, olfactory, tactual, and even gustatory, please us in contradistinction to other phenomena and impressions of the same class which are distasteful to us. Beginning, then, with the two antithetical modes of consciousness, known as Pleasure and Pain, which can be easily referred to a purely bodily origin, that is, to the five senses and the general organic and muscular sensibility, he sketches first the principal varieties of physical pain, dividing it into two main classes, after Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, the massive and acute. Pleasure is defined as the concomitant of the normal amount of function in the sentient tissues, while Pain is the concomitant of destructive action or insufficient nutrition in any sentient tissue, and having thus arrived at a physiological conception of these states of being in general, we are next led to consider how that class of pleasure and pain known as æsthetic differs from those more ordinarily designated as sensuous. Being given a certain physical nature which requires close attention in all life-serving essentia, it follows that man must work, and furthermore, just as surely as he works, so in one way or another will he play. From this fact arise two classes of impulses, play proper, and as differentiated from this, art and the æsthetic pleasures. Finally, the æsthetically beautiful is defined as "that which affords the maximum of stimulation with the minimum of fatigue and waste in processes not directly connected with the vital functions." In the light of this definition, the various phenomena of taste and touch, smell, hearing and sight, are critically examined and classified, the intervention of the intellect and the ideal are brought to bear on these phenomena, thus at length the perfect phenomenon of art is presented to us. The goal of the book is an analysis of poetry, which the author rightly considers the highest of the artistic products, included under four heads: first, simple or abstract ideal sensuous elements; second, complex or concrete ideal sensuous elements; third, ideal emotional elements; and fourth, intellectual elements. According to Mr. Allen, what of our special sensations are in the actuality gratifying, enter effectively into poetical composition, "in proportion to their original pleasurable nature, and to their remoteness from life-serving functions." The names of vivid hues are often met with in poetry, such hues being themselves pleasing to the eye. For instance, the red end of the

spectrum, being less fully represented in nature than the blue, has acquired greater pleasurable as a stimulant, and therefore we find the different varieties of scarlet, crimson, and pink more adapted to poetry than blue or green with their cognate tints. Likewise in hearing, words denoting musical tones are poetical, witness *clear*, *ringing*, *mellow*, in contrast to *shrill*, *hoarse*, and *grating*. It may very naturally be asked that if all a poet does is to combine certain elements which he cognizes as pleasing and favourable both in themselves and to his senses, poetry is surely greatly degraded, and the author so far anticipates this remonstrance that he says "poetical genius is the power of thus combining and arranging these elements."

Of course to those who hold with the evolutionists nothing is easier than such reasoning, namely, that our preferences and distastes in things æsthetic are the result of natural selection—in fact it is, in such a case, the only possible reasoning. But whether one holds with the principle or not, one must thank the author, already so distinguished in the field of psychological inquiry, for a book which is a valuable addition to philosophy.

Musical.

IN Herbert Spencer's Essay on the "Origin and Function of Music," which is marvellously suggestive throughout, and important as the effort of a scientist not an enthusiast, occurs the remark that the increasing elaboration of musical sounds out of man's first inarticulate cry, has arisen from the gradually increasing complexity of human emotion. Sound being the exponent or interpreter of emotion, has become more varied and intricate as the emotions themselves, from the myriad causes traceable to civilization in every respect, have become more numerous, diversive, and complex. Such is, as nearly as we can recall it, one of those many striking propositions which Mr. Spencer scatters abroad in his essays, "Moral, Political and Æsthetic," a proposition stripped indeed of the scientific terminology which very probably may have disguised its truth from hundreds, but which is undoubtedly true, and which we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to take as a text. Accepting then the above demonstration, it should become an interesting question to ascertain how the different influences at present working their will on the mind of man are affecting the development of music as a creative art. Such mental tendencies as scepticism, morbid metaphysical inquiry, scientific training, fear lest any one theory, religious or otherwise, should escape the searching examination now passed on all things, *a priori* reasoning, disrespect or at least rejection of old and tried orthodoxy, and other great changes in the mental attitude of man, must of course affect in some way his attitude in things æsthetic. We look for reverses and we find them. Both in the class of music produced which includes the results of genius, and in the class of music accepted by the people, vast differences may be noted. Modern text-books on harmony no longer insist on the old hard and fast rules which pedantry imposed and credulity accepted, but, like the *lingua* of beautiful, careless,

adaptable Italy, every rule has this exception, "if the reverse sounds better, it is allowable."

As for dissertations and whole treatises on harmony, the marks are even stronger. Modulation itself is often superseded in very recent music by chromatically altered chords; witness Raff, Hoffman, and Wagner, *par excellence*. All this seems to show that the standard of musical beauty has changed, and now in the place of the smoothly flowing melodies of Haydn and Mozart with gracefully turned phrases and simple cadences, we are given wild contrast, harsh dissonances and resolutions of such uncertain character as make it almost questionable whether the mind is not more startled than pleased. Composers are not loth to write down aggregation of notes which cannot be said to form any chord at all, harsh and ugly because they are trying to represent some state of mind which has no distinctive character but harshness and ugliness; therefore, as we said just now, the standard of beauty or rather of *desirableness* has changed from sweetness to quaintness. Even the most melodious of modern songs of merit have a prevailing character of quaint grotesqueness underlying their sweetness. Of this, many of Arthur Sullivan's songs form a good example. It is to be noted with interest, moreover, that this same tendency is manifest in other arts, and in certain branches of art, such as the different decorations. What strange alliances of colour, deemed uncombinable and unreconcilable by our forefathers, do we now see in dress! Blue and green, yellow and red, and what best exemplifies our meaning, those curious contrivances of colour which produce the rusty browns and bottle-greens, and the dingy reds, each of which we would call ugly if we saw it separately, become artistically desirable in their modern mixtures. Another instance of what may be termed beauty in ugliness is seen in pottery. A child or uncultivated adult would probably never be attracted by the sombre colours and frequently uncouth form of Limoges faience, but a man of cultured and refined taste, and of perfect and appreciative judgment, would in the long run prefer the grotesqueness of Limoges to the delicacy of Sevres, the daintiness of Dresden, and the bright colouring of Maiolica. The delicacy would pall, the daintiness become petty, the brilliancy of colour aggravating, and he would like better the more retiring and suggestive backgrounds of miraculously blended green and brown, and the stray butterfly or flower-spray which has just the right amount of colour, and pleases without intruding.

These comparisons may seem forced, but it must be remembered that in all arts exists great analogy, especially between colour and sound. We have now the word "tone" applied to colour, and "tint" (*klang-farhe*) to music; and have we not lately heard of a symphony in yellow and red? It is therefore neither unnatural nor uninteresting to glance in passing at similarities of development.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis, in his charming book, "Music and Morals," accounts for the rapid development and spread of music by the analytical tendency of the present century. He says: "There is not an aspect of nature, or complication of character, or contrast of thought and feeling which has not been delineated by modern novelists, and painted by modern artists.

. . . Music is pre-eminently the art of the nineteenth century, because

it is in a supreme manner responsive to the emotional wants, the mixed aspirations, and the passionate self-consciousness of the age." This, we think, is also a reason why music, in its further development, advances through successive stages of prettiness, grandeur, quaintness, and too often lapses into unmeaning ugliness.

Naturally, the earliest emotions depicted in music must be those most excited—love of beauty, as shown in pleasing sounds and gracefully rounded forms; the mind elevated by the contemplation of the beautiful then seeks grandeur, the grand easily becomes the awful, the awful mingles with the weird, and presently the quaint and weird are more loud than the soft and sweet beauties which allured earlier. Of this, Beethoven is a fine example. At first he is recognised as the successful imitator of Mozart; then he enlarges and launches out into an originality and individuality which cannot be repressed, and, towards the end of his life, he appears to reach out into perfectly unknown worlds of wildness and grandeur.

And thus, we think, the more completely music seeks to analyze and represent mental emotion, the more complex in form does it become, until, as in Schumann, thought is piled on thought, and feeling on feeling, till it becomes to those who follow the real idea contained in it more and more beautiful, whilst to those who regard it merely in the light of sensuous pleasure it will be found in these days only a mass of meaningless and ugly progressions. It is hard to say whither this development is tending, and it is not our present object to enquire; undoubtedly, many frantic imitators of the "higher development" school rush into ugliness, pure and simple, from mere useless straining after originality, an impulse surely utterly inartistic, and which, sooner or later, must land its victims in a howling wilderness.

A better result is discoverable in the improved style of music which, comparatively lately, has taken the public ear. Exactly the same class of people who, a very few years ago, delighted in such rapid trash as the compositions of Blockley and Glover, and many others, more vulgar, if not so sentimental, honour and appreciate the thoroughly artistic and quaint, though often simple, productions of Arthur Sullivan, and Gounod, and many actually understand and love Schumann and Franz, two men who may be said to have done for songs what Wagner does for operas. That is to say, they employ both accompaniment and voice equally for the expression not merely of the words of the song but the whole feeling and mental picture of which the words become in these circumstances a less complete description than the music. Truly, this change which has lately come over the public taste is most remarkable; one often finds in songs which only rank among the Claribel class progressions and chords which are clearly Schumannic, and which, but for such as he, could never have entered the minds of these humble writers, for whom, however, some use is found, as here; possibly, they dilute the ideas of the master in their own watery intellects, until they are fit for the multitude who gradually acquire conception of a higher degree of art.

It is difficult to over-estimate the loss sustained by the musical world in the death of Mlle. Titjens. She alone could be considered as the successor of Grisi in the grand declamatory style of singing, and it is a great tribute to her powers to say that just when Grisi was becoming unable to sustain the